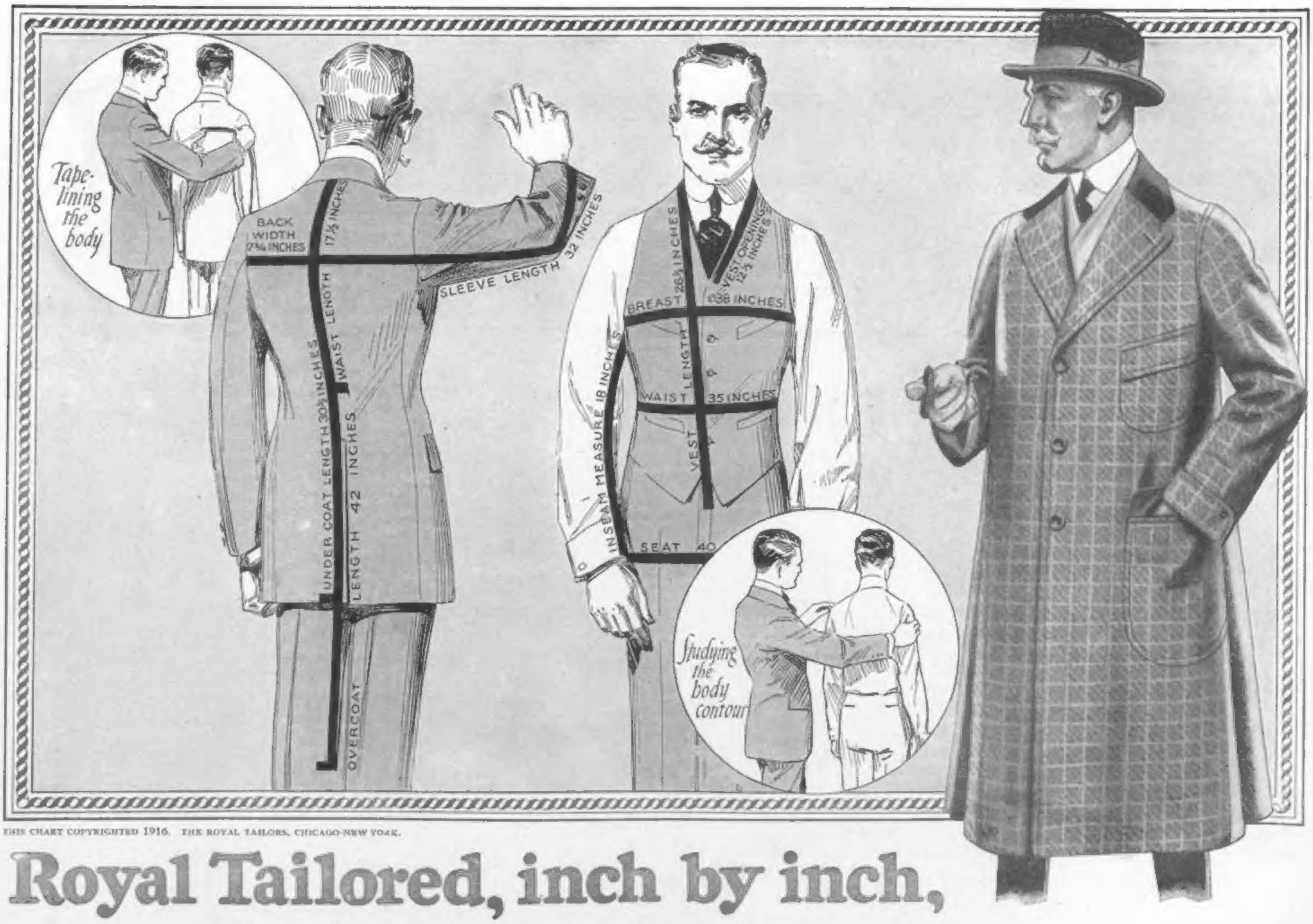
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

OCTOBER 28, 1916 — 5c. THE COPY

Beginning

TO THE LAST PENNY—By Edwin Lefèvre



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WHEN the Royal dealer takes and records your measures, he virtually *pantographs* your body lines. ¶He *charts* a picture of you, your figure contour, your normal standing position, so that the cutter in our New York or Chicago shops may visualize you, standing before him, as he drafts your Royal Tailored suit or overcoat.

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—because it is cut, with scientific exactness, to the seventeen (17) fit-deciding dimensions of the body.

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They fail.

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—with half a thousand custom tailor woolens to select from—and any fashion of your heart's desire.

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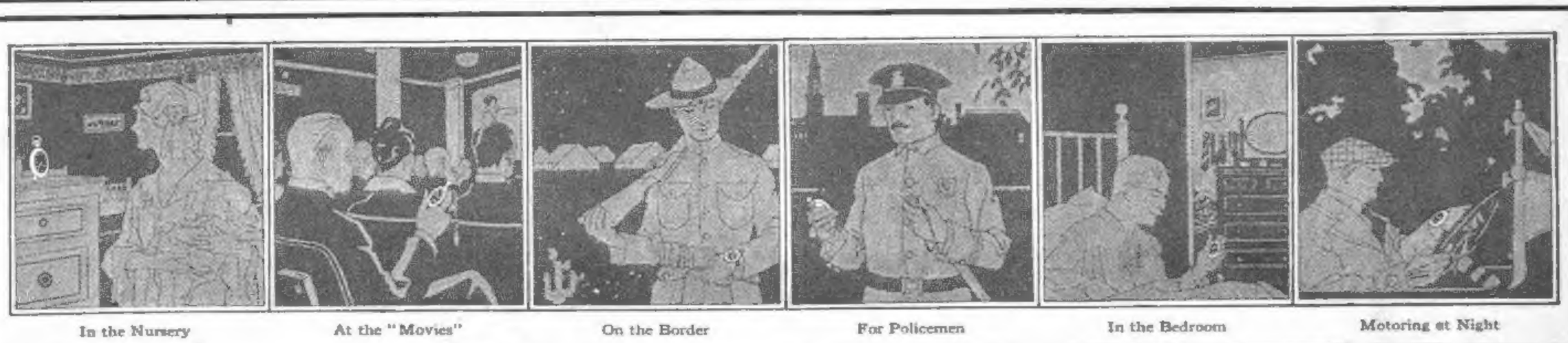

In the Nursery | At the "Movies" | On the Border | For Policemen | In the Bedroom | Motoring at Night

RADIUM-LIGHTED WATCHES

50% More Useful

INGERSOLL'S "RADIOLITE" (radium-lighted) watches have made a real stir in the short month since they were announced. I understand that already four thousand people a day, or thereabouts, are walking into stores all over the U. S. A. to buy theirs.

The big reason is this: a watch that will tell time at night—in the dark—is just about fifty per cent more useful than one that will tell time only in the light.

That's the way I figure the value of Ingersoll "Radiolite" watches. But I may be wrong. Some people have told me that they were more than twice as useful as ordinary daylight watches.

Sometimes, you know, it's more important to tell the time in the dark than in the daytime. Hurrying for a train, or to keep an engagement at night; walking or motoring at night or on a dark street or country road; in the darkened theatre; on all sorts of outing trips; and, perhaps most of all, safe at home in bed, you find a "Radiolite" the most useful kind of a watch you could have.

Shows Time in the Dark

"RADIOLITE" Makes the Dial Glow

The brilliant glowing power of the substance called "Radiolite" comes from genuine radium in minute proportions. The hands and figures of "Radiolite" watches shine like so many little street lamps. This brilliancy lasts for years, without need of exposing to the light. Genuine "Radiolite" is exclusively an Ingersoll feature.

Then, for example, those who must have a man's watch. They're wearing Ingersoll "Radiolite" Strap Watches down on the border—military wrist watches with the "Radiolite" glow dial. And they do say that when it's night down there, it's *night;* you can't see an inch in front of your face. And when the boys are hanging round the camp after nightfall, or on outpost duty, they find it mighty handy to be able to tell the time by just a glance at the twinkling hands and figures on their "Radiolite" watches.

The soldiers in Europe have found them so useful that ninety-five per cent of the Ingersoll wearers prefer the "Radiolite" Strap Watch.

The Man Behind the Counter

Ingersoll Ingersoll Ingersoll

"Radiolite"

The regular Ingersoll with "Radiolite" figures and hands. $2.00

"Radiolite" Strap Watch

Used by soldiers, policemen, and others. For all purposes. $4.00

"Radiolite" Two-in-One

For table by bed. Also for desk, dresser, or for pocket. $2.25

Ingersoll Waterbury

A new watch with a good old name. A man's watch, small and with four jewels. Plain dial. $3.00

Waterbury "Radiolite"

The Waterbury with "Radiolite" figures and hands. $4.00

Ingersoll Reliance

Plain dial; seven-jeweled, thin. $3.00
Also in screw case. $3.50
In ten-year gold-filled case. $6.00

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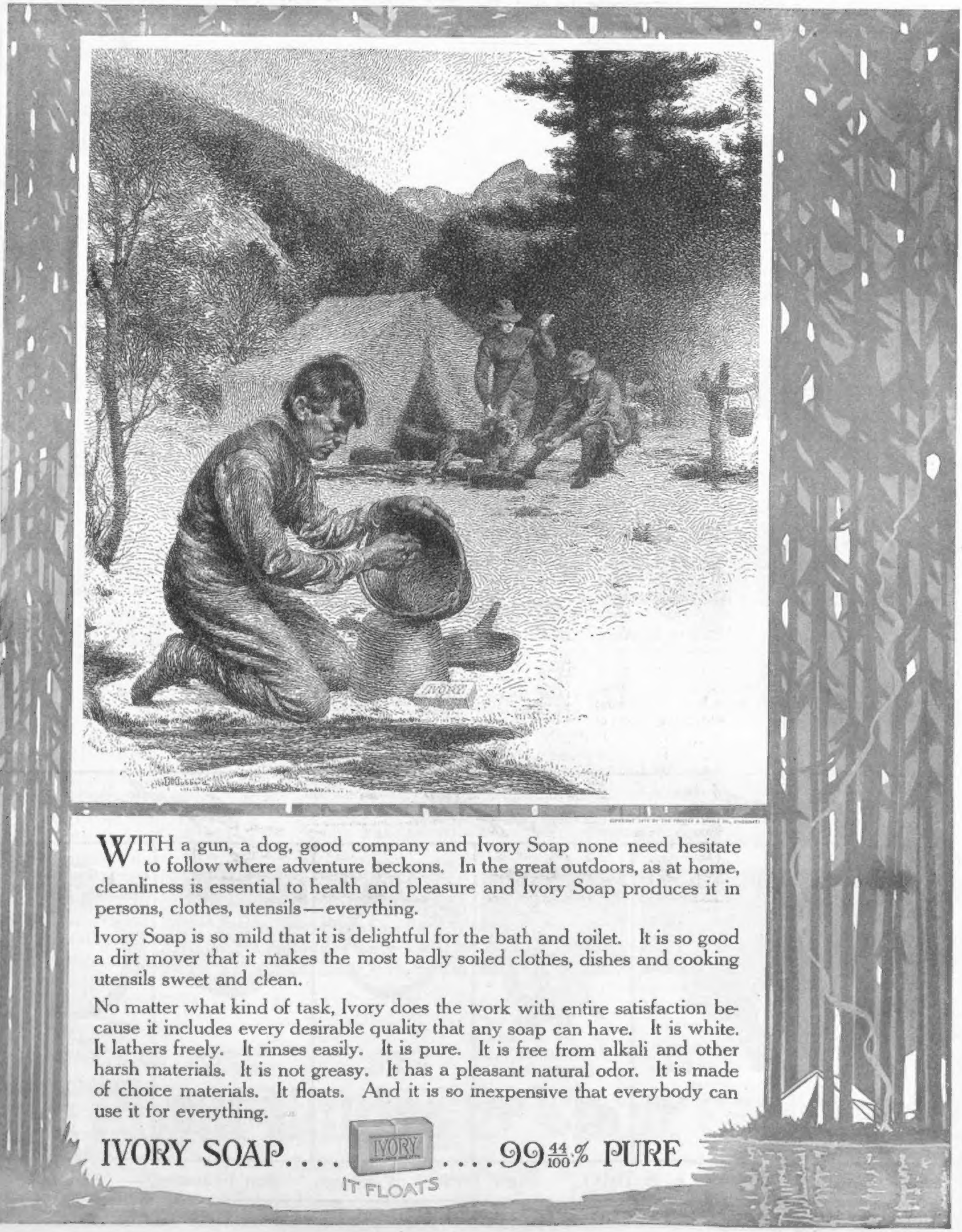

WITH a gun, a dog, good company and Ivory Soap none need hesitate to follow where adventure beckons. In the great outdoors, as at home, cleanliness is essential to health and pleasure and Ivory Soap produces it in persons, clothes, utensils—everything.

Ivory Soap is so mild that it is delightful for the bath and toilet. It is so good a dirt mover that it makes the most badly soiled clothes, dishes and cooking utensils sweet and clean.

No matter what kind of task, Ivory does the work with entire satisfaction because it includes every desirable quality that any soap can have. It is white. It lathers freely. It rinses easily. It is pure. It is free from alkali and other harsh materials. It is not greasy. It has a pleasant natural odor. It is made of choice materials. It floats. And it is so inexpensive that everybody can use it for everything.

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IT FLOATS

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TO THE LAST PENNY

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I Felt You Owed Me Something, and So I—Charged You With the Expense Incurred"

THOMAS LEIGH, ex-boy, considered the dozen neckties before him a long time, and finally decided to wait until after breakfast. It was his second day at home and his third day out of college. Already his undergraduate life seemed far away. His triumphs—of personality rather than of scholarship—lingered as a luminous mist that softened the sterner realities and mellowed them goldenly. When one is young reminiscences of one's youth are apt to take on a tinge of melancholy, but Tommy, not having breakfasted, shook off the mood determinedly. He was two hundred and fifty-five months old; therefore, he decided that no great man ever crosses a bridge until he comes to it. Tommy's bridge was still one long joy-ride ahead. The sign "Slow down to four miles an hour!" was not yet in sight.

The selection of the necktie was a serious matter because he was to lunch at Sherry's with the one sister and the younger of the two cousins of Rivington Willetts.

In the meantime he had an invitation to spend the first half of July with Bull Wilson's folks at Gloucester, a week with Van Van Schaick for the cruise at Newport, as long as he wished with Jimmy Maitland at Mr. Maitland's camp in the Adirondacks, and he had given a half promise to accompany Ellis Gladwin to Labrador for big game in the fall.

He suddenly remembered that he was at his last ten-spot. There was the old man to touch for fifty bucks. And also—sometime—he must have a heart-to-heart talk of a business nature about his allowance. He and his friends desired to take a post-graduate course. They proposed to specialize on New York.

Mr. Leigh always called him Thomas. This had saved Mr. Leigh at least one thousand dollars a year during Tommy's four at college, by making Tommy realize that he had no doting father. At times he had sent his requests for an extra fifty with some misgivings—by reason of the impelling cause of the request; but Mr. Leigh always sent the check for the exact amount by return mail, and made no direct reference to it. Instead he permitted himself an irrelevant phrase or two, like: "Remember, Thomas, that you must have no conditions at the end of the term."

Possibly because of a desire to play fair with a parent who had no sense of humor—or perhaps it was because he was level-headed enough not to overwork a good thing—at all events, Tommy managed, sometimes pretty narrowly, to escape the conditions. And being very popular, and knowing that quotable wisdom was expected of him, he was rather careful of what he said and did.

He knew nothing about his father's business affairs, excepting that Mr. Leigh was connected with the Metropolitan National Bank, which was a very rich bank, and that he continued to live in the little house on West Twelfth Street, because it was in that house that Mrs. Leigh had lived her seventeen months of married life—it was where Tommy was born and where she died. The furniture was chiefly old family pieces, which, without his being aware of it, had made Tommy feel at home in the houses of the very wealthy friends he had made at college. It is something to have been American for two hundred years. Family furniture reminds you of it every day.

Tommy wondered, curiously rather than anxiously, how much his father would allow him, and whether it would be wiser to argue like a man against its inadequacy or to plead like a boy for an increase; then whether he ought to get it in cash Saturday mornings or to have a checking account at his father's bank. But one thing was certain—he would not be led into reckless check-signing habits. His boy-financier days were over. Those of his friends who had multi-millionaire fathers were always complaining of being hard up. It was, therefore, not an unfashionable thing to be. He surmised that his father was not really rich, because he kept no motor, had no expensive personal habits, belonged to no clubs, and never sent to Tommy at college more money than Tommy asked for, and, moreover, sent it only when Tommy asked. Since his Groton days Tommy had spent most of his vacations at boys' houses. Mr. Leigh at times was invited to join him, or to become acquainted with the families of Tommy's friends, but he never accepted.

Tommy, having definitely decided not to make any plans until after his first grown-up business talk with his father, looked at himself in the mirror and put on his best serious look. He was satisfied with it. He had successfully used it on mature business men when soliciting advertisements for the college paper.

He then decided to breakfast with his father, who had the eccentric habit of leaving the house at exactly eight-forty A. M.

It was actually only eight-eight when Tommy entered the dining room. Maggie, the elderly chambermaid and waitress, in her twenty-second consecutive year of service, whom he always remembered as the only woman who could be as taciturn as his father, looked surprised, but served him oatmeal. It was a warm day in June, but this household ran in ruts.

Mr. Leigh looked up from his newspaper.

"Good morning, Thomas," he said. Then he resumed his Tribune.

"Good morning, father," said Tommy, and had a sense of having left his salutation unfinished. He breakfasted in a sober, businesslike way, feeling age creeping upon him. Nevertheless, when he had finished he hesitated to light a cigarette. He never had done it in the house, for his father had expressed the wish that his son should not smoke until he was of age. Tommy's twenty-first birthday had come off at college.

Well, he was of age now.

The smell of the vile thing made Mr. Leigh look at his son, frowning. Then he ceased to frown.

"Ah, yes," he observed meditatively, "you are of age. You are a man now."

"I suspect I am, father," said Thomas pleasantly. "In fact, I——"

"Then it is time you heard man's talk!"

Mr. Leigh took out his watch, looked at it, and put it back in his pocket with a methodical leisureliness that made Tommy realize that Mr. Leigh was a very old man, though he could not be more than fifty. Tommy was silent, and was made subtly conscious that in not speaking he was somehow playing safe.

"Thomas, I have treated you as a boy during twenty-one years." Mr. Leigh paused just long enough for Tommy to wonder why he had not added "and three months." Mr. Leigh went on with that same uncomfortable, senile precision: "Your mother would have wished it. You are a man now and——"

He closed his lips abruptly, but without any suggestion of temper or of making a sudden decision, and rose a bit stiffly. His face took on a look of grim resolution that filled Tommy with that curious form of indeterminate remorse with which we anticipate abstract accusations against which there is no concrete defense. It seemed to make an utter stranger of Mr. Leigh. Tommy saw before him a life with which his own did

not merge. He would have preferred a scolding as being more paternal, more humanly flesh-and-blood. He was not frightened.

He never had been wild; at the worst he had been a complacent shirker of future responsibilities, with that more or less adventurous desire to float on the tide that comes to American boys whose financial necessities do not compel them to fix their anchorage definitely. At college such boys are active citizens in their community, concerned with sports and class politics, and the development of their immemorial strategy against existing institutions. And for the same sad reason of youth Tommy could not possibly know that he was now standing, not on a rug in his father's dining room but on the top of life's first hill, with a pleasant valley below him—and one steep mountain beyond. All that his quick self-scrutinizing could do was to end in wondering which particular exploit, hitherto deemed unknown to his father, was to be the keynote of the impending speech. And for the life of him, without seeking self-extenuation, he could not think of any serious enough to bring so determined a look on his father's face.

Mr. Leigh folded the newspaper and, without looking at his son, said harshly:

"Come with me into the library."

Tommy followed his father into the particularly gloomy room at the back of the second floor, where all the chairs were too uncomfortable for anyone to wish to read any book there. On the small black-walnut table were the family Bible, an ivory paper-cutter and a silver frame in which was a fading photograph of his mother.

"Sit down!" commanded the old man. There was a new note in the voice.

Tommy sat down, the vague disquietude within him for the first time rising to alarm. He wondered if his father's mind was sound, and instantly dismissed the suspicion. It was too unpleasant to consider, and, moreover, it seemed disloyal. Tommy was very strong on loyalty. His college life had given it to him.

Mr. Leigh looked, not at his son but at the photograph of his son's mother—a long time, it seemed to Tommy. At length he raised his head and stared at his son.

Tommy saw that the grimness had gone. There remained only calm resolve. Knowing that the speech was about to begin, Tommy squared his shoulders. He would answer "Yes" or "No" truthfully. He wasn't afraid now.

"Thomas, the sacrifices I have made for you I do not begrudge," said Mr. Leigh in a voice that did not tremble because an iron will would not let it. "But it is well that you should know that you can never repay me in full. You are my only son. But—you cost me your mother!"

Tommy knew that his mother had paid for his life with her own—knew it from Maggie, not from his father. To Tommy love and loyalty were among the undoubted pleasures of life. Recriminations he looked upon as evidences of a shabby soul. He repressed the desire to defend himself against injustice and loyally said: "Yes, sir!"

His father went on: "I have kept also an accurate account of what you have cost me in cash."

Mr. Leigh went to his desk and took from a drawer a small book bound in morocco. He came back to the table, sat down, motioned Tommy to a chair beside him, opened the book at the first page and showed Tommy:

THOMAS FRANCIS LEIGH,
In acct. with William R. Leigh, Dr.

Tommy felt that he was at the funeral services of someone he knew. His father seemed to hesitate, then handed the little book to Tommy. The morocco cover was black—the color of mourning. Mr. Leigh went on, in the voice a man will use when he is staring not through space but across time:

"Before you were born we were sure you would be a boy. She formed great plans for you. It is just as well that she did; it gave her the only happiness she ever got from you." He raised his eyes to Tommy's, and with a half frown that was not of anger said: "She was very extravagant in her gifts to you. She spent money lavishly, months before you were born, on what she thought you would love to have—large sums, all on paper, for we were very poor and had no money whatever to put aside for the day when you should need it. She told me

"Remember, Thomas, That You Must Have No Conditions at the End of the Term"

many times that she did not wish you to have brothers or sisters, because she already loved you so much that she felt she could never love the others, and it would not be fair."

The old, old man paused. Then he added softly: "She had her wish, my son!"

Tommy felt very uncomfortable. His mother was coming to life in his heart. What for years had been a faint convention was now dramatizing in blood and tears before his very eyes. He felt more like a son than ever before, and—this was curious—more like a son to his own father. And his own father continued in a monotone:

"But being a bookkeeper at a bank and being very, very poor, the only inexpensive recreation I could think of was to keep your books for you. So I debited you with every penny I spent for you. You will find that the first item in that book was a lace cap which she bought for you at a special sale, for $2.69. I didn't scold her for extravagance. Instead, I gave up smoking. And—I have kept the cap, my son!"

Tommy looked down, that he might not see his father's face. He read the first item. The ink was pale, but the writing was legible. It was as his father had said. And there were other items, all for baby clothes. He read them one after another, dully, until he came to:

Doctor Wyman	$218.50
Funeral expenses in full	191.15

The old man seemed to know, in some mysterious way, which particular item Tommy was reading, for he said suddenly, with a subtle note of apology in his voice:

"I loved her, my son! I loved her! You cost me her life! You did not do it intentionally. But—but I felt you owed me something, and so I—charged you with the expense incurred. She would have—fought for you; but I held it against you and I wrote it down. And I wrote it down in black and white, that in my grief I might have an added grief, my son!"

Tommy looked up suddenly and saw that his father was nodding toward the photograph on the table, nodding again and again. And Tommy felt himself becoming more and more a son—to both! He did not think concretely of any one thing, but he felt that he was enveloped by a life that does not die. That, after all, is the function of death.

Presently Mr. Leigh ceased to nod at the photograph and looked at Tommy. And in the same dispirited monotone, as though his very soul had kept books for an eternity, said:

"We talked over your life, my son. Months before you came she picked out your schools and your college. It is to those that you have gone. She had no social ambitions for herself. They were all for you. She wanted you to be the intimate of those whom we called the best people in those days. They are your friends to-day.

"I promised her that I would do as she wished."

The old man looked at Tommy straight in the eyes.

"You have had everything you wished—at least, everything you ever asked me for. I have kept my promise to her. And, my son, I do not begrudge the cost!"

The way he looked when he said this made Tommy exceedingly uncomfortable. It was plain that Mr. Leigh was much poorer than Tommy had feared. In some way not quite fully grasped, Tommy Leigh realized that all his plans—the plans he really had not formed—were brought to naught. And when his father spoke again Tommy listened with as poignant an interest as before, but with distinctly less curiosity.

"Her plans for you all were for your boyhood. After your graduation from college I was to take charge of your business career, provide or suggest or approve of your life's occupation. The day is here. I owe you an explanation, that you may be helped to a decision following your understanding of your position—and of mine!"

He ceased to speak, rose, took from the table the photograph of his wife, looked at it and muttered:

"It is now between us men!"

He carried the photograph to his bedroom. He returned presently and, looking at Tommy full in the face, said with a touch of sternness that had been absent from his voice while the photograph was on the table:

"My son, when we married I was getting exactly eighteen dollars a week. Your grandmother lived with us and paid the rent of this house, in return for which she had her meals with us. When you were born I was getting one thousand and forty dollars a year. This house—the only house in which she lived with me—I kept after she died and after your grandmother went away. I do not own it. It is too big for my needs—and too little for my regrets. But I could not live anywhere else. And so I have kept it all these years. My salary at the bank was raised to fifteen hundred dollars when you were four years old and later to eighteen hundred dollars. For the last fourteen years my salary from the bank has been twenty-five hundred dollars a year."

Tommy felt as if something as heavy as molten lead and as cold as frozen air had been force-pumped into his heart and had filled it to bursting.

"You have cost me, up to this day, a trifle over seventeen thousand dollars. At school you cost me a little less than my salary. At college you spent one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight dollars for your freshman, two thousand and twelve dollars for your sophomore, two thousand, one hundred and forty-six dollars for your junior, and two thousand three hundred and ninety-one dollars for your senior year.

"Your summer vacation expenses have added an average of four hundred dollars a year to what you cost me since you were sixteen. But I have kept my promise to her. I do not begrudge the cost!"

There was a subtle defiance in the old man's voice, and also a subtle accusation. To Tommy his father's arithmetic had in it something not only incomprehensible but uncanny. The old man looked as if he expected speech from his son, so Tommy stammered uncomfortably:

"I—I suppose—your s-savings ——"

The grim lines came back to the old man's mouth.

"I had the house rent to pay, and my salary was what I have told you."

"I don't quite understand ——" floundered Tommy.

"You have had the college and the friends she wished you to have. When you asked for money I always sent it to you. I asked no questions and urged no economies."

"I had no idea ——" began Tommy, and suddenly ceased to talk. There came a question into his eyes. The past was over and done with. There remained the future. What was expected of him? What was he to do?

But the old man missed the question. All he saw was an interrogation, and he said:

"You wish to know how I did it?"

This was not at all what Tommy really wished to know, but he nodded, for, after all, his father's answer would be one of the many answers to one of the many questions he had to ask.

"My son"—Mr. Leigh spoke in a low voice, but looked unflinchingly at his son—"I ask you, as a grown man, what does an old and trusted bank employee always do who spends much more than his salary?"

He Would Work at Anything, Night and Day, Like a Madman!

Tommy's soul became a frozen mass, numb, immobile. Then a flame smote him full in the face, so intense that he put up his hands to protect it. He stared unseeingly at his father. There flashed before him ten thousand cinematograph nightmares that fleeted by before he could grasp the details. He felt a slight nausea. He feared to breathe, because he was afraid to find himself alive.

"Father!" he gasped.

Mr. Leigh's face was livid. He said sternly: "I have kept my promise to her!"

"But why did you—why did you—keep me at college? Why didn't you tell me you had no money ——"

"I did as she wished me to do. Believe me, my son, I am not sorry. But it need not go on."

"No!" shouted Tommy. "No!" Then he added feverishly: "Certainly not! Certainly not!" He shook his head furiously. His brain was filled with fragments of thoughts, shreds of fears, syncopated emotions that did not quite crystallize, but were replaced by others again and again. But uppermost in the boy's mind, not because he was selfish, but because he was young and, therefore, without the defensive weapons that experience supplies, was this: I am the son of a thief!

Then came the poignant realization that all that he had got from life had been obtained under false pretenses. The systematic stealing for years had gone to pay for his friendships and his good times. The tradesmen's bills had been settled with other people's money. He was innocent of any crime, but he had been the beneficiary of one. And the boy for whom a father had done this asked himself why his father had done it. And his only answer was that he now was the son of a thief.

As the confusion in his mind grew less explosive, fear entered Tommy's soul—the oldest of all civilized fears, the fear of discovery! He began to read the newspaper headlines of the inevitable to-morrow. He found himself looking into the horror-stricken faces of those whom he loved best, the warm-hearted companions of his later life, whose opinions became more awful than the wrath of his Maker, and more desirable than His mercy.

He would give his life, everything, if only discovery were averted until he could return the money. If fate only waited! Where could he get the money? Where was the source of money?

His father was the natural person from whom to ask, from whom the answer could come, and the habit of a lifetime could not be shaken off in an instant. It was exquisite agony to be deprived abruptly of what had become almost an instinct. And Tommy was not thinking of his father, not even to blame him, not even to forgive him. He thought of himself, of his own life, of the dreadful future that settled itself into the words: "If it were known!"

"What shall I do?" he muttered brokenly, gazing at his father with eyes that did not see one face but many—the faces of friends!

"At your age I went to work," said Mr. Leigh. The voice was neither accusing nor sympathetic. It sounded very, very weary.

"I want to! I want to! Right away!" cried Tommy.

"I looked," pursued Mr. Leigh monotonously, "in the Herald for 'Help Wanted—Male.' I got my position with the bank that way, and I've been there ever since."

"I will! Where is the Herald?" said Tommy without looking at his father. He was afraid to see and to be seen!

"I'll send in one from the corner. I must go now, Thomas."

The fear of being left alone, with his problems unsolved, with his fears uncalmed, alone with the consciousness of utter helplessness, made Tommy say wildly:

"But, father, I—you—I ——" He ceased to flounder. It was not pleasant to look upon, his young face, pallid, drawn, with the nostrils pinched as with physical pain, and fear made visible, almost palpable, in ten thousand ways.

"I must go! I must be in the bank—before the cashier. I—I—I have done it since—since you went to Groton." The old man nodded his head with a pitiful weariness.

"But, father ——" cried Tommy.

"I must go!" There was a pause. Then in a firmer voice: "Don't lose your grip, my son. I alone am responsible for my actions.

"I have done my duty by your mother. From now on you must fight your own fights. I'll send in the Herald. And, my son ——"

"Yes?" said Tommy eagerly. What he prayed for was a miracle. He wished to hear that there was no immediate danger.

"You will need some pocket mo——"

"No! No!" shrieked Tommy Leigh. His voice was as shrill as a little boy's.

Mr. Leigh's fists, unseen by Tommy, clenched tightly. But his voice had an apologetic note:

"Very well, my son. I—I must be in the bank before—— You must be a man. Good-by, my son!"

"I'd Like to —— May I Write to You, Marion?"

Without another look at his only son Mr. Leigh walked out of the room, his face grim, his lips pressed tightly together, his fists clenching and unclenching.

II

MAGGIE brought the Herald to Tommy. He had remained in the library, trying to think. When he discovered that he couldn't he rose and walked about the gloomy little room, angry with himself because his emotions prevented the cogs of his mind-machine from falling into their appointed places. He decided that he must face his problem squarely, systematically, calmly, efficiently.

The first thing to do was not to walk about the library like a wild beast in a menagerie cage. He lit a cigarette and resolutely sat down.

He smoked away, and compelled himself to understand that his problems consisted in evolving a plan or a set of plans having for an object the accumulation of money. The amount was seventeen thousand dollars, since that was what he had cost his father. It was there in black and white to the last penny, in the little book bound in mourning morocco.

He stretched his hand toward the little book on the table, but drew it back empty. He would not read the items. It didn't matter how the money had been spent. It was enough to know that all of it must be paid back.

Seventeen thousand dollars! It did not mean any more to Tommy than five thousand dollars or ten thousand dollars or any other number of dollars.

He lit another cigarette. Presently the fear came upon him that it might take a long time to earn the money, to earn any money. Discovery, the discovery he so dreaded, had fleet feet. He must do something—and do it at once.

He took up the Herald and read the "Help Wanted—Male" column. He began at the first line, and as he read on he was filled with surprise at the number of men wanted by employers. He marked two private secretaryships and a dozen selling agencies, which divulged no details but promised great and quick wealth to the right man. He knew that he would work like a cyclone. He, therefore, must be the right man. In fact, he knew he was! And then he came upon this:

WANTED—A College Man. No high-brow, no football hero, no Happy Jack, no erudite scholar, but a MAN recently graduated from College, whose feet are on *terra firma* and the head not more than six feet one inch above same. If he is A MAN to-day we shall make him into THE MAN WE WANT to-morrow. Apply X-Y-Z, P. O. Box 777, Dayton, Ohio.

Thomas Leigh thrilled. It was a wonderful message. He clenched his own fist to prove to himself that he himself was a man. He was willing to do anything, therefore it did not matter what "X-Y-Z" wanted him to do. And also this was in Dayton, Ohio. Whatever he did must be done far away from New York. He hated New York, because all the people he loved lived there.

He was about to light another cigarette when the thought came to him that smoking was one of the habits he must give up as entailing unnecessary expense.

Unnecessary expenses meant delay in the full settlement of the debt he had taken upon himself to pay. He threw the unlighted cigarette on the table vindictively. He would work at anything, night and day, like a madman!

Thrilled by the intensity of his own resolve, his mind began to work feverishly. He was no longer Tommy Leigh, but a man who did his thinking in staccato exclamations. He sat down at his father's desk and wrote what he could not have written the day before to save his life, for he now saw himself as the man in Dayton evidently saw him:

X-Y-Z,
Dayton, O.

Sir: I have read your equation of myself. I graduated from college last week. I am a twenty-one-year-old man now. I will be *your* Man until I shall be my own Man—and then *perhaps* yours also. Ego plus Knowledge equals Xnth.

THOMAS LEIGH,
West Twelfth Street,
New York City.

He addressed the envelope, stamped it and went out to drop it at the corner letter box. He did not intend to lose time. He realized, as firmly as if he had been writing business aphorisms for a living, that time was money. And he needed both.

As soon as the letter was in the box he felt that his life's work had begun. This lifted a great weight from his chest. He now could breathe deeply. He did so. The oxygen filled his lungs. That brought back composure—he was doing all he could. The consciousness of this gave him courage.

Courage has an inveterate habit of growing. By feeding on itself it waxes greater, and thus its food supply is never endangered. By the time Tommy Leigh returned to his house, once the abode of fear, he was so brave that he could think calmly.

Thinking calmly is always conducive to thinking forgivingly, and forgiveness strengthens love.

"Poor old dad!" he said, and thought of how his father loved his mother and what he had done for his only son. He would stick to his father through thick and thin!

That much settled, Tommy thought of himself. That made him think of the luncheon at Sherry's with Rivington Willetts. Marion Willetts would be there. For a moment he thought he must beg off. It was like going to a cabaret in deep mourning. But he reasoned that since he was going to Dayton this would be his social swan song, the leave-taking of his old life, his final farewell to boyhood and Dame Pleasure.

He was glad he had told his father he would not accept any more money. He counted his cash. He had eleven dollars and seventy cents. He was glad he had so little. It cheered him so that he was able to dress with great care; but before he did so he answered some of the other advertisements.

(Continued on Page 66)

Swings, Slumps and Straws

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

GROVER CLEVELAND, who knew his Bartlett very well, grabbed therefrom on a certain momentous occasion the sonorous statement, "It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory," and jammed it into the parlance of politics. Since then every spellbinder, unconscious that Bartlett is anything but a pear, but fully alive to the revered aspects of that noble countenance, G. C., has waved that sentiment in the air on every stump; and so firmly fixed it in the popular esteem that no political speech is complete without it, any more than a political speech is complete without a story beginning "There were two Irishmen"—you know the rest.

We have been confronted with conditions, and fearsome ones at that, so long that a campaign without a score or so always has been set down as a flat failure—always has been until the campaign now coming to its dignified end was sprung on a perplexed people. When it comes to the time to cast up concerning this campaign it will be found that what confronted the proletariat in the fall of 1916 was a theory, or a set of them, and that the condition end of it all never did get out of the high grass.

We used to have campaigns of education; and the broad general result of them was that the men who strove to be the educators usually came out of the course as the educated, while the students gave no evidence of having been to school at all. And we have had campaigns of emotion and campaigns of materialism; but a campaign of theory is a new one, and what it will result in is as theoretical as the conduct of it has been.

Paramount Issues of Bygone Campaigns

YOU see, brethren, what the managers of this struggle, now in its last stages, tried to do—or, rather, what the managers of this campaign were compelled to do—was to run a highbrow campaign against the handicap of lowbrow political divisions. The political parties of this country are not highbrow affairs. They are organized on purely lowbrow bases, and have thus been incited to the polls.

Politically the great bulk of the American people do not think—they feel. Take any of the great campaigns of the past—the great Republican campaigns, for example. The most potent rallying cry of this generation was the full-dinner-pail excitant; and that didn't appeal to the brains of the people. It appealed to their bellies. "What!" shouted the orators and clamored the editors. "Do you intend to discard the sacred principle of Protection, which gives you meat three times a day when the pauper labor of free-trade Europe does not get meat once a week? Do you?" They did not.

Before that it was the flag. They capitalized the Civil War and its memories and its participants for years and years. No ticket was complete without its soldier contingent. The bloody shirt was flaunted in every part of the North. After Grant and Hayes and Garfield, the Republicans stepped aside with Blaine in 1884, and were beaten. Then the old flag began to lose its potency, though Harrison, who won in 1888, was a soldier; nor was the fact overlooked in 1896 that McKinley had worn the blue. Still, that was the year when the dinner pail was used most potently.

And Bryan —— Was Bryan, in 1896, appealing to intellect? He was not. He was running on a platform of more and easier money, something that the meanest intelligence could comprehend. More money—now there's a material reason for voting a man into power! To be sure, it didn't work; but the reason wasn't that it did not appeal to some six million citizens; and the reason was that the Republicans promised just as much money, and made it stick that their money would be better money than the other side's.

Bryan's "imperialism" in 1900 was theoretical, and it didn't get anywhere. "Have we got the Philippines?" asked the voters. "We have." "Then let's keep them." There it was—possession—what's ours is ours. They paraded forth the portentous Parker in 1904—a theory—a judge. And on the other side was Roosevelt, banging people over the heads with his Big Stick. Something concrete about that! We all can appreciate a bang on the head—especially if the other fellow gets it. There was Roosevelt, gnashing his teeth and talking the language the people understand. And his victory was monumental. And in 1908 this same Roosevelt picked Taft. Nothing theoretical about Taft! Indorsed by the most obvious statesman of our history; and Bryan, exploded twice, ran ruefully to his third explosion, because Taft, as set forth by Roosevelt, was concrete—the man best fitted for President "by training and education," as his protagonist, The Colonel, remarked often; and what The Colonel said was gospel, because he was no theorist. He was a specific person—and is.

Conditions confronted us in all those years, and were confronted, in turn, and affronted. Then, by virtue of the very concreteness of Mr. Taft, and other solidified citizens, as exemplified in the 1912 convention at Chicago, Colonel Roosevelt made himself a condition, not a theory; and the result was Mr. Wilson. A considerable number of things happened during the four years that preceded the present campaign; and out of these the theories on which the fight, if it can be called such—debate might be better—has been conducted.

We haven't been battling on the old lines. We haven't been wrapping the flag about us and calling impassioned attention to the fact that when Freedom tore the robe of night she set those stars in glory there, albeit The Colonel has made a dash or two in that direction. But somehow The Colonel's use of the flag always seems to be personal—his exclusive property, you know—and not impressive. There has been some polite talk about prosperity, but none of the former cheer-starting, full-dinner-pail stuff. That will hardly wash when the horny-handed son of toil gets the horns on his hand from counting his wages for consenting to labor a few hours each day. That is in the limbo of dead things—that, and all the other rally-boys-rally! devices.

We have taken a new tack—the hypothetical tack—the highbrow tack. Instead of shouting at the crowds that the country will go plunging to perdition unless they elect Wilson—or Hughes, as the case may be—we regale them with discussions of the principles of international law involved in our relations with foreign countries; we discuss and dissect the ethics of the Mexican situation; we interpret the economic and sociologic and altruistic features of the Adamson Act. We have been trying to put lowbrow politics on a highbrow basis. Result? What you see!

I am writing on the first day of October, with the theoretical campaign five weeks from its theoretical end. We have been promising all over the place. Labor is not a commodity. A hyphen is Punic. A Mexican is a brother. Americanism is humanity. Americanism is doing what has not been done. Americanism is, Please vote for me! Judicial ermine must not be doffed. What would you have done? Preparedness means peace. Preparedness means war. We postulate prosperity. We contend that prosperity is due solely to world-wide economic conditions, not to domestic accompliahments. We should have protected Americans. How would you have protected Americans? A lawmaking body has no legitimate function toward wages. Wages is a legitimate function for legislative action. Society favors an eight-hour day. Society is appalled at the spectacle of Congress bending the knee at a class demand. And so on.

A Dazed and Distressed Electorate

THE result is what you see: an electorate that is dazed and somewhat distressed—an electorate that is apathetic and suspicious—an electorate that is puzzled; some fifteen or sixteen million citizens who are confronted with theories, when they have been accustomed to be consoled by contrived conditions.

We—that is to say, our candidates and their party associates in a managerial sense—have been trying to be politic without being political; and that is a new deal. Mr. Hughes isn't running for President as a Republican. He is running as Mr. Hughes. Mr. Wilson isn't running as a Democrat. He is running as Mr. Wilson. Both, also, are humanitarians; both are economists; both are sociologists; both are international lawyers; both are excessive patriots. Also, both are highbrows and speak the language of their kind. Both are trying to keep their heads so far in the clouds of hypothesis that they won't know their feet are necessarily in the mud of politics.

Wherefore, we come to the three heads that are suitable for discussion at this time, which may be classified as Swings, Slumps and Straws. To be sure, there have always been these demonstrations and diversions in presidential campaigns; but hitherto these demonstrations have been more or less concrete, because they have been the result of concrete methods and issues or incitements. The difference this year arises in the great truth that when you set down a series of theoretical propositions you get a theoretical conclusion. If we indulge in a psychologic campaign we evolve psychology in many phases; and the long result of hypothesis usually is hypnosis—that is, we can think ourselves into thinking a thing is true.

What do we find? We find, at this writing, two sets of politicians fervently believing that two exactly opposite results will be obtained in November. Now I do not mean

that these politicians believe these results in the ordinary political sense. They really believe them. Ordinarily what a politician says and what he thinks about a political situation need not necessarily jibe; but this year, in a large theoretical measure, the politicians have themselves hypnotized. The people are the ones who are not obsessed. This is due to the character of the campaign. The politicians have theorized themselves into their present frames of mind, while the theories haven't penetrated the proletariat to any great extent; and they are going to elect a President in November on one of two flat and nontheoretical propositions, to wit:

Mr. Wilson will be reëlected—if he is reëlected—because he has secured sufficient confidence among the people that he has done his job well amid unprecedented circumstances, and not because he is a Democrat or because more than a majority of the people have confidence in the Democracy.

Mr. Hughes will be elected President—if he is elected—because a majority of his voting fellow citizens think he will be a better President than Mr. Wilson has been.

That is all there is to this election, ladies—voting in many states—and gentlemen; and you can theorize, or claim, or predict, or hope until election day, without getting any nearer the truth.

Therefore, the result will depend on two things: The first, if it goes Mr. Wilson's way, is that the underlying impulse of the country is favorable to Mr. Wilson—not for any such reasons as the froth of campaign publication and assertion claims it is, but because it is felt that he deserves reëlection on his record. The second is whether there is sufficient dissatisfaction with Mr. Wilson and sufficient regard for Mr. Hughes to hold all Republicans and returned Progressives steady for Mr. Hughes; whether the tendency is to try Hughes and see what he can do in the four momentous years that are to come.

Thus, the important thing to sense is not the apparent thing, but the nation-wide and almost secretive thing—the national impulse. It may be set down as authentic that whichever way this election goes will be due to a national and nation-wide and general incentive—leaving the solidly Democratic South out of it, of course. The theories—governmental, economic, sociologic and legal—that have been advanced and discussed will have nothing to do with it. Here it is in a nutshell:

Has Mr. Wilson done his job well or ill?

There will be nothing sectional or segregated about the answer to that question. It will be answered in the same way in California that it is answered in New England. Unless a sufficient number of Republicans and former Progressives feel that Mr. Wilson is deserving, on his record, of another term, and feel that a Republican would have done no better or that in the ensuing four years Mr. Hughes will do no better, Mr. Wilson will not be elected. All the theorizing and all the hypotheses and all the promises and claims will go for nothing. They really mean nothing to the people.

The Three Swings

YOU cannot get any general interest in the proposition that society demands an eight-hour day—not a bit. The general interest is in whether there will be an eight-hour day. Nobody cares about what we could or should have done when Belgium was invaded. What did we do? It doesn't interest a farmer to be told that the reason he sells his hogs for ten dollars a hundredweight is because of entirely unprecedented world conditions; or how, given certain other premises, he might be getting but four dollars for them. The vital thing is that he gets ten dollars.

Hence, with the campaign largely theoretical and the voters largely practical, it is not at all astonishing that the results in November are problematical; and that, even at so late a date as October first, the national condition is one of flux. Thus, we come to the Swings, the Slumps and the Straws. These, and their demonstrations, show conclusively just what the national state of mind is.

So far there have been three swings—one to Hughes, one to Wilson, and the third to Hughes again. A Swing in a national campaign can be likened to the vast underlying motive that inspires a crowd to do a certain thing at a certain time, influenced by nothing apparently tangible, but influenced none the less in a most apparent manner—a subjective rather than an objective impulse. It is instantly discernible to the experienced political observer, and is sensed by any person concerned about politics; and, also, its impulse is communicated. When a Swing starts it gathers momentum. When it stops it stops without explainable reason. It just stops.

For example: As soon as Hughes was nominated at Chicago, and had sent his vigorous telegram of acceptance, there was a Swing to Hughes. One reason for that, of course, was that Hughes was novel, while Wilson was familiar. We like new things in this country. Also, Hughes was the favored candidate of the Republican people. They were enthusiastic for him because they wanted him. If the election had been held on July first Hughes would have swept in. The Swing was national. Also, it was temporary.

Hughes prospered for three or four weeks. Then, with Wilson nominated, the people began to swing the other way; and by the latter part of August—or the middle of August, say—the Swing was with Wilson; that is, a man traveling about the country, as I was, saw and heard enough to convince him that the preliminary Swing for Hughes had stopped, and that the reflex was on in favor of Wilson. Hughes didn't follow up his initial advantage. He sent up one skyrocket and quit. Meantime Wilson was there, operating at the old stand; and the people said: "Oh, well; he has done pretty well, and he ought to have another term."

That lasted until along about September first. Then the dominant Republicanism of the country reasserted itself. Though it might be true that Mr. Hughes had not measured up to the popular image of him; though it might be true that he was not the superman he had been held to be while he was aloof, on the bench; though there might be some disappointment that he did not tear up things by the roots—still, Hughes is a Republican; and the Republicans are the chosen of Nature to rule this republic—as they think. Wherefore, even if Mr. Hughes is merely Mr. Hughes, and not Hughesissimus, we must put him in and get back to power ourselves. Also, Hughes began to perform more in accord with the popular specifications made for him. Also, Mr. Wilson continued to be distinctly highbrowed and altruistic, and the opposition banged away at him.

Naturally a Swing must have its correlated Slump. Thus, as there have been three Swings in this campaign, so there have been two Slumps. Now a Slump is exactly the same sort of demonstration that a Swing is. It has its beginning and its progress in the same sort of subjective impulse. You find a Swing to a candidate. Next time you come by you find that candidate in a Slump. Nobody knows why. It isn't explainable. It is there. The Mr. Wilson who was in his Slump in September is exactly the same sort of Mr. Wilson who was in his Swing in August—not a particle of difference. But any person who says that Mr. Wilson was as strong in September as he was in August is without any knowledge of national political conditions. He wasn't. I leave it to you to tell why. The Swing was against him and the Slump was with him.

Ordinarily that would mean that Mr. Wilson will not win in November; but there is nothing ordinary or conventional or subject to precedent in this campaign. Inasmuch as it has been conducted on a new plane, it may produce new results. There are five weeks yet to go, and those five weeks will decide what is to happen in November. By the time this article appears in print several things will have happened, and several will have been made to happen.

For example, the "He kept us out of war" issue had faded into a pale blond issue in September; and the "Thank God for Wilson!" wasn't getting many returns. So, just at the first of October there appeared Ambassador Gerard on the American scene, fresh from Berlin; and with him were revived all sorts of stories and rumors and assertions about a renewal of the German submarine policy of frightfulness, and speculation on what it would mean to us, and so on; and that bucked up the "He kept us out of war" attribute and revived peace as a Wilson potentiality among a people who had almost forgotten about it.

Also, the valiant Richard Olney, of Massachusetts, the great outstanding intellectual Democrat and the pillar of conservatism since Grover Cleveland died, wrote a strong piece showing how Mr. Wilson is the only hope of a harassed nation; and there are a lot of people who revere Richard Olney in the same manner they revere any of the great monuments of the past, and are impressed thereby.

Straws Show How the Hot Air Blows

SOME other things are on the cards; and then, too, the Republican big guns are to begin firing. The realms of theory are to be invaded by the force of asserted fact. The puzzled proletariat is to be fed something tangible. All that this theoretical stuff has done is to promote confusion of mind and instability of purpose. Somebody must throw a precipitant into the flux, and both sides will have had their try at it by the time this is printed.

The Straw is an interesting American institution that has been established as a medium for obtaining campaign contributions and getting circulation for newspapers. The Straw is the corollary of the poll. The poll is professional, while the Straw is amateur in its reportings but professional in its uses. The Straw shows how the hot air blows. It is the outcome of American good nature. It is a popular concession to the national spirit of jolly. It is the fruit of hope and the product of desire. It tells you what you want to know. It may be electoral, as a state, or it may be intensely local, as a street car. It is largely josh. If a Democrat gets a Straw showing Democratic gains he rushes with it to interested Democrats. So, also, with the Republicans. It tells each side what each side is panting to know.

Any man with a knowledge of political conditions and a pencil and a piece of paper can figure anything he wants to figure into a given set of political futures; for percentages have no regular habitat, but work versatilely for those who seek to employ them. The only real election figures are those of the cold, gray dawn of the day after election. So the Straws show this and the Straws show that.

This result in November will take more than a Straw to show it. It will need a Straw stack; for it isn't to be indicated by the evidences in any locality whatsoever. It is a national proposition, with nothing sectional nor segregated about it. We hear a vast deal about class votes of one kind and another. The Germans are solidly against Wilson, they say, and union labor is solidly for him. The Catholics are opposed to Wilson, and the foreign vote, naturally in sympathy with the Allies, is for him.

The political managers cling to these fetishes. They know in their hearts that union labor, for example, never voted solidly for any candidate in this country, and never will; but they pat themselves on the back over their assumption that this time all will be different. They know that a racial vote is as unstable as a religious vote; but they hold jubilations over claims that they have secured this social division or that sect in its entirety. They divide their organizations into

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The Eight-Hour Glass

FIRE OR WATER?

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

When the Dust Had Settled Two Runs Were Home and Jimmy Edwards Was Performing a Wild Cancan

PERSONALLY I am for the Even Break in politics, domestic relations and baseball. I admire true sportsmanship. I admire it the most when I am a few stacks ahead and can afford to lose a bet or two; but there are times when the last chip is in the center and a fellow has to win or walk home. It is a long, long way from Steptoe to Jawbone Cañon—a lot of miles through sand and cactus—and when I count them over, every one apart, my heart softens toward Edloe James. His methods were crude, but his sympathies were with the Jawbone Cañon Baseball Team.

The editor of the Steptoe Centipede was to blame for complicating the grand old game with side bets and stake money. That was his first error. His second was in forgetting that, no matter how much you may tutor the noble redskin, he will always remain simple and elemental in his tastes and ideals; but especially in his tastes. A Piute is just a Piute, and that lets him out. Rig him up in store clothes and squirt a gallon of Florida water over him, but the scent of the sagebrush will hang round him still. Overlay him with a veneer of education and culture, but scratch through it and you'll find a Piute underneath every time.

The trouble started when Ricky Richards went to Steptoe on a short vacation. Ricky was the engineer in charge of the Jawbone Division of the A. C. & N., with headquarters at Jawbone Cañon, and in the spring of the year his soul yearned for the lights and frivolities of a great city. So he flivvered over to Steptoe, which has a population of three thousand inhuman beings, including Jimmy Edwards, the editor of the Steptoe Centipede.

It was the first time Ricky had seen Edwards since their college days, and it didn't take him long to discover that he liked Jimmy as well as ever—which was not at all. Bad blood between them dated back to their high-school days, when they had been on opposite sides of a debate to determine whether fire or water is the greater destroying element. Ricky had the fire end of it and Jimmy made him look like Mexican money, winning for the wets without a struggle.

Then Ricky went to Berkeley and Jimmy went to Stanford, and they hooked up again—in athletics this time. Ricky managed the baseball team, which lost by a margin of one run to the Stanford outfit under Jimmy's command. To this day Ricky can't talk about that game without stuttering.

Stanford and Berkeley are the Yale and Harvard of the Pacific Coast, so far as rivalry is concerned, and their sons carry on the feud even after they are grown. It was natural that Ricky should remind Jimmy that Stanford won on a fluke, and between them they managed to pry open a lot of old sores and start some new ones.

Then, just to make it a cinch, Jimmy lured Ricky into a poker game, drew three cards against his pat ace full and separated him from all his money through the medium of four sevens. Ricky, broke and bitter, was then cheered up by the statement that superior intelligence would always triumph, as it had triumphed in the past, and that all Berkeley men were mentally inferior to Stanford men, world without end, amen! That sort of talk, coming after a lucky three-card stab, soothes the savage breast considerably.

The crowning insult was a year's subscription to the Centipede, which Jimmy presented to Ricky with as much ceremony as if it had been a twenty-nine-volume encyclopedia bound in limp leather and lettered in gold. He also advised him to toddle along back to Jawbone Cañon and earn more money. Ricky arrived among us, smoldering in the basement, and we gathered that his vacation had not been a brilliant success. He might have had a chance to cool out on the inside if it hadn't been for the Centipede.

The paper came twice a week and each issue provoked an outburst from Ricky, who criticized everything in the rag, from the editorials to the want ads. He conceived the idea of writing insulting letters to the editor, complaining of his rhetoric and the lopsidedness of his logic, and signing them Veritas, Constant Reader and Pro Bono Publico.

Jimmy spotted the author by the postmark and printed Ricky's letters on the front page, with the simplest words misspelled and the sentences balled up frightfully. He signed them R. Richards, C. E., B. S. B., which latter we recognized as the Stanford abbreviation for Bachelor of Steam Beer.

"I will have to get his goat some other way," said Ricky, gnashing his teeth. "There is no nourishment in trying to kid an editor in his own paper. I must tackle this bird from another angle; but how? How?"

Veritas and Constant Reader went into the discard and for a time Ricky despaired of squaring his account with the editor of the Centipede. Then out of a clear sky it came—an opening wide as a barn door.

Jimmy took half of his front page in which to announce that he was preparing to give the good people of Steptoe and vicinity a treat in the sporting line—namely and to wit, a baseball team fast enough to lick all the construction-camp teams in the Southwest. No ifs, ands or buts—Jimmy came right out and promised his readers a winner.

"The crust of him!" sneered Ricky, who was reading the announcement aloud to us. "He talks like a Mack or a McGraw! Where is he going to get these champions?"

Ricky read farther and became hysterical; we had to take the paper away from him to get the news. I saved that copy of the Centipede, so I am able to quote the mirth-producing portion of the announcement. Said Jimmy:

"We have long contended, and our contention is not without the backing of years of practical experience in affairs of the diamond, that the individual-star system is in error.

"Steptoe has had baseball teams in the past, and brilliant performers have from time to time worn our colors. Without an exception these teams have gone down to inglorious defeat. Our citizens have been humbled in the dust before the people of Lone Pine and Bishop; they have suffered pecuniary loss.

"The trouble has been that the members of these teams have played as individuals, not as a harmonious whole. They allowed the personal element to enter into their calculations; they thought for themselves and not for the team. They lacked the master mind at the helm, the strategist on the bench, the controlling hand of a leader wise in the intricacies of the national pastime.

"We have a theory that nine players of mediocre ability, performing as a unit, controlled and directed as aforesaid, can defeat any picked nine which may be brought against them. Our confidence in this theory has caused us to spend some time in training and developing raw material of the sagebrush variety; and it is with pardonable pride that we announce the initial appearance of the Steptoe Centipedes, the only Simon-pure Piute Indian team in the state.

"We selected the simple and untutored sons of the desert because they would have less to unlearn; because of the blind, unreasoning obedience that distinguishes the Piute from all other Indians. We have schooled them in the rudiments of the great national game, such as catching, throwing and hitting; and on next Saturday we expect to demonstrate the superiority of mind over matter. The demonstration will take place at Recreation Park at two-thirty—the Centipedes versus a picked team of individual stars.

"We do not expect that all our readers will share the confidence we feel; but to such as doubt the correctness of our theory we have only three words to say:

"WAIT AND SEE!"

When Ricky stopped clucking and was able to draw a long breath he showed us what was in his mind.

"Simple and untutored sons of the desert, eh? And he expects to clean up the entire country with a mess of raw Piutes, does he? Oh, this is good! This is too good! Gentlemen, here is where old Berkeley is avenged; here is where we wipe out the crime of 1902! . . . Let's see: how many regular ball players do I know?"

II

THERE is this about Ricky Richards—when he starts out to do anything or anybody he blueprints his campaign in advance, the same as if he were going to build a bridge or drive a tunnel. With only Piute amateurs to beat, anybody else would have been satisfied with a makeshift team picked up on the Jawbone Division; but not so Ricky. Not for a minute!

"Boys," said he, "you don't seem to appreciate the fatness of this opportunity. It won't satisfy me merely to win from these copper-colored tramps up at Steptoe. I want to massacree 'em; wipe 'em off the face of the earth; annihilate 'em; goose-egg 'em to a finish; and everlastingly disgrace and confound the master mind at the helm. Away back in 1902 Jimmy Edwards was lucky enough to scratch out on me with a lead of one run, and he's been bragging about it ever since—crediting it to his superior intellect. I've been laying for him ever since and hoping that our paths would cross; and this is my chance to get even with that Stanford dub. I'll have real ball players on the Jawbone Cañon Team if I have to import 'em from the Big Leagues!"

Ricky's first move was to wire Scat Hooper to scrapheap his golfing utensils and accept a soft job as timekeeper with the A. C. & N. Scat is a young man who has his folks to thank for a blasted career. But for their money and foolish pride he might have been a Big League second baseman, instead of a real-estate baron and second-string golfer.

Scat read between the lines, and when he reported for duty as timekeeper he brought with him a baseball uniform, an infielder's glove, four bats, and two friends—Littlebill Boobyshell and Bummy Barnes. Ricky nearly

shed tears of joy when he saw that pair. Littlebill weighed in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds, but his batting average was at least a hundred more than that, and he had been catching for a semiprofessional outfit in San Diego. Bummy was his battery mate—a long, lean, hungry-looking lad, who could make a baseball do everything but loop the loop.

"We didn't know but what there might be an opening in the railroad business," said Littlebill, winking at Ricky; "so we hiked along out to see. There's more good men where we came from—men that can do pretty near anything in the railroading line, infield or outfield—it makes no never minds."

Well, that was a sweet little nest egg to start with—a crack battery and a star second baseman. Ricky passed the word up and down the line, and in no time at all the ball players began to drift to the Jawbone Division. Some of them arrived by jitney; others walked into camp with their blankets on their backs. Some of them gave up good jobs to take a chance with Ricky; which proves, if it proves anything, that the men who have played baseball never get over their love for the game.

The gem of the blanket brigade was Truck Thompson, who might have been in the Coast League yet but for a periodical thirst which led him to assault umpires and climb into the bleachers after hostile fans. Truck had been with the hard-rock gang down at Narka, and they had taken all the fat off his bones and some of it off his head. He said he didn't think he was so fast on his feet as formerly, but he was willing to take an oath that his batting eye was unimpaired, which was the main thing.

Beef Davis, who used to play first base for Michigan, wandered in from the Sulphur Springs country, bringing with him a monkey-faced little party by the name of McGonigle, who had been a shortstop in the Illinois State League before he got himself blacklisted out of organized baseball. Mac was a frightful little crab, with a disposition sour enough to curdle cream; but he hadn't forgotten how to go after a ground ball, and he and Scat made a grand combination round the keystone sack, which is the heart of a team's defense.

Then Kinky Hamm showed up from nowhere in particular, and George Mulcreevy and Tod Goodwin and Sheep Lamb—all drawn by the joyful news that the camp at Jawbone Cañon was to have a ball team. Ricky sent a hurry-up message to Cupid Tufts, in Los Angeles, and Cupid shipped out enough bats, balls, gloves, mitts, masks and other paraphernalia to stock a league, and team practice began on the bed of a dry lake near camp.

If you have never seen a dry lake on the Mohave Desert, imagine a skating rink a mile long and a mile wide, smooth as a floor, harder than asphalt, and lightly sprinkled over with fine white dust. It wasn't an ideal playing surface, but practicing on it made the infielders fast as chain lightning. They had to be, for if a ball got past them it might never stop rolling; and at batting practice one of the water boys was detailed to shag Truck's long drives on a bicycle.

Twice a week we got the Centipede and the latest news of the Piute Ball Team. The Indians seemed to be winning right along and making very few errors; but Ricky swore that their good showing was due to the fact that Jimmy Edwards was acting as official scorer and giving his men all the best of it. This might easily have been true, but the only place the Piutes got the best of it was in the box scores, and not in the accounts of the games. All the credit went to the master mind on the bench, the supreme strategist in command. Jimmy reported the proceedings as he might have reported a chess match, mentioning the human instruments of his will only incidentally and starring the editorial "we" from start to finish. It was enough to make anybody sick.

When Ricky couldn't stand it any longer he took his fountain pen in hand and issued a challenge to the Centipedes on behalf of the Jawbone Cañon Scrubs, offering to play the Indians anywhere, any time, under any conditions, and for anything from a plugged nickel to the crown jewels of the kingdom. The terms, he said, he was willing to leave to the editor of the paper. Scat Hooper objected to this portion of the communication.

"Let it go as it lies!" said Ricky, pulling at his mustache. "I want him to think he's getting all the best of it. I want him to bet some of his own money. Let it go!"

Confident as we were, I must admit that Jimmy's comeback was in the nature of a surprise. Not only was our challenge accepted with alacrity, but one of the conditions was a side bet of one thousand dollars, gold coin of the realm. The paper stated that James Edwards, acting as manager for the Steptoe Centipedes, had posted a certified check for that amount with the leading merchant of the town, and we were politely requested to put up or shut up. A few hundred would have been a mere bagatelle, but a cool thousand gave us pause.

Another condition had to do with the gate money. General admission to the park was fixed at fifty cents a lady or gent, grand stand a quarter extra, the winning team to take the entire pot after deducting the expenses.

It was then that I began to suspect an ace in the hole, because when a man talks winner-take-all, as a general thing he knows something.

Scat Hooper suggested that it might be a good thing to send a scout to have a look at this team of raw Piutes before closing the deal. Ricky hooted at the bare idea. He dug up the copy of the Centipede containing the original announcement and read it aloud:

"'Raw material of the sagebrush variety. . . . Simple and untutored sons of the desert. . . . Nine players of mediocre ability.' Look at it, here in print! How could he run anything like this in his own paper if it wasn't true?"

"Just the same," said Scat, "I don't believe everything I see in the papers. There's something doing, sure! This editor is a Foxy Quiller. He knows something or he wouldn't want to play us, winner take all."

"Do you think he knows what a team we've got?" demanded Ricky. "You say yourself that we can lick half the semipro. outfits in the state; so why worry about a lot of mangy Piutes? Bah! Two or three bahs! Does a thousand dollars scare you? Just to show you where I stand, I'm going to take three hundred of that bet myself!"

Scat and Littlebill argued for safety first, and I edged in a word now and then; but I might just as well have saved my breath. Ricky moved, seconded and carried the motion over all our heads. We managed to raise the thousand bucks, but the last hundred came hard—in ones and twos and fives. Everybody in Jawbone Cañon had a piece of that side bet, even to the flunkies in the cookhouse and the dishwashers in the kitchen. Then nothing would do but that it must be posted at once—which started another argument.

"What's the hurry?" asked Scat. "Why can't we cover this bet at the last minute, after we've looked round?"

On the Way Back He Nearly Collided With Edloe

"Because, stupid, if Edwards finds out that we've got a real ball team he'll pull his thousand down. We'll send this money up by the express messenger and accept their Fourth of July date before they can back out. If this certified check thing is a bluff we'll call it quick."

Edloe James, our fat commissary clerk, chipped in at this stage.

"I guess I'll go along with the messenger," said he. "I might nose round a little and see what I can find out."

"You'd better stay away from Steptoe," warned Ricky. "You know your failing, don't you?"

"It's hardly clubby of you to remind me of it so publicly," said Edloe; "and, anyway, Steptoe is a dry town."

"I've heard a lot about these dry towns," said Ricky, "but I've never seen one yet that didn't have a few moist spots in it. Don't go!"

"I will if I like!" grumbled Edloe; and, sure enough, he accompanied the messenger when he left the next morning. He promised us that he wouldn't go hunting for an oasis until after the certified check was covered.

Team practice went on every day, Bummy nursed his arm into the pink of condition, and by the first of July our noble heroes were spoiling for battle, featheredged for a fight. It was then that we got our first severe jolt. It was handed to us by a rum-hound of a tramp printer, who came howling into camp about sundown with a quart bottle on his hip and at least as much more under his belt. He was on his way back to Mohave and was in such a befuddled state of mind that he didn't know whether he was in Jawbone Cañon or Kalamazoo. He told us his troubles before he fell asleep on the porch of the bunkhouse.

He said that he was the "bes' li'l' ole printer west of the Mizz—Mizz'ippi," and had quit a job on the Centipede because the editor was too much of a humorist. When he mentioned Edwards, Ricky became inquisitive; and little by little we got at the cause of the printer's grievance.

It seems that Edwards had been writing whole columns of bogus baseball news. The Centipede would go to press with this bogus news on the first page; a single copy of the paper would be struck off and mailed somewhere or other, and then the first page would be recalled and made over again, with the baseball comedy eliminated and genuine news items substituted for local consumption.

"Jim'ah good fell'r—bes' fell'r ever see—but wantsh man work too hard. Thash why I'm quit'm."

There was a ghastly silence while Ricky went into the bunkhouse. He returned with the copy of the Centipede containing the original announcement of the formation of the Piute Baseball Team. He held this under the printer's nose, who shut one eye and looked long at the article in question.

"Thash one of 'm," said he at last. "Uh-huh! Awf'l funny, ain't it?"

Then he fell asleep and nothing could rouse him—not even the frenzied council of war that convened immediately on the bunkhouse porch.

"What did I tell you about this editor?" asked Scat. "The raw Piute stuff was all the bunk. He went to a lot of trouble to hook you, Ricky. It ain't everybody that they'll get out special editions for. We're all hooked! He's got a baseball team, no bunk about that; but the question is, how much of a team has he got?"

"Enough of a team to bet a thousand dollars on," said Littlebill Bosbyshell.

"They Tell Me You Claim to be an Indian!" Chirped Mac

"Oh, what a crook!" moaned Ricky. "He hasn't changed a bit. You fellows have got to lick that ball club, no matter how strong it is—simply got to do it!"

"Where can I get a file?" asked McGonigle. "I want to hone up my spikes. I'm going to every bag with my feet in the air."

III

WE ARRIVED in Steptoe on the morning of the Fourth and the boys went straight to the Golden Eagle Hotel, where they dressed for the game. Our first visitor was Edloe James, who came rolling along the corridor, all lit up like a welcome arch.

"You're a fine specimen, ain't you?" demanded Ricky. "A nice, clean boy! Why in Sam Hill didn't you let me know that this Indian stuff was all the bunk?"

"Bunk?" said Edloe, blinking. "Bunk?"

"Why, they ain't Indians any more'n you are!"

Edloe straightened up and tried to look dignified.

"M' frien'," said he, "I don't know where you got your inf'm—inf'mazh'n; but leave it to me to know Injuns when I see'm. Injuns? Cer'nly they're Injuns—Piutes, Shoshones, 'Paches—all Injuns. Ain' I been carryin' water f'r'm every day this week—hey?"

"Carrying water for 'em! You? Pity you didn't carry some for yourself! But, on the level, are they Indians?"

"You jush wait an' see—my word ain' good." Edloe was offended.

"And I suppose you told 'em all about our team?"

"Ain' tole'm nothin'! They don' know who I am! They think I'm pickled an' harmless. Poor ole Edloe, he's stewed again! Thash me."

"You ought to go and soak your head!" snapped Ricky.

"I'll go carry water f'r m' frien's!" said Edloe tearfully. "Injuns don' bawl man out for triflin' in—indiscrezh'ns. They got more manners'n you, Richards. Nex'—nex' time you see poor ole Edloe, he'll be on the bench with the enemy."

"Better not come back to Jawbone Cañon then," said I.

While we were debating the advisability of locking Edloe up in one of the rooms and leaving him to sleep it off, he escaped through the back door, climbed the fence into an alley and disappeared.

He was right about one thing, however: it was an Indian team, though not consisting of simple and untutored savages to any great extent. It was substantially the same Indian team that had toured the Southwest the season before—mostly graduates from Carlisle and Sherman, with a few Haskell bucks to round it out. We were up against the cream of aboriginal baseball; and, just to make it a cinch, Jimmy Edwards had secured the services of an Indian pitcher of national reputation—Chief John Quincy Adams Parker.

Parker had played short engagements in several leagues and might have been with the Giants to-day but for his unfortunate habit of bathing his vitals in alcohol. No manager could handle him in a wet country, but during his infrequent periods of abstinence he made up for his lapses by pitching a brand of baseball second to none. When the Chief's fast one was under control an opposing team might just as well sack their bats and go home. His speed was simply blinding, and his specialty was a smoky hop across the letters, which sent the best of 'em back to the bench talking to themselves.

I got as close to the Chief as I could and took a good look; and if I'm any judge of physical condition he was as fit as a greyhound—lean and hard and clear-eyed. Evidently Parker had been through a protracted dry spell, and it began to look bad for our thousand.

"Shall I crown 'um with a fungo stick?"

It was little McGonigle at my elbow.

"I wish you could. He looks ripe and ready."

"Not the Injun! Edloe! Look at the fat stiff!"

Sure enough, there was our recreant commissary clerk, roosting on the Centipede bench, nursing two shiny new tin pails and hobnobbing with the foe.

"Oh, let him alone!" said I. "We'll settle with him later."

"If that big Injun pitcher smells his breath it'll make him nervous," said Littlebill Bosbyshell. "Leave him stay where he is."

At the last minute Jimmy Edwards pranced out on the field; and, just to remind Ricky of the dear dead days of long ago, he wore a crimson hatband and necktie—Stanford colors.

The old college chums met for a minute in a conference about the umpire; and I suspect they discussed other matters also, for Ricky came back to the bench perfectly speechless and purple.

Jimmy went over and sat among his simple and untutored savages, and the game began, with Jawbone Cañon at bat and little McGonigle leading off for us. We had shown the citizens of Steptoe some very snappy work in preliminary practice, so they paid us the compliment of strained and nervous attention and were reasonably quiet until Chief Parker began pouring his speed across the plate. Then they began to yell, and they yelled for eight innings.

Little Mac choked his bat short, squatted over the plate, and opened up on Chief Parker immediately.

"They tell me you claim to be an Indian!" he chirped. "What's the college yell down at dear ole Tuskegee?"

It was a deadly insult; but Parker only grinned and rubbed dirt on the ball.

"Aw, can that stuff!" growled Joe Grass, the Piute catcher.

"Another Pullman-car porter heard from!" McGonigle said.

He would have said more, but just then Parker cut the heart of the plate with his fast one.

"Strike!" said the umpire, a man named Eaton, from Big Pine.

"Outside!" howled Mac. "Outside and low! Look at 'em, you blind hen-herder; look at 'em!"

Eaton looked at two more and called them both strikes. Mac took a roundhouse wallop at the last one—after Joe Grass had it in his mitt.

"He ain't got a thing but a fast ball, straight as a billiard cue!" said McGonigle when he came back to the bench. "We'll git 'um fellers! We got to git 'um!"

Scat Hooper saw that he wasn't going to draw anything but straight ones; so he chopped at the second ball and rolled it down toward third base, where Talking Brook was waiting for it. I don't know what his other name was, but it might have been Artie Shafer, the way he dug that pill out of the dirt and whistled it across the diamond to High Mountain, the first baseman. Scat prides himself on his ability to beat out infield taps, but the throw was three jumps ahead of him.

Beef Davis drew a couple of curves, which went wide, and this encouraged him to wait for more of the same; but Parker went back to his fast ball and fanned Beef with three in a row.

"All we got to do is hold 'em!" said Littlebill as he put on his wind-pad. "Everybody up on the old toes! Right at 'em!"

Bummy Barnes knew that it wouldn't be good policy to feed speed to that aggregation of free swingers, so he went after the Indians with hooks and benders; and, as I told you before, he could make a baseball do everything but loop the loop. He mixed in a spitter now and then, which broke in a most amazing manner, and Spotted Wolf, John Longbow and Shorty Bowes went out in order. Shorty, the second baseman, managed to get hold of a curve and poked it a mile into center field; but Sheep Lamb got under it after a hard run.

Parker came right back with his fast ball and put two of them over on Truck Thompson before the big fellow gauged their speed. He was set for the third one, however, and he nailed it as hard as a white man ever hit a baseball in this land of the free. It went straight for Tom Summit, the Indian leftfielder. He made the catch without moving out of his tracks, but the ball nearly tore the glove off his hand. Ten feet on either side of him and it would have been a round trip, sure! Parker seemed surprised and took a good look at Truck as he went grunting back to the bench, sore all through.

"Lucky stiff—out there! Right in his hands! Bet I don't get a wallop at another fast one all day! That Injun's onto me now. Nothin' but curves from here on."

Littlebill Bosbyshell sneaked a single over the infield; and, when he saw that Kinky Hamm wasn't likely to do anything, Littlebill tried to steal second. Joe Grass smelled the play, the Chief wasted one, and Shorty Bowes crossed to the bag like a flash. Littlebill was out by yards and yards. It was Class A baseball—we had to admit that much; and it showed us that we were up against a stone-wall defense. By way of rubbing it in, and proving that he was versatile, Parker fanned Kinky on curves and ended our half of the inning.

"We'll git 'um yet!" said little Mac. "They can't keep this up all day."

Bummy had some dangerous birds to work on next time out, but he stuck to teasing curves and spitters, and what balls were hit at all went into the air, and a good thing they did. Henry Blacktooth, Tom Summit and High Mountain came up in order—all big fellows and terrific swingers. They would have murdered fast-ball pitching, but slow curves bothered them and they went down—one, two, three. Bummy came back to the bench, thinking fairly well of himself.

"Gimme one run under my belt!" he begged. "Just one little run, fellows, and I won't ask for any more. Lean on that fast ball, everybody! One run!"

The way the Chief was going, he might just as well have asked for the Washington Monument. Parker actually seemed to gather more speed as he went along, and his control was perfection itself. McGonigle and Tod Goodwin went out on the coaching lines and tried to discover where the Indian's goat was located. The things they told Parker about himself were surprising, to say the least; but he never so much as glanced in their direction. He had played too many engagements in railroad-division points and had heard it all before; it was old stuff to him. His mind was on his work, as he demonstrated the next time Truck Thompson came to bat. The big fellow was praying for another crack at that fast ball, but Parker went after him with slow curves and struck him out.

As for Bummy Barnes, the old skeleton pitched inspired baseball against discouraging odds. His work wasn't as sensational as the Chief's, because Bummy was afraid to unfurl his fast ball; but in point of effectiveness he left nothing to be desired. He kept lobbing the slow one up there, breaking it this way and that and working both corners to a fare-ye-well; and the Indians couldn't keep it out of the air. No runs had been scored up to the end of the fifth inning, when I went out back of the grand stand to get some water for our parched athletes.

While I was at the hydrant along came Edloe James, his hair plastered down on his forehead and a bucket in each hand. It struck me immediately that he was recovering from his alcoholic eclipse; he could walk straight and the light of intelligence had returned to his eyes. His consonants did not slide when he spoke to me.

"What do you think of it?" he asked hoarsely.

"I could be arrested for what I think of you," I told him.

The Chief Practiced Drop-Kicking With Jimmy's New Straw Hat

(Continued on Page 37)

The Trail of the Average Man

By FRED C. KELLY

HUMAN beings, when you average them up, are surprisingly alike. And human impulses are a fairly constant quantity. If Mr. Average Human does one thing to-day and something else week after next, it is not because he himself has changed, but because there has been some kind of shift in conditions. If one had a complete record of past performances, and knew all the present influences, it should not be any more difficult to forecast the performance of a man than that of a race horse. In fact, the task should be much simpler, for, inasmuch as there are more men than race horses, it is possible to get a closer average.

If it should be noted that ten persons a day slip and fall on the pavement in a certain congested area of a big city, and then some day twenty-five persons should fall, it would not mean that people on the average were becoming less steady on their feet, but more likely that the pavements had become more slippery. A newsboy starts over a route shouting his Sunday papers. He has two hundred papers with him, let us say, and can sell only one hundred and forty. To his disgust he has the rest left on his hands. On the following Sunday, therefore, he buys only one hundred and forty papers. And on that day, perhaps, he could have sold two hundred and fifty papers. He decides that man is an erratic animal about his Sabbath-day reading, and that there is no use trying to predict what he will want. But the chances are that on the day the demand was for two hundred and fifty papers, there was either bad weather to keep men indoors, or something in the papers of greater news importance than on the Sunday previous.

Insurance companies have found that it is possible to tell with almost mathematical accuracy what Mr. Average Man will do, if one only has past-performance charts to show what he has done heretofore. They know that under certain conditions—age, climate, occupation, and so on—so many men out of every thousand will die before the end of the year. So many men out of every thousand will be careless and accidentally set their houses on fire. A certain number will run into guileless pedestrians with expensive, high-powered automobiles, and be sued for damages. A certain number of automobiles out of every thousand will be stolen every year. And the older the machine the more likely it is to be stolen, even though it is not so valuable, because it is less under the cautious, watchful eye of the owner.

So it goes. There is almost no limit to the things one could tell accurately in advance about human proclivities, if only one had a detailed record of the past as a basis for such predictions. A concern operating chain stores, with its twelve hundred or more retail establishments, has made a tremendous business success because it is able to tell beforehand just how many men will come into a shop at a given location each day, and how much money they will spend. One man out of every so many passing along the street will stop to buy.

Something to Know About Wednesday

SOME time ago a young advertising man, by the name of J. Lee Cross, devoted a great deal of thought and attention to a study of human nature, while serving on a committee of the Cleveland Advertising Club. The organization had four hundred or more members, a great many of them representative business men. The point of view of these business men can doubtless be regarded as fairly typical. Now it fell to the lot of Cross, in the course of his association with this advertising club, to arrange for noonday luncheons and addresses which the club was in the habit of having nearly every week. Sometimes practically the entire membership would be present at these; often only a mere handful of members. As the food for the luncheons had to be ordered in advance and paid for whether used or not, it was extremely annoying and frequently disheartening to be without any way of telling how many would be present. They thought of having the members buy tickets in advance, but this did not seem satisfactory, for the average business man dislikes to book himself very far ahead. He prefers to wait until the last minute, and then go to a meeting or stay away, according to the way he feels.

Cross began to take note of the weather on days when a meeting brought out only a small crowd. He saw that there was an unmistakable relation between the crowd and the weather, with regard not only to rain or sunshine, but to temperature. He found out by further observation that a great many other factors besides the weather went to determine the size of the crowd.

An important item was the day of the week. Men are busier on some days than others. But, even if he is busy, a man may leave his office, provided the attraction is great enough. He probably would not turn round in his swivel chair to see General Coxey, but would walk through slush and sleet to hear a heart-to-heart talk by the President of the United States. And no matter what the attraction is, more men will go to see it if it is cleverly announced. For example, if a famous actress were to give a Lady Godiva performance in an enclosed arena and you received a poorly printed handbill casually telling you to come, you would not give the occasion the same earnest consideration that you would if you were urged to be present in a cleverly worded letter, written on high-priced handmade paper, from the woman's manager.

Traffic on the Shady Side of the Street is Usually Twenty-Four Per Cent More Than on the Sunny Side

For four years Cross kept close track of about a dozen different items affecting attendance at the club meetings. At the end of that time he compiled his figures on an elaborate layout of charts. He believed that from these charts he could predict with reasonable accuracy the attendance at meetings from then on. He put his theory to a test, and the results were astonishing. After repeated trials he found that he could tell almost exactly how many men would gather together to hear a certain address on a certain day. Not infrequently he forecast the precise number. It was not uncommon at all for him to tell within one or two of the total number, out of a possible four hundred or more, and the farthest he ever went wrong was predicting four men too many.

As a result of these observations, covering several years, Cross was able to set down, with rather positive assurance of their accuracy, a great many of the average traits and propensities of the average business man.

For example, Cross discovered that in the long run a business man can be enticed away from his work more readily on Wednesday than on any other day of the week. The chances are that Wednesday is also the best day to try to sell him something. Monday is the worst day of all, because an extra large mail has accumulated over Sunday, and a man has a tendency to begin each new week with the intention of taking a flying start, sticking close to the job, and accomplishing greater things than ever before. By Tuesday this first-of-the-week enthusiasm over his work has abated somewhat, but not so much as on Wednesday. Then the rush of the fore part of the week is over, and the rush to clean up everything possible before the end of the week has not started. Friday is the second best day of the week to lure a man from his desk. With the exception of Monday, Saturday is the worst day. Tuesday and Thursday are about a tie, but Thursday is a trifle the busier day of the two.

Drawing Cards for Business Men

THE ideal weather condition to bring people out is a cool, fair day in the spring or fall. This is especially true in the spring, for after being housed up all winter people like an excuse to get out and go to places. The most unfavorable weather is extreme heat. The average man would rather go out in the rain than on a day that is bright and clear but too hot. After the temperature climbs to a certain point he begins to make excuses when you ask him to join in any undertaking requiring physical exertion. Cold weather does not keep people indoors nearly so much as does heat or rain. Snow has little effect one way or the other—that is, a man will not go out on account of the snow, as he might on a beautiful balmy day in spring; but, on the other hand, the snow will not deter him from going. Slush, however, is something else again. It ranks with rain as an obstacle.

If you wish to announce a thing to a business man there is nothing so effective as a good letter. But, understand, it must be a good letter, well worded and not too long. A good postcard announcement, or a good announcement in a cleverly printed circular, is better than a poor letter. Cross learned by experience that inclosing a return postcard with an announcement was just twelve per cent better than the same announcement without any return postcard. It is human to deplore wastefulness, and a man dislikes to throw a perfectly good postcard into the waste basket. So he takes it and writes on the little dotted line whether or not he will come to the meeting. Having taken his pen in hand to write "Yes" or "No," he rather shrinks from writing that he will not come, for he feels somehow that it makes him out a quitter. So if in doubt he writes "Yes." And having written that he will come, he dislikes to break his word. Such are the advantages of the return postcard.

It appears that business men are fond of music. Just put the word "Music" on an announcement of a business gathering and, with all other factors equal, about twenty per cent more persons will come than if you said nothing about any music. At least that was Cross' experience. If you go farther and tell just what the music will consist of, the pulling power of this item may be as much as fifty per cent greater.

The average business man would rather be entertained than instructed. If you were to get hold of a world-wide authority on the very line of business a certain group of men are interested in, and invite those men to come and hear him make an address, you probably would not get so large a crowd as you would if you told them that Harry Lauder would be on hand to sing funny songs.

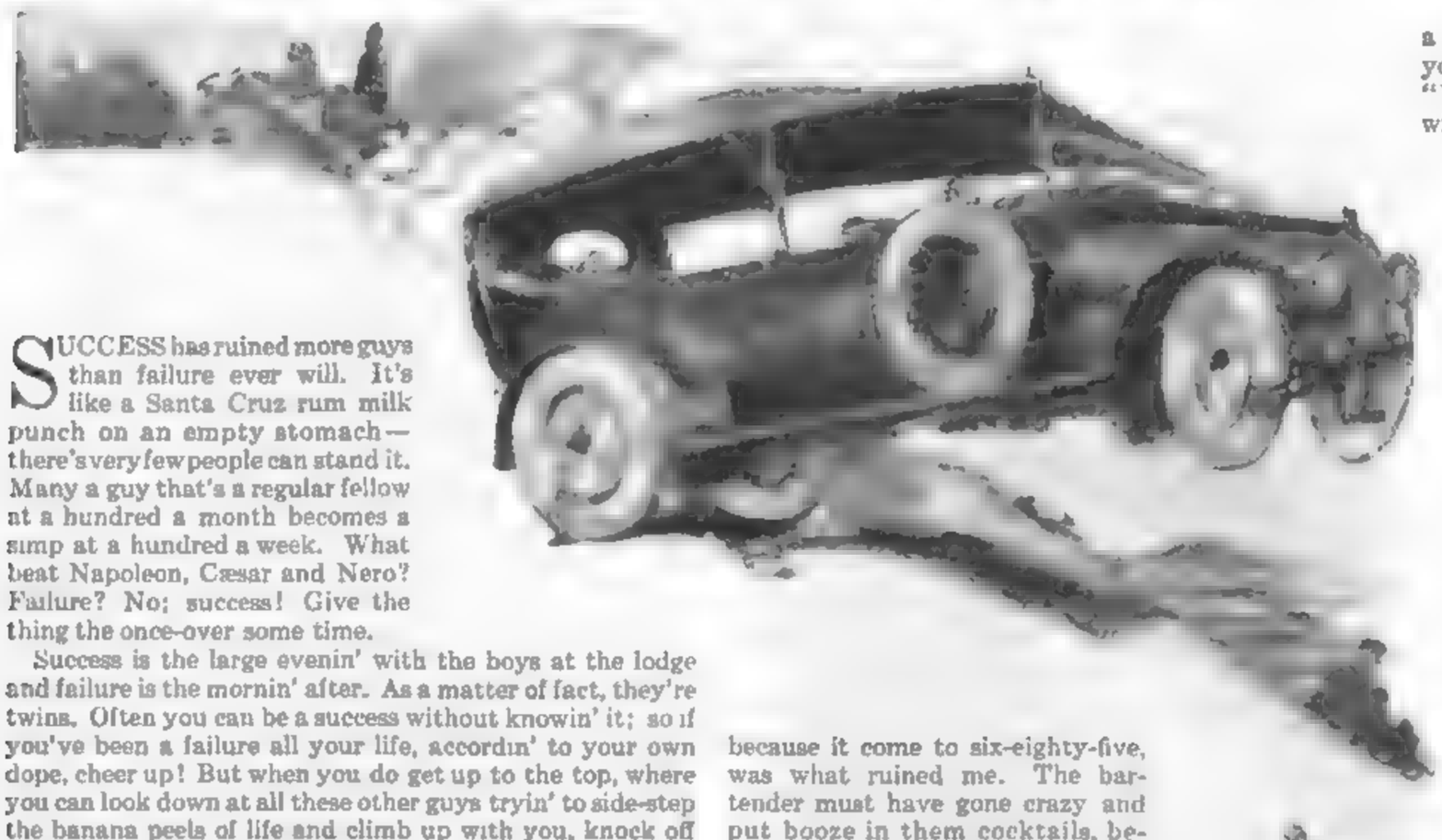
Next to being entertained, however, a business man would rather hear a discussion of some phase of business in which he himself is especially interested. After that his favorite topics are those dealing with either politics or finance. The number of men who will go to hear an address depends to a surprisingly large extent not only on the prominence of the speaker but on the town he comes from. The best drawing card of all, as Cross discovered by scores of tests, is a prominent public official—the more prominent the better, on up to the President of the United States.

(Continued on Page 33)

EAST LYNCH

By H. C. WITWER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



SUCCESS has ruined more guys than failure ever will. It's like a Santa Cruz rum milk punch on an empty stomach—there's very few people can stand it. Many a guy that's a regular fellow at a hundred a month becomes a simp at a hundred a week. What beat Napoleon, Cæsar and Nero? Failure? No; success! Give the thing the once-over some time.

Success is the large evenin' with the boys at the lodge and failure is the mornin' after. As a matter of fact, they're twins. Often you can be a success without knowin' it; so if you've been a failure all your life, accordin' to your own dope, cheer up! But when you do get up to the top, where you can look down at all these other guys tryin' to side-step the banana peels of life and climb up with you, knock off thinkin' what a big guy you are for a minute and give ten minutes to thinkin' what a tough time you had gettin' there. Give five minutes more to ruminatin' on how long the mob remembers a loser, and you'll find it the best sixteen minutes you ever spent in your life.

In these days, when the world is just a great big baby, yellin' for a new toy every second, any simp can beat his way to the top. The real stunt is stayin' there after you arrive.

Kid Scanlan, the middleweight champ, was a good sample of that. When the Kid was fightin' for bean money and the exercise, he never spent nothin' but the evenin', and very little of that. He didn't know whether booze was a drink or a liniment, and the only lady he was bothered about was his mother. But when he knocked out One-Punch Ross for the title and eased himself into the movies, he was a different fellow. He begin to spend money like a vice-investigating committee, knock round with bartenders and give in to all the strange desires that hits a guy with his health and a bank roll. I stood by and cheered for a while, until he crashes in love with a movie queen that got more money a start than the Kid did in a season, and more letters from well-wishin' males than a newly elected mayor. Then I stepped in and saved the Kid just before he become a total loss.

We had gone out to Film City, Cal., in order that the drama might be boosted by a five-reel picture entitled How Kid Scanlan Won the Title. But while we was waitin' for this to take place the Kid eased himself into a thriller called Macbeth, made himself solid with Edward R. Potts, the guy that was promotin' the thing, and wound up by bein' hired as head comedian for the followin' six months.

About a week after this I was standin' by the African Desert one day, watchin' them take a picture called Rapacious Rupert's Revenge, when the Kid comes over and calls me aside. Since he had become an actor he had give himself up to dressin' in Panama hats, Palm Beach suits and white shoes. He reminded me of the handsome young lieutenant in a musical comedy. Every time I seen him in that outfit I expected to hear him burst into some song like "All hail! The Queen comes thither!" Know what I mean?

Well, havin' lured me away under the shade of some palm trees, the Kid tells me he's goin' over to Frisco on a little shoppin' expedition, and he wants me to come with him. I says I can't drink a thing, because I have had a terrible headache since the night before, when him and me and some camera men went to Montana Bill's and toyed with the brew for a few hours.

"That last round," I says, "which I'll always remember because it come to six-eighty-five, was what ruined me. The bartender must have gone crazy and put booze in them cocktails, because I've had that headache ever since."

"It ain't the cocktails that give you the headache," the Kid tells me; "it was the check. And you must have had a bun on before that, anyhow, because you paid it. But that's got nothin' to do with this here trip to Frisco. I'm not goin' to stop anywheres for no powders. I'm gonna get somethin' I've needed for a long time."

"What is it?" I asks him. "A clean collar?"

"I wish you'd save that comedy for some rainy Sunday," he says. "That stuff of yours is about as funny as the war was to Belgium! Since I been out here with these swell actors I been changin' my clothes so often that I'll bet my body thinks I'm kiddin' it. Stop knockin' and come over to Frisco with me, and ——"

I don't know what else he was goin' to say, because just at that minute a Kansas cyclone on wheels come between us, and I come to in a ditch about five feet from where the Kid is tryin' to see can he really stand on his head. When I had picked up enough ambition to get to my feet I went over and jacked up the Kid. About half a mile up the road the thing which had attacked us is turnin' round.

"Run for your life!" I yells to the Kid. "It's comin' back!"

Before we could pick out hidin' places the thing has drawed up in front of us, and we see it's one of them trick autos known to the trade as racin' cars. I recognized it right away as belongin' to Miss Vincent, the leadin' woman for the Maudlin Moving-Picture Company. The owner was in the car and beside her was Edmund De Vronde, the shopgirls' delight. The Kid and De Vronde had took to each other from the minute they first met, like a ferret does to a rat. It was a case of hate at first sight. So you can figure that this little incident did nothin' to cement the friendship. Miss Vincent leaps out of the thing and comes runnin' over to us.

Just About Then We Hit the Damp Spot

"Good heavens!" she says. "You're not hurt, are you?"

She's lookin' right past me and at the Kid, like it made little or no difference whether I was damaged or not.

The Kid throws half an acre of California out of his collar and removes a few pebbles and a cigar butt from his ear.

"No!" he growls with a sarcastic smile. "Was there many killed?"

She takes out a little trick silk handkerchief and wipes off his face with it.

"I meant to step on the footbrake," she explains, "and I must have stepped on the gas by mistake."

"You must have stepped on the dynamite," I butts in, "because it blowed me into the ditch."

The Kid shakes a bucket or so of sand out of his hair and looks over at the car, where De Vronde is examinin' us through a pair of cheaters and enjoyin' himself scandalously. "I see you got Foolish with you," says the Kid to Miss Vincent. "What's the matter—are you off me now?" She smiles and wipes some mud off the Kid's collar.

"Why, no," she tells him. "Genaro is putting on The Escapes of Eva this morning and I'm playing the lead opposite Mr. De Vronde. I happened to pick him up on the road and I'm bringing him in—that's all."

"Yeh?" says the Kid, still lookin' over at the car. "What are you laughin' at, Stupid?" he snarls suddenly at De Vronde.

De Vronde give a shiver and his glasses fell off into the bottom of the car. While he was stoopin' down to look for 'em the Kid turns to Miss Vincent.

"I only wish he had been drivin' the thing," he says, "because then I'd have some excuse for bouncin' him. On the level, now," he goes on, winkin' at her, "he was drivin' the thing, wasn't he?"

"Oh, no!" she answers. "I was at the wheel."

The Kid frowns and thinks for a minute.

"Well," he says finally, takin' another look at De Vronde, "ain't the brakes where he was sittin'?"

"No!" she tells him, grabbin' him by the arm. "Please don't lose your head now and start a fuss. I'm awfully sorry this happened; but, so long as neither of you was hurt, and ——"

"It didn't do me no good—that's a cinch," butts in the Kid with a meanin' look at his spoiled scenery.

He walks over to the car and glares up at De Vronde.

"Hey!" he snarls. "What d'ye mean by bein' in an automobile that runs over me—eh?"

De Vronde moves as far over as the seat will let him and then falls back on prayer.

"I must decline to enter any controversy with you," he pipes after a minute. "You were standing in the middle of the right of way, and ——"

The Kid grins and holds up his hand. His face has lighted all up, and he's lickin' his lips, like he always did in the ring when he seen the other guy was pickin' out a place to fall. He's walked round to where De Vronde had been sittin' and piped a little handle stickin' up.

"What's this?" he calls to Miss Vincent, who's climbin' in the other side.

"That's just the oil pump," she says.

The Kid suddenly reaches up, grabs De Vronde by the arm and jerks him out of the car.

"You big stiff!" he roars. "Why didn't you pump that oil—hey? If you had done that the thing wouldn't have hit us. I knowed it was all your fault—you deliberately laid off that pump, hopin' we'd get killed."

With that he starts an uppercut from the ground; but I yanked him away just as De Vronde murmurs "Safety first!"—and takes a dive. Miss Vincent gets out and gives me a hand with the Kid, and De Vronde sits up and menaces us with his cane.

"That isn't a bit nice," Miss Vincent frowns at the Kid. "That's ruffianly. You never should have struck him."

"I didn't hit him," yells the Kid. "The big tramp quit. If I had hit him he wouldn't be gettin' up."

He starts over again; but I held him until she has climbed into the car with De Vronde and they shoot up the road. Just before they disappeared, De Vronde turns round in the seat and shakes his finger at us.

"Only the presence of the lady," he calls, "saves you from my wrath."

"Come on," says the Kid, grabbin' my arm. "Let's get the next train for Frisco before I run after that guy and flatten him. Believe me," he goes on, lookin' up the road after the car, "I'll get that bird before the day is over if I have to bust a leg."

And that's just what he did—both!

All the way over in the train I tried to work the third degree on the Kid to find out what he was goin' to buy; but there was nothin' doin'. He stalled me off until we pull into the town, and then he takes me to a street that was so far from the railroad station I come near castin' a shoe on the way over.

About halfway down this boulevard there's a garage and the Kid stops in front of it.

"Wait here," he tells me; "and don't let nobody give you no babies to mind. I'll be right out."

He slips inside and I'm lookin' the joint over when a big sign catches my eye. I took one good flash at the thing and then I starts right in after the Kid. A friend of mine in New York had gone into a place with a sign on it like that one time and made a purchase. Six months later, when he

"Don't Let Nobody Give You No Babies to Mind"

come out of the hospital, he claimed that the bare smell of gasoline made him faint. Here's what it said on that sign:

I. MARKOWITZ
Used and Nearly New Autos for Sale

It was kinda dark inside and it takes me a minute to get my bearin's; but finally I see the Kid and a snappy-dressed guy standin' in front of what I at first thought was a Pullman sleeper. When I get a close-up, though, I find it's only a tourin' car. It was the biggest automobile I ever seen in my life; a sightseein' bus would have looked like a runabout alongside of it. There was one there, and it did. The thing hadn't been painted since the Maine was blowed up, and you could see the guy that had been keepin' it was fond of the open air, because there was samples of mud from probably all over the world on it.

"You could believe it; you're gettin' it a practically brand-new car," the young feller is tellin' the Kid. "The shoes are in A Number One condition—all they need is now vulcanizin'. And ~Oi!—how that car could travel!"

"Just a minute," I butts in. "Before you make this sale I want to speak to my friend here."

Both him and the Kid glares at me, and the Kid pushes me aside.

"Lay off," he says. "I know just what you're gonna say. There's no use of you tryin' to discourage me, because I'm gonna buy a car. Here I am, makin' all kinds of money and I might as well be a bum—no automobile or nothin'. I should have had a car long ago; all the big leaguers own their own tourin' cars. There's no class to you any more if you don't flit from place to place in your own bus."

"Yeh?" I comes back. "Well, Washington never had no car, but that didn't stop him from gettin' over. I never heard of Columbus gettin' pinched for speedin', and Shakspere never had no trouble with blow-outs. Yet all them birds was looked on as the loud crash in their time. What's the answer to that?"

In butts I. Markowitz, shovin' his hat back on his ears.

"That brings us right down to the present," he says; "and I could tell you why none of your friends had oltermobiles. Cars was too expensive in them days—a millionaire would have to speak with his wife before they should buy one. But now, almost they give them away. Materials is cheaper; in Europe they got it a war, and now competition is—is—more. That's why I'm able to let your friend have this factory pet here for eight hundred dollars. A bargain you ask me? A man never heard of a bargain like that!"

"Don't worry," I tells him. "Nobody will ever hear about it from me. If you made him a present of it, and throwed in the garage, it would still be expensive."

"Who's buyin' this car?" snarls the Kid. "You or me?"

"Not guilty!" I says. "If you got to have a car, why don't you buy a new one?"

"This is the same as new," pipes I. Markowitz.

"Speak when you're spoken to, Stupid," I says.

"Don't start nothin' here," the Kid tells me, pullin' me away. "I don't want none of them new cars. They're too stiff, and I might go out and hit somebody the first crack out of the box. I want one that's been broke in."

"Well," I laughs, "that's what you're gettin'—believe me! That there thing has been broke in and out." I turns to I. Markowitz. "What make is the old boiler?" I asks him.

"Boiler he calls it!" he says, throwin' up his hands and lookin' at the ceilin'. "It's an A. G. F. I suppose it even you know what an A Number One car that is, don't you?"

"No," I answers; "but I know what A. G. F. means."

He falls.

"What?" he wants to know.

"Always Gettin' Fixed," I tells him. "They make all them used cars. I know a guy that had two of them, and between 'em they made a fortune for three garages and five lawyers. How old is it?"

"Old!" says I. Markowitz, recoverin'. "Who said it was old? Your wife should be as young as that car. It was turned in here last week, only eight short days from the factory. The owner was sudden called he should go out of town, and ——"

"And he went somewheres and got an automobile to make the trip," I cuts him off, "and left this thing here."

"Don't mind him," says the Kid, gettin' impatient. "Gimme a receipt."

He digs down for the roll. While I. Markowitz is countin' the money with lovin' fingers, I went round to one side of the so-called auto and looked at the speedometer. One flash at the little trick clock was ample.

"Stop!" I yells, glarin' at him. "How long did you say this car had been out of the factory?"

"Right away he hollers at me," says I. Markowitz to the Kid. "A week."

"Well," I tells him, "all I got to say is that the bird that had it must have been fleein' the police. He certainly seen a lot of the world; but I can't figure how he slept. He was what you could call a motorin' fool. It says on this speedometer here: 45,687 miles. And if that guy did it in a week I got to hand it to him. I'll bet he's so nutty over speed that he's goin' round now bein' shot out of cannons from place to place—eh?"

I. Markowitz gets kinda balled up and blows his nose twice.

"That must be the—the—motor number," he stammers.

"Sure," nods the Kid. "Don't mind him; he's always got the hammer out. Count that change and gimme a receipt."

"Wait," I says. "Gimme one more chance to save you from givin' yourself the work. Have you heard the motor turn over? Does the clutch slip in all right? Do the brakes work? Has the ——"

"Say!" butts in the Kid. "What d'ye think I been doin'—workin' here at nights? Don't mind him," he tells I. Markowitz. "Hurry up with that receipt!"

"How is the motor?" I asks that brigand. "Tell me that, will you?"

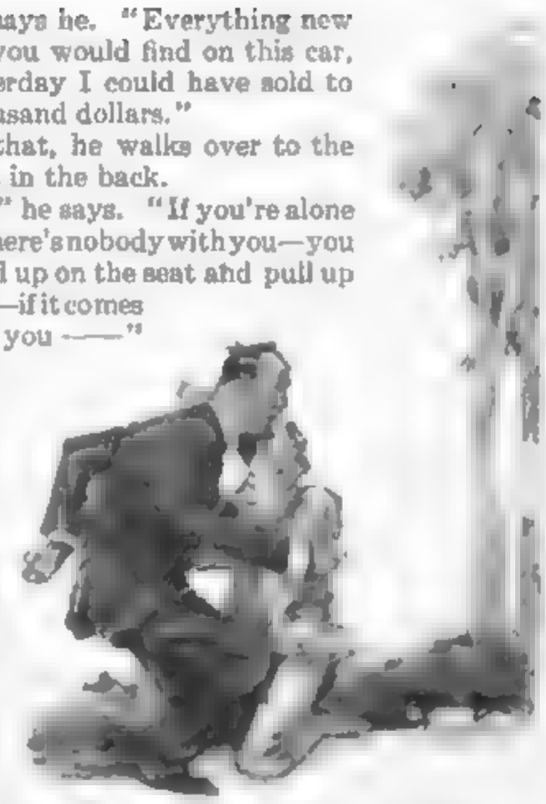
"Convalescent," he sneers, tuckin' the Kid's bank roll away.

"Some motor, eh?" pipes the Kid. "And it's got a one-man top on it besides, ain't it?" he asks I. Markowitz.

"Why not?" says he. "Everything new and up to date you would find on this car, which only yesterday I could have sold to a feller for a thousand dollars."

After pullin' that, he walks over to the thing and climbs in the back.

"An example," he says. "If you're alone in the car—and there's nobody with you—you only should stand up on the seat and pull up the top—like this—if it comes up a rain. Then you ——"



"Run for Your Life!" I Yells. "It's Comin' Back!"

I didn't hear the rest, on account of him havin' trouble makin' his voice travel from under the seat, because he reached up and pulled somethin' here and jerked somethin' there—and that one-man top made good. I thought, at first, the ceilin' of the joint had fell in, and I'll bet I. Markowitz knowed it had; but then I seen it was only the thing that keeps the rain out of the car. Me and the Kid drags him out; and as soon as he gets on his feet and felt to see whether he had his watch, and so on, he wipes the dirt out of his eyes and turns on me.

"It's a wonder I ain't dead on account from you," he snarls. "I suppose you're one of them wise fellers from New Jersey which they got to be showed everything—heh?"

"Missouri," I says, "not New Jersey. If I was from New Jersey I would probably be fightin' with the Kid to let me buy the car."

"It's got a self-commencer on it too!" yelps the Kid, climbin' into the front seat. "See? Lookit!"

He presses a button with his foot and a laughin' hyena or somethin' in the hood moans a couple of times and then passes away.

"The first time, I wouldn't be surprised you should have to crank it," says I. Markowitz. "The motor has been standin' so long—I mean—that is —— Speakin' of motors, I think that one is maybe a little cold. Once she gets runnin', everything will be A Number One."

"Yes," I tells him; "and, once the war is over, we'll have peace."

I goes round the front of the thing and stoops down.

"Put her on battery, if there's any on there," I calls to the Kid, "and I'll spin the motor."

I. Markowitz steps over and lays his hand on my arm. His face is as serious as prohibition.

"It's only fair I should tell you," he whispers, "that she kicks a little."

I give him an ungrateful look and grabs hold of the crank. After turnin' the thing ninety-four times, without gettin' nothin' but a blister on my thumb, I quit.

"Nothin' stirrin'," I remarks to I. Markowitz.

"Believe me—that's funny," he tells me, shakin' his head like he had ball bearin's in his neck.

"Ain't it?" I says. "Are you positive there's a motor inside there?"

He makes a funny little noise in his throat; and, not knowin' him long, I didn't know what he meant. There's a big husky in overalls walkin' by, with plenty of medium oil on his face and a monkey wrench in his hand. I. Markowitz hisses at him and they exchange jokes in some foreign langunge for a minute; and then the newcomer grabs hold of that crank like the idea was to see if he could upset the car in three twists. He gives it a turn; and I guess the Kid had got to monkeyin' round them little buttons on the steerin' wheel, because it went off like a cannon. First there was a great big bang, and then a cloud of smoke rolls out of the back of the car, and the bird that had wound the thing up come to in an oil can halfway across

We Went Through the Moorish Castle Like a Cyclone Through Kansas

the floor. The Kid fell off the seat, and me and I. Markowitz busted the hundred-yard record to the front door.

"That was a rotten trick, wasn't it?" I asks him when we stopped.

"What do you talk—tricks?" he pants.

"Why," I tells him, "puttin' that dynamite in the hood."

"That wasn't dynamite," he says. "She only back-fired a little. I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out there was, now, too much air in the carburetor. The only reason I ran out here is because I seen it passin' a friend of mine, and——"

"I know," I cuts him off—"I seen him too."

We go back to the Kid and his play toy, and he's leanin' up against the side of it, rubbin' his shoulders and scowlin'.

"What kind of stuff was that—eh?" he growls at I. Markowitz. "I like to broke my neck."

"'Snothin'," says he, pattin' the Kid on the back and smilin'. "You could do that with a new car—you could take my word for it. It's all, now, experience." He looks round. "Herschel!" he hollers.

It turns out that Herschel is the guy that had wound the thing up, and he gets out of the oil can and comes over to us, mutterin' to himself and glarin' at all of us. He takes off the hood and stalls round it with a hammer and a monkey wrench for a minute, still mutterin' away; and you could see he wasn't wishin' us no luck. Finally he puts the hood on again and walks round to the crank.

"As soon as you could hear it buzz," he grunts at the Kid, "you should give her some gas."

I stood aside and picked out my exit, and I. Markowitz seen his friend passin' again, so he started for the door. The Kid says we're both yellah and climbs gamely back into the seat. Herschel stops mutterin' long enough to give the crank a turn, which same he did. This time there was no shots fired, but the thing begins the darnedest racket I ever heard in my life. A boiler factory would have quit cold alongside of that motor, and a cavalry charge would have gone unnoticed on the same floor. I asked I. Markowitz what broke, and he says nothin', but that the noise is caused by the motor bein' so powerful - fifty horse power, he claimed.

"You can't tell me," I says, backin' away from the thing, "that no fifty horses could make that much noise, not even if they was crazy. The guy that brought that in here must have tied a lot of machine guns together with a fuse, and Stupid there set 'em off when he turned the crank."

He runs round to the side where the Kid is and shuts down the gas; and I seen half of Frisco lookin' in the door, figurin' that the Japs had got started at last or else somebody was puttin' on a dress rehearsal of the Civil War.

"Ain't she a beauty?" screams I. Markowitz to the Kid, barely makin' himself heard over the din.

"Give a listen how that motor turns over—not a break or a miss, and as smooth like glass. That's hittin' on six, all right."

"I'm glad to hear that," I says. "I'm glad it's only six, because the thing will have to quit pretty soon. There ain't no six nothin's could stand up under that hittin' much longer."

I. Markowitz steps on the runnin' board and holds on with both hands. He had to, because that motor had got the car doin' a muscle dance.

"Where d'ye want to go?" he yells to the Kid. "I'll have Herschel take you out so he should show you everything."

"Tell him to wash his face instead," the Kid hollers back. "I don't need nobody to show me nothin' about a car. Come on," he yells to me. "All aboard for Film City!"

"Aha!" I sneers. "Rave on. I wouldn't get in that thing for Rockefeller's bank roll."

I had to holler at the top of my voice to drown out that motor.

"C'm' on!" yells the Kid. "Don't be so yellah—you got everybody lookin' at you. She's all right now, and as soon as she gets warmed up she'll be rollin' along in great shape."

"Yes," I says; "and so will I—in a day coach of the Santa Fé."

Well, he coaxed, threatened, and-so-forthed me until finally I took a chance and climbed in beside him. The populace at the doors give three cheers and wished us good luck as we banged and rattled through their midst. We went on down the street, attractin' no more attention than the German Army would in London; and every time we turned a new corner people ran out of their houses to see was there a parade comin'. We passed several sure-enough automobiles and they sneered at us; and one of them little flivvers got so upset by the noise that it blowed out a tire as we went by. Finally we come to the City Line and the Kid says he figures it's about time to see can the thing travel. He monkeys round them strange buttons on the steerin' wheel, pulls a handle here and there, and presses a lever with his foot.

The minute he did that we got action! That disappearin' cannon in the back went off three times, and I bet it blowed up all the buildin's in the block. There was a horse and buggy passin' at the time, and the guy that was drivin' it don't know what happened yet, because, at the first bang, that horse started for the Old Country; and it must have been Lou Dillon—believe me, it could run! I looked back and watched it.

A big cloud of smoke rolls up from the back of the car and I seen guys runnin' out of stores and wavin' to us with their fists; and then a couple of brave and bold motorcycle cops jumps on their fiery steeds and falls in behind.

I guess the ex-owner of this bus was on the level, at that, about doin' them forty-five thousand miles in a week, because this car could have beat a telegram across the country—"when she got warmed up," as I. Markowitz says. Every one of them six cylinders was in there tryin'; and when they worked together like little pals and forgot whatever private quarrels they had, the result was speed—believe me!

The Kid was hangin' on to the steerin' wheel and havin' the time of his young life, and I was hangin' on to the seat

(Continued on Page 31)

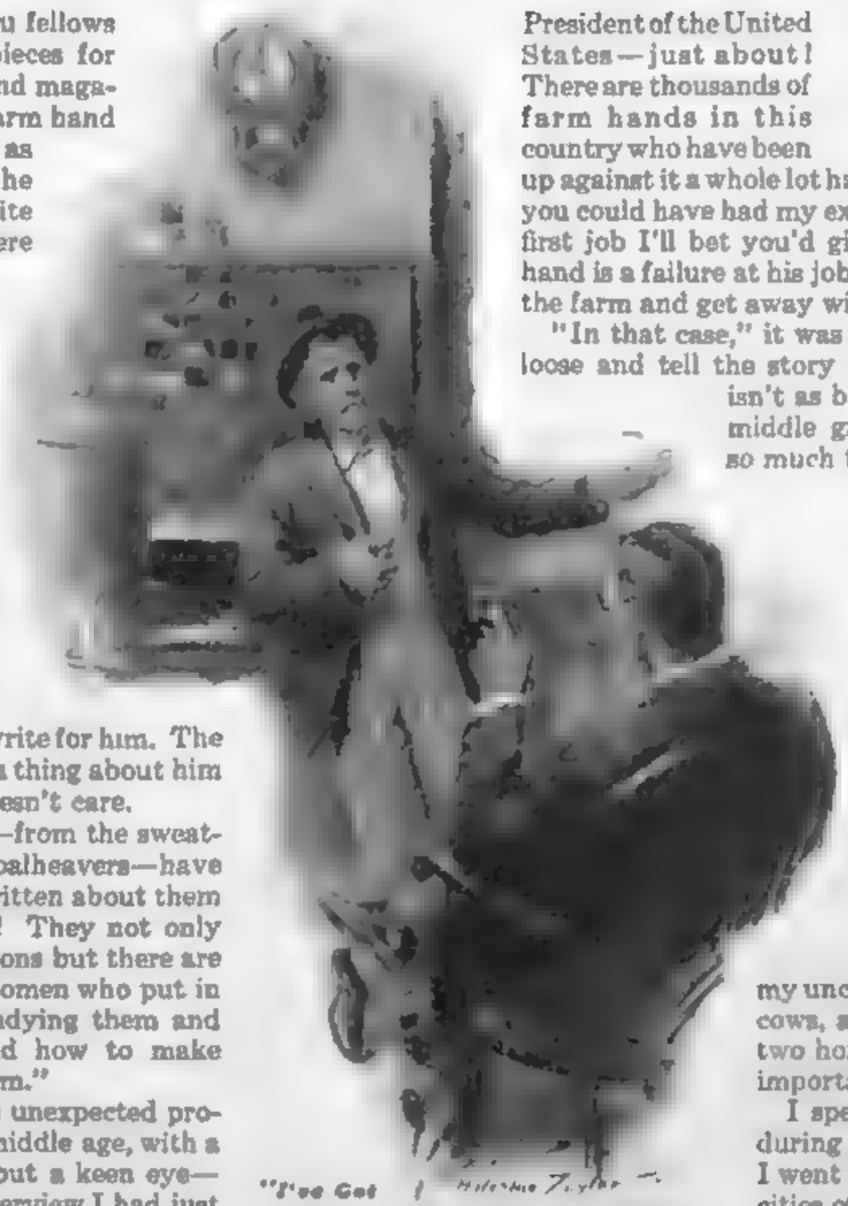
THE HIRED MAN—HIS KICK

By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

WHY don't you fellows who write pieces for the papers and magazines ever give the farm hand his inning? So far as you're concerned, he ain't on earth—in spite of the fact that there are more than four million of him working on the farms of this country right now and helping to make the crops to feed this nation and a few others. He is the only kind of worker in the world—numerous enough to count for anything—who has nobody to speak for him, pull for him or write for him. The public doesn't know a thing about him and consequently doesn't care.

"All other toilers—from the sweatshop workers to the coalheavers—have articles and books written about them until you can't rest! They not only have their organizations but there are educated men and women who put in their whole time studying them and their conditions, and how to make things better for them."



"I've Got About as Much Chance to Become the Owner of a Farm as I Have to be President of the United States"

The author of this unexpected protest—a man under middle age, with a rather slight body, but a keen eye—had overheard an interview I had just had with the owner of a remarkable country store. This had given him a line on my calling. After the storekeeper had left, the loafing room of the small-town hotel was deserted; and I had opened the conversation that soon allowed the farm hand to score his hit.

"When people hold out the idea," he continued, "that the hand who doesn't become the owner, in the course of a few years, of the farm on which he is hired must be a little slow, unsteady or shiftless, then they've got a second guess coming. Unless I inherit money, I've got about as much chance to become the owner of a farm as I have to be President of the United States—just about! There are thousands of farm hands in this country who have been up against it a whole lot harder than I have, probably; but if you could have had my experience from the time I took my first job I'll bet you'd give up the notion that the hired hand is a failure at his job who doesn't crowd the owner off the farm and get away with the title deed."

"In that case," it was suggested to him, "why not cut loose and tell the story of your life on the farm? If it isn't as bad as the worst, but holds about middle ground in the way of hardships, so much the better."

Here is his story, shorn of cumbersome quotation marks:

My people lived in a good little town in an Eastern state, and so I grew up with the small-town boy's idea that there was a lot of class to office work and that a farm was a kind of rural playground maintained to give vacation pleasures to young chaps from the city. Anyhow, this was about what the place that fixed my early notions of farm labor amounted to; it was owned by my uncle, and carried about half a dozen cows, a lot of poultry, a few sheep and two horses. The fruit crops were quite important.

I spent my summer vacations there during my school years and even after I went into an office in one of the larger cities of Central New York. This association had a lot to do with my future, because it gave me the idea that I knew all about farm work and that it was great fun and something in the line of a continuous vacation. Because I helped out on this little farm—pitched hay for perhaps half a day at a time; milked two cows; harvested apples and grapes; helped make butter, wine and cider; and did barn chores—I got the notion that I was a regular farm hand. The hardest work I ever did on that little toy farm was when I helped my uncle build a stump fence. That wasn't exactly play, and it gave me something to brag about after I got my job in the city. If there was anything done on a farm, anywhere, harder than building a line of stump fence I wanted to know what it was!

Later I had an attack of the Western fever and went to Chicago, where I secured a position at better pay; but the hours were long and it was very confining. This got on my nerves and worried me. Then I lost out with the girl that I expected to make my life partner, and this finished the job of making me too restless and discontented to stay where I was. I wanted a complete change—and wanted it quick.

Of course I thought of a farm the first thing. That was the place to put me back in shape again and make me as rugged and wiry as I was before I went into an office. Again, I had the advantage of experience in farm work. When I thought of the days I put in helping Uncle Henry build that stump fence I wondered whether I should strike anything in the West that would measure up alongside that.

When I filed my application with one of the West Side labor offices for a farm job they asked me whether I had ever had any experience on a farm. There was not a particle of hesitation in my speech when I answered "Yes"—and I was entirely sincere too.

They sent me to a farm out in the Platte River country owned by a big land company that operated on an immense scale in various parts of the West. I was to have two dollars and seventy-five cents a day as a field hand. I hadn't been there half a day before my view of farm life in the Great West was completely changed. There wasn't a thing doing on that farm which I knew anything about, and it seemed to have almost everything going on of which I had never heard. The first year's course in a girls' finishing school would be a better training for the trade of boiler maker than my experience on Uncle Henry's little Eastern farm was for the job I had gone up against.

The superintendent and his wife lived in a house near the elevator, while the hands were quartered in a boarding house not far away. The farm gang consisted of about a dozen toughened, tireless Swedes, who seemed to be made of steel. When they took their first look at me a grin of joy spread over their faces. Later I learned just what this meant. It seems that the favorite pastime out there is breaking in a green hand—or breaking him down.

There were special attractions in my case, however, which promised to add greatly to their sport. I was not only green, but I was from the city, looked at least a little like a gentleman, and was greener than anything they had ever seen before. The pace they put me through was

Perpendicular Plowing Was Play to What Came Later in the Bottom Land

something fierce! I worked in frenzy from daylight until dark and my hands were literally raw from blisters made by the handle of my fork.

I guess the superintendent saw how near I was to a breakdown and finally became afraid that he would have a sick man on his hands. Anyhow, he told me I was too light for the work and that my job would be to run the elevator—but that my pay there would be one-fifty a day instead of two-seventy-five. Of course I grabbed at the chance to escape the persecutions of the field gang and get work that was not so fearfully hard. I knew I was lucky to get through that experience without a breakdown, which would have stayed with me for years.

After I had been at the elevator for some time I had serious trouble with the superintendent, in which I was treated with as much injustice as any man could hand out to another. The result was that I went to the nearest town in which the big land company kept an office. There I had a nice little surprise waiting for me. Just by luck, I learned to a dead certainty that the superintendent for whom I worked had been knocking down two dollars and seventy-five cents a day on my job and putting it into his own pocket. I had been hired at two dollars and seventy-five cents a day as a field hand and my name was on the farm pay roll. Earlier in the season the elevator work had been light, and the superintendent had done it himself and collected one dollar and fifty cents a day for it under a fake name.

When he saw what a fine opening my coming gave him he simply continued my name on the farm pay roll, pocketed my pay, and gave me the one-fifty he drew for the fake elevator man. But the positive proof of this situation didn't seem to jolt the men in charge of that office a little bit. They advised me to forget it, keep my mouth shut, and look for something else. As to the more serious grievance I had come to place before them, they simply wouldn't listen to it.

Beaten by a Dakota Winter

NATURALLY I was sore and bitter at this sort of treatment. I wanted to go West, and I also wanted to get even with the whole crooked, plundering outfit; so I asked them to send me to their tract on the Coast. This couldn't be done, but they did buy me a ticket up into the new North Dakota country, where a man couldn't help getting rich in the course of a few years.

When the train reached Bismarck I walked off and took good care not to report to the land company for work. Its men had treated me outrageously and I considered the fare as just so much recovered of what had been stolen from me by one of their men.

I struck out south of Mandan into the new country along the river and finally came to the farm of an old German, who needed another hired man. His house stood in a little dent in the hills about eighteen miles back from the river, and his farm stretched below to the bottom lands. I didn't wonder that he called it his garden, for it certainly grew wonderful crops of flax, grain and winter vegetables. My pay was to be thirty dollars a month; but when I asked him for my first month's wages he said I would have to get along on very little until the freeze came and he could haul his vegetables, his flaxseed and his grain to the river, and ship them by boat to Bismarck.

This sounded strange to me; but I found out later that he told the truth, and that he couldn't haul anything near the main channel of the river until there was a freeze and a fall of snow. In time I learned something about the terrors of mud flats and bottom lands. The work was hard and there was no let-up from sunrise until dark. The Old Man kept right along with us, setting a stiff pace, for he was strong and wonderfully preserved for his years. He fed us well so far as beef, sauerkraut, bread and potatoes were concerned; but he simply wouldn't kill a chicken. Instead, he tried to keep them through the winter, and most of them froze to death.

The first freeze came in October and we had rough sleds already made for the hauling. There was about two feet of snow on the ground and we landed the stuff on the queerest pier I had ever seen. It was loaded with tons of lignite coal, which was mined or quarried in that locality, and with the produce from a few other farms.

A man on the pier checked all the stuff and gave a receipt for it. After the boat did take it away there would still be a long time before the pay for it was received. It looked to me like I was elected to stay there all winter, because I couldn't leave without my pay and the old German insisted that he couldn't pay me until he received the returns from his shipment.

I thought I had known what cold was in the East as a boy; but I hadn't the remotest idea of it. It was said that the mercury in our locality went down to fifty below. I can't answer for that, but I do know that we had young stock freeze stiff in the barn. Since then I've wondered how I ever got through that winter without losing hands, feet, nose or ears.

One day I heard the Old Man and the other hand talking about how the whole country would be flooded as soon as the spring thaw started, and that it would be impossible to get to Bismarck or even to the railroad for months. That settled it for me. The thought of being imprisoned there indefinitely was intolerable. I kept at the old German for my pay until he finally handed out thirty dollars, about a fifth of what I had coming. A week or two later, when the whole country was covered with a thick crust of snow, a sledload of wolf hunters came along where I was working.

I told them that if they'd let me ride to town with them—about twenty miles away—I'd lead them to a thicket where there were a lot of wolves. I had become so desperate to get away that I'd decided to take my chances on getting the rest of my pay later rather than to stick until the Old Man received the returns for his crops.

The twice-a-week mixed train had just left when I reached town. That was the last train for almost a month, as it began to snow and kept at it day after day until that town was as completely cut off from the world as if it had been in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. When it wasn't snowing it was blowing; and it's the blowing that makes the blizzards—blowing up the loose snow, and drifting and packing it.

The people finally had to divide their provisions and run the thing on a community basis. Even then we came altogether too close to starving for comfort.

I went up to Bismarck on the first train that came to our relief and got a job there which kept me going until spring opened.

It may be that the old German didn't really lay his calculations to beat me out of my pay; but I have my suspicions that he knew to what extent the Dakota climate was likely to help him out in that direction if he held off and gave it a good chance.

Before leaving the city I had read that a farm hand could come out at the close of the season with ninety per cent of his pay left—provided he wasn't dissipated or careless with his money. Well, I'd been a farm hand for almost eight months, starting with two dollars and seventy-five cents a day. I hadn't taken a drink, hadn't lost a dollar by gambling, hadn't spent more than twenty-five cents a week for tobacco, and had bought only one suit of clothes, suitable for town or Sunday wear.

How about the wages soaked away because the farm hand has all his living furnished and doesn't need to spend any money, like the man who works in town? The superintendent and the old German would have a good laugh over that question, I guess, if anybody put it up to them. The fact was, I hadn't a dollar of my farm wages left when the snow went out, and mighty little in the way of clothes. Into the bargain I had put in months of labor that was hard beyond anything I had dreamed possible for me to stand up under. Then, too, I had gone through other hardships that had not only been fierce in themselves but had left their mark on me for life.

This was the net of my adventure as a hired man at the first spring opening. According to the figures I had made before leaving my office job, it ought to have put me several hundred dollars ahead—to say nothing of giving me better health, a stronger constitution and a sense of independence impossible to an office hireling.

Nobody had sprung the saying "Once a farm hand, always a farm hand" on me when I started out; but it has been beaten into me since. Of course it doesn't hold so true in the case of boys who work for neighbors or stay in their own locality, where they and their people are known; but it is almost impossible for the professional farm hand to break away and get into something better.

I had this brought home to me that spring when I tried to get a job in a store or an office in Bismarck and Mandan. Give a job of that kind to a man who had been working as a hired man? Well, not that you could notice! I can't deny that there was some sense in that attitude—a little, at least. Why should anybody capable of doing better work do service as a hired man? That was the question in their minds; and they answered it by saying that there must, of course, be something the matter with him that had held him down.

Put it another way: In the minds of many Western farmers the line between a professional hired man and a hobo is so fine—in most cases—that only an expert can tell the difference. I don't think the hired man of the East, even when he comes from another community and his stock is unknown, is regarded in the same way as in the West. But to go back to my story.

Rough Work from Sun to Sun

THOUGH that spring in Bismarck found me with a burning ambition to break away from my career as a hired man, other doors were closed tight and there was nothing else to do.

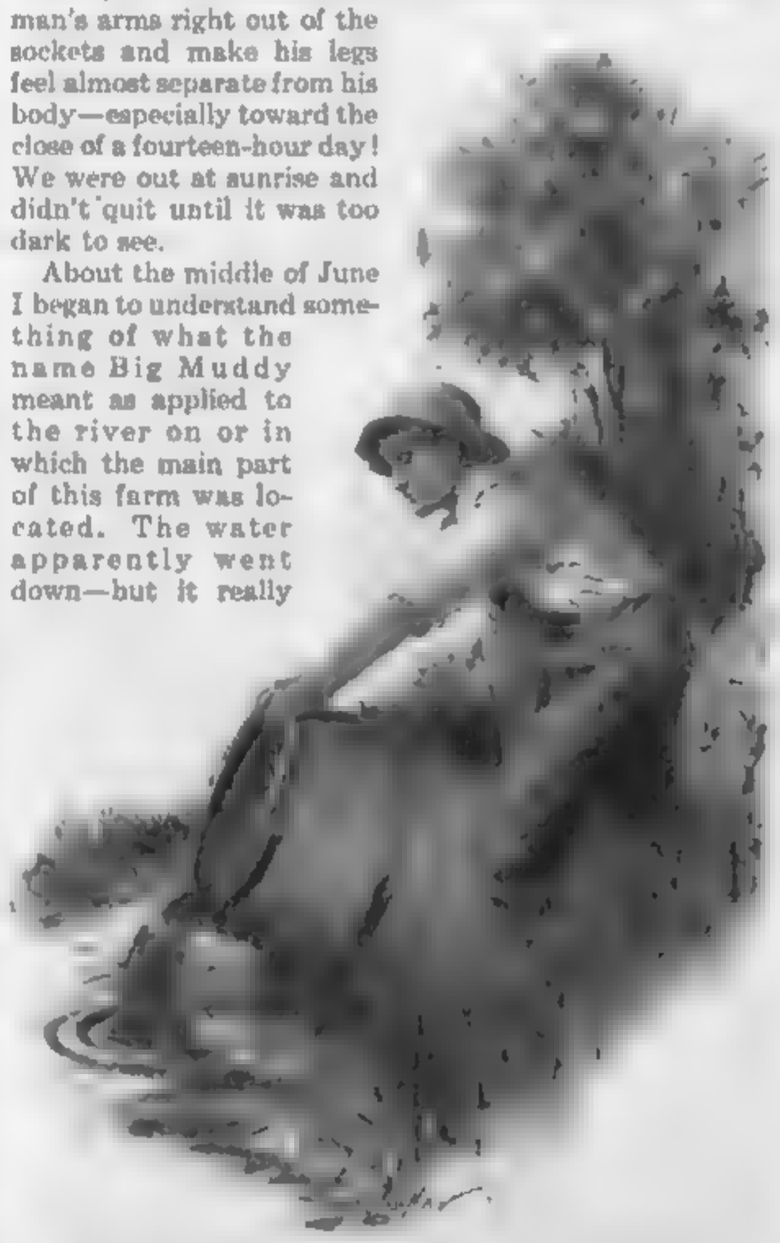
About the end of May I found myself again engaged by a big land company to help "put a new farm property into shape." I didn't know then what this meant, but I had plenty of information coming to me on that score. It sounded interesting—and it certainly was!

Of the twenty-five hundred acres said to be in that farm about six hundred acres were under cultivation and the rest was under water. The farmer who had sold this bottom land to the big company had been hired to push through the job of preparing it for the eyes of Eastern buyers. The first work was to break more land on the hills and along the narrow strip that hugged them.

I thought that perpendicular plowing was hard work, but it was play to what came later in the bottom land. That farmer was a harder driver than the old German. Besides, he had a foreman, furnished him by the land company, who had nothing to do but prod us. And all this extra plowing was done outside our regular farm work.

Breaking new ground is no pastime, even when the tract is level; but on a hillside it seems well calculated to lift a man's arms right out of the sockets and make his legs feel almost separate from his body—especially toward the close of a fourteen-hour day! We were out at sunrise and didn't quit until it was too dark to see.

About the middle of June I began to understand something of what the name Big Muddy meant as applied to the river on or in which the main part of this farm was located. The water apparently went down—but it really



The Farmer Had Us Pour Several Barrels of Crude Oil on the Wettest Places

remained for an oozy mile or more on each side of the main channel, making the most extensive and perfect breeding ground for mosquitoes I have ever seen. The hot sun not only made this hatchery work at full capacity but it also brought out the fiercest varieties of swamp flies that have ever tasted blood.

These, however, were not all the tortures bred by the fierce sun and the slimy stream. The stench that went up from the dead fish stranded by the overflow was sickening. That smell certainly did help a lot in keeping down the high cost of living at our table! The bad water we were obliged to use did the rest. Why we were not all sick is more than I can understand.

By the middle of August the steady hot weather had dried out most of the swamp land until it appeared to be solid. It was covered with a dense growth of long grass, with teeth on it that would cut the hide of a goat; but it looked fine from a distance.

About this time the head land men came down to look things over. They fairly rubbed their hands over the improvement work we had done in addition to running that farm. We had put several hundred acres of raw land under the plow and into flax and potatoes, besides sowing a big acreage of tillage land to wheat and oats. Naturally they grinned; for we had worked at top speed and to the limit of strength and endurance, week after week, every hour of daylight except Sundays—when we had only our regular farm work to do!

In a few days our force was increased by the arrival of three Italians and an overseer, who took us down to the swamp to cut that wild saw grass. The instant we entered the swamp the mosquitoes settled on us by thousands. That grass not only tore our hands and our tough shirts but it cut through our shoes. After it was cut and hauled away, then came the job of digging out the roots with long, sharp-bladed shovels. Next we dug ditches that drained the standing water into the river. Finally we plowed the reclaimed swale. All this work would have been utterly impossible if the season had not been remarkably dry.

Knowing that the next spring would see the whole thing under water again, and that we hadn't done a thing which would stand as a permanent improvement, I asked the farmer what was the idea of wasting so much labor on something that was bound to be submerged. You should have heard him curse me for a fool!

A Fine Crop of Eastern Suckers

ALL the time we had been working in the swamp we had been also required to do a lot of routine farm work. Our hours had been from four in the morning until nine at night. The farmer seemed to think it changed barn work into play, because he called that work "chores."

Why didn't I quit if I didn't like it? Because my wages for more than a month were held back and I had learned that it's poor business to jump one's pay.

There were several little things that came up which I couldn't understand. One was the fact that, after all the tortures we had gone through from mosquitoes and flies while working in the swamp, the farmer had us pour several barrels of crude oil on the wettest places of the bottoms. Another mystery was why he persisted in letting his wheat stand after it was ready to cut. But I got my answer, all right, when a special train brought the big guns of the land company with a whole outfit of Eastern farmers. This was the first run of suckers, and everything was set. There was the golden grain waving on the hillside; the stretch of rich bottom land, black and fresh from the plow; and the even strip of green along the edge of the river, where we had left a border of grass roots that had just started to sprout!

I'd been as green as that grass; but I saw in a jiffy where I was going to get my pay for the work I had been hired to do, and a little something for the fierce days in the swamp that had been forced on me. Generally a hand on a place where there are lots of men hits it off with one particular man and they rather pull together. Well, I had a partner of this sort; and we called the head man of the land company aside and told him how we had been stung, and that if he didn't dig up our regular wages of two dollars a day and fifty dollars to cover the extra work which had been dumped on us—and do it quick—we would carefully explain to the assembled landseekers exactly how the thing had been staged for them. You bet we got our money right on the spot.

A few minutes after he had paid us off a big boat happened down the river—by arrangement, of course. A nice piece of the river bank had been especially drained and two fine launches were anchored there. The farmers from the East were taken out to the steamer in these and shown how fine the land looked from the great navigable river!

We knew that the sooner we left the happier we'd be; and when we reached town and told the way the cards had been stacked we found that everybody there knew about it, and was boosting the scheme to the limit, because the success of the place depended on it.

Of course I swore that I'd never take another farm job, and I came back to Chicago with the grim determination to stick tight to the city. But here I am on a dairy farm, milking fifteen cows twice a day, getting up at four-thirty in the morning and not quitting until eight at night. I get thirty-eight dollars a month, good food, and a fairly decent place in which to live. I'm not a spendthrift, and I have a little more than a hundred dollars ahead and a good suit of clothes. Perhaps if I hang to it long enough I may have a thousand dollars in the bank.

Meantime what kind of a life do I live? It might be worse, to be sure; but no man who can think and reason is really satisfied to spend all the daylight hours at hard labor and then drop into bed just as soon as he is free to do so.

Perhaps you will say that my experience has been exceptional. I don't think it has, so far as its hard features are concerned. You may also argue that every farmer isn't a crook, as my experience would seem to suggest. Of course there are plenty of square farmers and lots of crooked hired men—but one of the worst things farm work has done for me is to make me suspicious of everybody. I wasn't naturally that way. There are few hired men of my acquaintance who are not suspicious. Some may have been born with that bent, but in the main it is because they have been unfairly treated, beaten out of their pay, driven unreasonably, and subjected to petty meanness.

Very likely you may doubt this. Just talk with any hired men you meet and see whether most of them don't bear this out. One of the best hired men in this county works on that farm where you make the first turn to the right in going toward Aurora. He stands high in this community and everybody respects him. That may be partly because he is married, but his character accounts for most of it. His story is different from mine, but I think you'll find that it goes to confirm what I've said.

The next day I visited this married hand and asked him whether he had any serious kick to make against his lot as a hired man. I repeat his story in his own words:

Suppose you decide that point for yourself after I give you the facts. Yesterday morning, for instance, I turned out at four-thirty and kept going hard until eight at night, with less than an hour's rest at noon. This morning I got up a few minutes earlier than that, and will be obliged to work still later to-night, for the reason that I was sent for, this noon, by my boss to come from the farm I am hired to work and help him out on his farm, which he himself runs.

I get neither money nor exchange labor for helping him out. In other words, I must do all the work on the farm I am paid to run, and he has forced me to do about half a day's labor, without pay, on his other farm.

If this happened only once it wouldn't be worth mentioning; but it occurs repeatedly and is a part of the system this farmer uses to get the best of his hired-man problem. Very likely he wouldn't work that game quite so hard if I were not a married man and was free to pull up stakes and go to another place on the impulse of the moment. But he knows I'm steady, that my wife doesn't like to be drifting about, and that we are making a hard fight to get ahead.

I Kept at the Old Man for My Pay Until He Finally Handed Out Thirty Dollars, About a Fifth of What I Had Coming

If this tendency to take all possible advantage of the personal circumstances of the hired man to crowd more work out of him was peculiar to the man for whom I work, then it would not count for anything; but the fact is, it is typical of a large class of farmers. The thing is broadly characteristic of the farmer. It goes with the life, in a general way.

Last year my pay was thirty dollars a month, and I was to have all the wood I needed and a supply of meat killed on the farm at the usual killing season. This was about the way the loose verbal agreement was worded. Details of that sort are not generally set down in black and white between a farmer and his hired man.

Here is what actually happened: Early in the cold season I cut thirteen cords of wood, supposing that I had a good supply for winter. My boss drew twelve cords to his farmhouse and left one for me—enough for about two weeks. It was no more up to me to supply his farmhouse with fuel than it was up to you. I had to hustle my wood supply in a hand-to-mouth way throughout the winter. When we killed a steer he gave me a chunk that weighed about five pounds. Later he handed out a soup bone. That was my beef supply! Under our agreement I should have had two hogs for my winter pork. I received half of a hog's head, and that was all. Half of the chickens were mine for taking care of them; but I was obliged to pay him a good price for half of the original flock.

Then there is the garden; but I haven't had a chance to put in five hours' work there since I've been on this farm. You can't garden by moonlight!

Of course my wife does a whole lot of hard work that is really for the farm and not for her family personally. She gets nothing for this—it is all counted as "part of the day's work." That comes in under the thirty-eight dollars and fifty cents I now draw each month.

What a Good Farm Hand Must Know

THERE are twenty-eight head of cattle, six horses, ten hogs and four calves to be cared for every day. Just now I milk sixteen cows night and morning. In the winter the hours are a trifle better; then we get up at five. I have a helper in the form of a fifteen-year-old boy, who ought to be in school. He gets ten dollars a month and I am expected to get almost a man's work out of him. But that is a thing I will not do—overwork a growing boy. So I make things harder for myself in order to lighten the burden for him.

Though this is a dairy district, nearly all the farmers who live on their farms cut down on both the wages they pay and the amount of help they carry in the winter. The going winter wage here for the single hand who lives in the family of his employer is from fifteen to twenty dollars a month. The man who gets thirty dollars through the winter is an exception. In view of all this, why do we stay with the farm-hand game? For one thing, I went into debt when we were married and it has taken a long time to work out. In the next place I don't like to quit anything I've started without getting the best of it. When I can get away from farm work you may be sure I will—but that will not be until we have a little ahead and can leave in the right way.

I'm not so fierce against farm work that I wouldn't like to run a farm of my own. But I have never seen any kind of farm of ordinary size that could be worked by its owner and made to pay a good fair return on the investment without forcing him to do more hard work and put in longer hours than would be required to get the same money in almost any other line of physical labor.

There is one special point that is generally overlooked in connection with the hired man: He can't be a good farm hand without knowing a whole lot of things. The work is diversified beyond general belief and much of it must be done by the man alone, acting on his own judgment and not directly under the eye of his employer. It isn't fair to class a competent farm hand as unskilled labor. Sometimes a very ordinary one carries a mass of technical information in his mind that would compare quite favorably with the mental furnishings of a skilled mechanic.

But the farm hand is paid on the basis of being an unskilled worker. I don't know of another calling that requires a man to put in so many hours of labor for so low a wage as this. Still, the farm hand is at the very foundation of the food production of the world.

Circumstances have conspired to take the pep out of one chronic kick of the farm hand—that aimed at the labor agencies in the large cities. Perhaps the laws regulating the price that an agent may charge a client for securing a position did a little, at the start, to discourage the exploitation of the farm hand; but it did not take the dealers in rough labor long to find out how

(Continued on Page 77)

THE IVORY HUNTERS

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

IN DOWNTOWN New York, a region of architectural giants, there is a building that stands up among its neighbors like a spare, square chimney rising out of a nest of rooftops. At its fortieth story it is capped by a plain pyramid, as serene as Cheops itself. From the apex of this pyramid on clear, cold days there emerges a waving plume of steam. This building, a giant among giants, houses giants. If you took the trouble to make a list of the men who pass in and out at the street door for a month, you would possess a fairly comprehensive Directory of Directors. The elevator system that carries them up and down through the tall shaft is run by an ex-railroad superintendent; it has expresses and locals and specials, and semaphores and red-and-green signal lights, as well as conductors, engineers, starters and a timetable. When you start for the top floor under the eaves of the pyramid, it is like starting for the moon; and when you arrive you find that the earth you left behind is now laid out at your feet like the putty map you used to make in school.

In a large square room on this floor, just under the eaves, there sat three men at a table. They were hard-visaged, and as clean and sharp looking as freshly broken stone. If before they entered you had seen the table at which they now sat you would have felt sure it was waiting for personages such as these—men with clothes as new and hard as an undertaker's, and skin kept clear and pink by a masseur. Turkish baths and tailors, and athletic directors who made them run a mile before breakfast every morning, kept them fit. It was necessary to be fit at all times in their work, which was keeping money busy. Keeping money busy is the hardest job on earth, because there is nothing so prone to soldier as cash, unless its owner is after it with a pitchfork all the time. One of the disadvantages of great wealth is the feeling that one's iron men are stealing moments of ease whenever one's back is turned.

This table, so expressive of the men seated about it, was a wonderful work of art, carved within an inch of its life, and adorned with hardware done in platinum. If when this table was put together there had existed another practicable metal more costly than platinum, it would have been used. The problem in designing this table was not "How much will it cost?" but, "Will it cost enough?" That is the theory of jewelry. All the furniture in the room, as well as the rugs and the few pictures, was built on the same general notion.

The three men were named Watkins, Burnell and Judd, and of course known in the four corners of the earth, else they would not have sat there.

On the table before them lay a pile of paper slips, among which there came to be a semblance of division as the clock ticked on, and the three men smoked, and talked occasionally in monosyllables, or looked out of the windows on the map of Long Island below.

There was writing on these slips, in most cases the names of men—men who had never been heard of outside the little townships in which they lived and exercised their dim divinities. No one would have been more surprised than they to know that their humble affairs were lying face upward on this table, the object of solemn consideration by Watkins, Burnell and Judd. Yet once a month Watkins, Burnell and Judd came together for the express purpose of considering the affairs of little men—amateurs, pikers, small fry. They maintained a corps of bright young scouts whose sole duty was to beat the bushes of the forty-eight states and bring in these slips. In their own circle the scouts styled themselves "ivory hunters," in satirical allusion to the mental caliber of their prey.

The men whose names were collected here had one failing in common—they had all made a mistake. They didn't know it yet, but they would shortly. The mistake was the same in every instance—they had accidentally stumbled on something just a little big for an amateur to swing. They themselves were perfectly satisfied with their ability to swing it; but the three gentlemen sitting at this table—who had a great deal of small change to be kept occupied and out of mischief—had other ideas on the subject. Don't imagine that these captains of industry—a class to which Watkins, Burnell and Judd belonged—occupied their entire time managing other people's money. The problem in life that worried them most was to keep their own currency circulating to advantage, the crumbs that fell from the high table of directing directors into their laps.

Watkins, Burnell and Judd had hit on this very simple scheme, which worked beautifully—automatically in fact—up to a certain point: They let the little fellows do the sifting and sorting and let them pick out the choice tidbits; but once the prospect seemed worthy the talents of the big fellows, the little fellows had no more chance of getting away with it than the naked slave who finds a Kohinoor in a Kimberly mine.

Now, as the clock ticked, these three chosen ones of the earth picked up the slips of paper one by one and studied them with care and discrimination, much as the Brobdingnagian giant selected fat, likely looking dwarfs from his soup tureen, and held them for a moment wriggling between his great thumb and forefinger before he swallowed them.

Watkins, who was long and lean and hatchet-faced, permitted himself to smile as he gave more than ordinary inspection to one prize he had picked at random.

"That rascal, Jasper, may amount to something, in spite of the fact that he is my wife's nephew," he said in a round tone. He was talking of one of his bright young scouts. This Jasper, it seemed, had brought in an especially fine bag for this meeting. "I swear the young imp is developing a sense of humor," went on Watkins. "Listen to this: 'Situated at the confluence of the Wolf and Deport Rivers, conducted on the theory of Brotherly Love and the Square Deal—and getting away with it to the tune of eight per cent honest per annum.'"

Watkins stretched his long legs and laughed merrily at this bit of wit.

"More six-cent light, I suspect," growled Judd. Judd's *bête noire* was cheap electricity, which at all times was breaking out like a pestilence in the benighted districts—cheerful idiots who generated and distributed light at a profit, at six or eight cents, were as thick as blackberries. It could be done, of course, but in Judd's opinion anything less than fifteen cents was positively immoral.

"Right you are," said Watkins, chuckling. "And three-cent power, Judd! And getting away with it to the tune of eight per cent honest! My word!"

Burnell said nothing. He did not laugh with Watkins or scowl with Judd. Instead, he reached out and took the slip of paper from Watkins' hand. He studied it for a moment in silence. It was like a hundred others on the table—except for the spasm of wit on the part of Jasper, the ivory hunter. In a few lines it epitomized the efforts of a small group of backwoods financiers to provide light, power and transportation for their own community, making the most of the resources at hand, and expending the untold labor of love and pride characteristic of men who grow up with their own town. It was like a hundred others on the table, but Burnell read it once; then he read it again.

"I'll take this off your hands, if you don't mind," he said suddenly. Watkins was surprised, and showed it.

"It's a bit out of your line, isn't it?" he said, regarding Burnell with some curiosity. They drew hard and fast lines among these slips. It was a gentlemen's agreement, but rigorously adhered to. All Gaul was divided into three parts: rails, industrials and mines.

"Nevertheless, I'd like it, if you don't mind," repeated Burnell, and he put his hard eye on his partner; but it was plain to see that he was not thinking of Watkins at all, but of something else far away. After a long moment he seemed to take acquiescence for granted, for he deliberately folded the slip and deposited it, not among the choice collection he had gathered at his elbow, but in the secure confines of his billfold. This he returned to his pocket.

"Help yourself," put in Watkins genially. "Jasper has already started the ball rolling—rare wit, Jasper—'eight per cent honest per annum!'"

"It can't be done!" growled Judd, who was still chewing the bitter cud of six-cent electricity, and was missing the little play between his two friends.

"It isn't too late to call off Jasper—that is, if you are particularly set on it," added Watkins; and to himself he was saying: "What the devil does he want of it? It's only chicken feed at best."

"I am particularly set on it," said Burnell, and he snapped his great jaws shut. He said this with what seemed to be so much unnecessary vehemence that his two companions exchanged looks and waited for him to say something more.

"I was born and raised where the rivers Wolf and Deport conflue," said Burnell, now staring out of the window at the clear sky. Watkins smiled in sudden comprehension.

"Oh, if that's it," he put in with a smile, "far be it from me to step on your pet corn—much less the memory of your happy boyhood. Do you know, Burnell, it never occurred to me until this moment that you ever had a boyhood."

"You are not going to get sentimental and do something foolish, are you?" said Judd apprehensively. "Just because a man had a calling acquaintance when he was a boy with some of these meddling amateurs is no reason why they should be permitted to run riot."

Burnell glared at Judd, but his words were addressed to Watkins:

"Do me the favor of wiring your humorist at once to keep off. I'll take care of it personally. If there is anything in my stack you want in exchange, you are welcome to it."

"Thanks, no; I have drawn enough to keep my bright young men busy for some time to come." Watkins looked at his watch and rose. "I have a meeting downstairs at four, so I'll be going. You are coming, too, aren't you, Judd?"

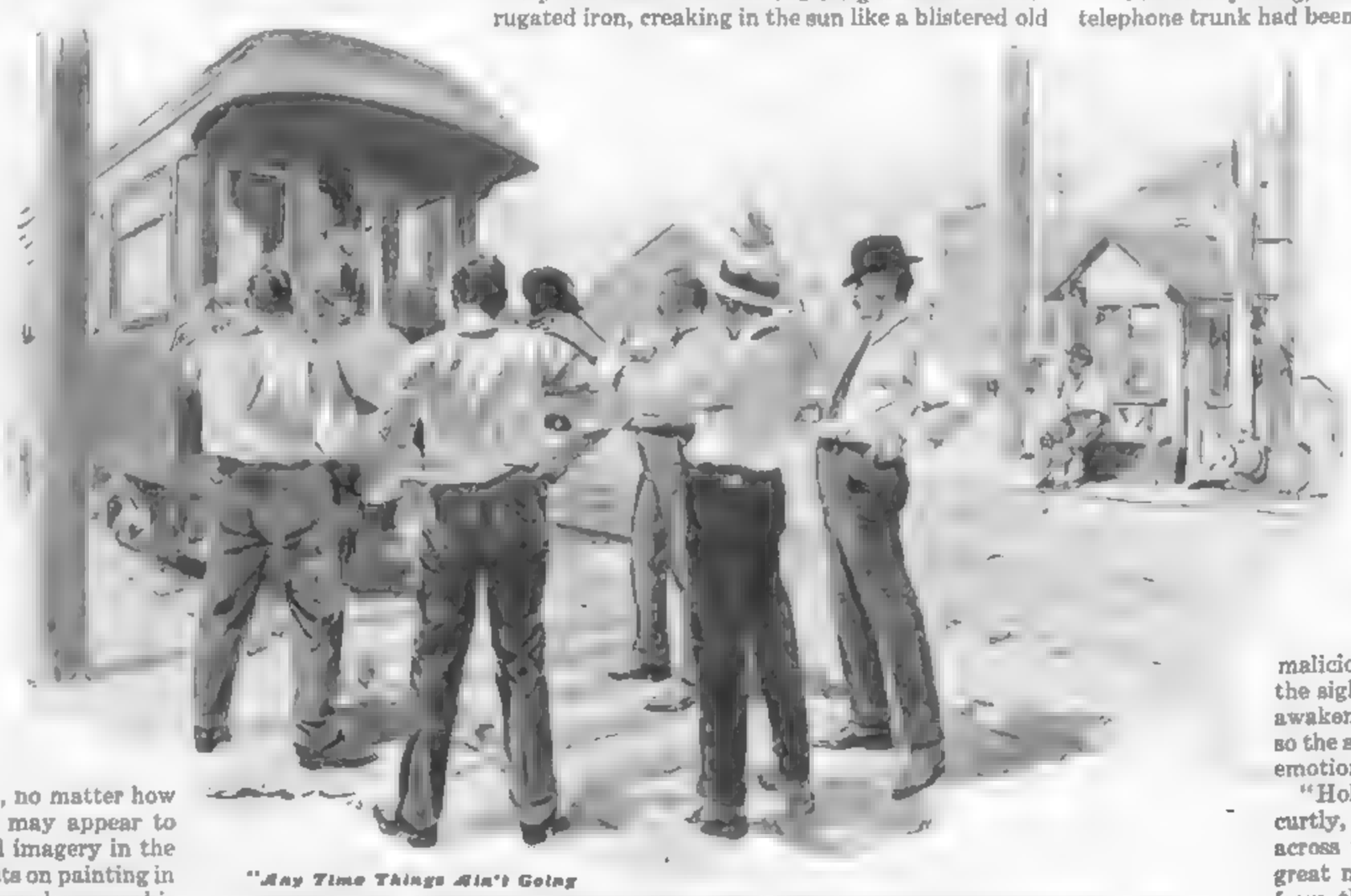
When the two were in the elevator Watkins said:

"I suppose there was a time when he was human like the rest of the breed, but I swear I never suspected that rhinoceros of sentiment."

Judd shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing. There is no telling what foolish things a man—especially a man with imagination and initiative—may do when he gets sentimental. It was a weakness among the men inhabiting this building with a pyramid for a roof to heap largess to the point of suffocation on the town that happened to give them birth—much as a heathen prince will erect a shrine at the spot where he first saw the light of day. It was part of the vanity of a nobility that acquires all its traditions in one generation.

II

"ROTTEN dirty town, this!" said Sam Burnell's secretary, a sleek young man with sophomore hair, and a high collar with which he had the air of being as cool as a cucumber. Sam Burnell might have put the young man in his place then and there by saying "I was born and raised here!" with just enough acerbity in his tone to drive home the truth that a man's home town, like the woman he loves, can never be unbeautiful in his eyes, no matter how plain and unkempt it may appear to others. There is a wild imagery in the mind of a boy that insists on painting in gaudy colors the spot where he passes his adventurous barefooted years—and he is apt to carry the picture through life with him, untarnished.



"Any Time Things Ain't Going Right, We Won't Hesitate to Call On You, Jam," Yelled the Fat Chief in His High Tenor

Sam Burnell might have said to his pert young man, who had the utmost contempt for how the other half lives: "This is my home town!" But he said nothing of the kind. Instead, he continued to chew at the end of his dead cigar and to stare out of the broad windows of his car, which had been run on a siding by the river. It was a familiar scene that met his eyes, and the sight of it registered a very definite impression in him; as when in a dream one is confronted by a particularly vivid picture out of the past.

Before him lay a stretch of miasmic mud flats, which in normal seasons was a beautiful, smooth-flowing river. Now, under the hot July sun, the river had dwindled to a thin little stream trickling sluggishly through a foul channel. Its surface was blemished by blotches of floating oil and green islands of scum. Assuredly it took the wild imagination of a boy to see anything beautiful in such a sight. If, when he was twelve, and adventured along these shores with only two ragged bits of clothing to hide his nakedness, anyone had suggested that the exposed mud flats, as smooth as a billiard table and cracked in grotesque shapes, like the frosting on a cake, were not so ornamental and thrilling as this same river in June, when it crowded its banks with a clear, rushing flood, he would have considered him bereft of reason.

"The air is ripe enough to run off a knife!" said the young secretary as he held his nose. "I suppose if we persuaded them to install a Board of Health in a pesthole like this, they wouldn't know what to do with it."

The youth was in the habit of saying "we" when he was speaking of the enlightened aristocracy of which his master was a noble example. To him the pyramid of society held together only because it had an apex, not because it had a base.

Sam Burnell still said nothing. Not a line in the picture was changed. The polished, glaring rails of the yard, sizzling in the heat in their beds of ties and cinders, surrounded him on all sides; the old roundhouse still stood by the river bank, spouting black smoke and white steam from a score of windows and ventilators; and from its interior came the familiar drone and drum of the big engines, either drawing their fires at the end of a tired day or making steam for another run. Sweating, greasy mechanics in blue jeans, with long-spouted oil cans and swabs of waste in their hands, were coming and going, their faces as black as the waste with which they mopped them. These men gave the elegant special of Sam Burnell only a casual glance. They didn't know who he was nor why he was there; to them the rolling stock was much more important than the passengers it carried—and they referred to Burnell's exquisite little train, as they checked it up, merely as an "extra" that had come in that morning behind Number Ten. Number Ten was the Continental Flyer, an aristocrat of the road.

Once upon a time these bawling yard crews, who gave him so little attention now, would have hailed Sam Burnell joyously, even invited him to their cabs to tell him unbelievable stories, or show him what the shiny brass and glass things on the boiler head were for. But now they yelled and crashed and rattled as they slammed indignant trains together or tore others apart.

Up the track was the red freight house of corrugated iron, creaking in the sun like a blistered old kettle that had boiled itself dry. Just beyond was a clump of willows edging the river, that offered the most alluring shade. This clump of willows was the point of departure from which Sam Burnell used to set forth on his voyages of discovery, floating on the current in a leaky old scow, or swimming dog-fashion in it, or, again, puddling on foot through the warm mud that oozed pleasantly between his bare toes. A group of urchins was there now, with a dog or two near by scratching fleas.

Farther on was the flagman's shanty, in orthodox red somewhat mellowed by grime, at the Fourth Street crossing. And on the bench in front of the shanty, broiling in the sun, sat an old man nursing a wooden leg and a furled red flag. For an instant the hard eyes of the great man softened.

"Did you see that flagman up there at the end of the yard?" he asked, turning to his secretary.

The young man looked in the direction Burnell pointed.

"Oh, yes, the old party with soft coal in his whiskers."

"That's Peggy Richardson," said Burnell.

"Oh, a friend of yours?" exclaimed the secretary.

"Yes, a friend of mine—that is, he was once. I wonder if he still has rheumatism in his wooden leg."

The secretary laughed; but Burnell did not. Then the secretary said:

"If it weren't for their purely imaginary pains union labor might be fairly happy."

This remark called Sam Burnell back to realities with a jerk. For the briefest moment something had beckoned him from out of the past—the sight of the old man with soft coal in his whiskers. Long ago, when Sam Burnell was privileged to share that blistering seat in the sun, it was his custom to inquire solicitously each day of Peggy how his leg was faring—for it was a fact that Peggy had rheumatism in his lost leg and it bothered him immensely. Imaginary pains, indeed! The great Sam Burnell had all but yielded to an insane impulse to step down and pick his way across the tracks, dodging bob-tailed freight trains and switch engines, and settling down in the seat beside Peggy, to inquire professionally: "Is Number Sixteen on time this morning, Peggy?" There had been days when he had spent hours there beside the peg-legged man, who was old even then, and must be a Methuselah by now, listening to tales of that most wonderful of all wonderful things—the railroad that flowed by Peggy's door. For there is only one thing a railroad man talks about, be he flagman or president, and that one thing is railroading. The watching man shook himself together and smiled grimly at his momentary weakness. Without doubt had he run the blockade of the greasy yard crews and reached the shanty, the old flagman—in one of those classic explosions of wrath in which he was wont to assume the authority of the board of directors—would have ordered him out of the yards as a trespasser. Yet this had once been his kingdom; and these greasy mechanics—now highly unionized, with imaginary pains—had been his boon companions. What a row there would be if he walked among them now, and told them that he hired and fired railroad presidents, made nothing of their sacred schedules, and hitched his private car, the Primrose, to the tail end of their glorious Limiteds when he felt so minded!

"Call Henry Haig," said Burnell, turning suddenly. A telephone trunk had been run aboard the Primrose, as was the custom whenever the car came to a stop, no matter where. While the young secretary was waiting for the connection, Sam Burnell fixed on the inoffensive youth a look of villainous hatred that seemed to deepen as the seconds passed. The young man did not seem to mind it in the least; in fact, at the sound of the familiar click in the receiver he smiled discreetly, as though they were partners in some deep-dyed plot.

"This is Henry Haig; what is it?" said a deep, rich voice in the receiver. It was one of those reedy voices which even as a magnetic echo penetrates to the farthest corner of the room. At sound of this voice, Sam Burnell, sitting six feet away, suddenly straightened up; his eyes narrowed, and he glared even more maliciously at his secretary. Just as the sight of old Peggy Richardson had awakened the memory of lost delights, so the sound of this voice recalled other emotions.

"Hold the wire," said the secretary curtly, and he pushed the telephone across the table to Sam Burnell. The great man transferred his savage look from the young secretary to the telephone. Burnell regarded it for a moment without speaking. Then, apparently reaching a decision, he smiled. With light fingers he gently replaced the receiver on the hook. He would not talk with Henry Haig by telephone after all. He would walk in on him at his office, floor him with surprise—the rest would be simple enough. Yes, that would be the better way—take him by surprise, then follow quickly and break through his guard before he could recover his poise.

For several seconds he and his secretary, who was an understanding soul, regarded the instrument as though they expected it to pop.

Meantime Henry Haig in his office was saying to the telephone manager: "Trace that last call for me, Will. There is some trouble on the line."

It was a simple matter to put one's finger on Henry Haig—at any hour or minute. It wasn't the intricate ordeal of getting to the great Sam Burnell. Haig had no outposts of office-boys, secretaries or strong-armed guards—because, in the little puddle of business in which he splashed about, there were no such things as anarchists eager to bomb him, charity mongers lying in wait to tear out his buttonholes, or reporters, armed with the authority of the Recording Angel, to ask impertinent questions. When Sam Burnell went to his noonday lunch it was by stealth. It pleased him to think that he had something in common with the Czar who permitted his subjects to look on his august person only through a forest of spears. The envy of the little fellows was the savor of life to Sam Burnell.

Henry Haig's office sat at the very edge of the sidewalk, with broad open windows through which passers-by could look and see what he was about. When the noon whistle blew he closed his desk and started home on foot, carrying his crushed crash coat on his arm. This superfluous coat was merely a concession to his highly proper wife. When he reached Maple Street, with its broad shade, he would take off his hat and swing along bareheaded. This noon he paused at the Elm Street corner and waited for Ben Marshall, the state's attorney, to come along.

"Sam Burnell is in town," he said. Marshall nodded; he knew—everybody knew. There is an easy system of espionage in the small town, more complete than that of the Russian police.

"Have you got those old papers handy?"

"Yes; I can lay my hands on them in a minute," said the county prosecutor.

"Kind of stick round your phone this afternoon. I may want you," said Haig; and he started on again.

Before he reached home a dozen problems had been settled with a word or a nod or a friendly pat on the shoulder—an alderman suggested a change in the grade of the new sewer; a mother asked his advice about her wayward son; a date was fixed for a special meeting of the school board, and so on—all intimate, everyday things that they all knew by heart. Haig and his neighbors lived a round life, crowding into every hour of the day a multitude of detail that would have swamped the efficient corps of clerks of the great Burnell. It was because all their interests were in common, because they knew one another's strength and weakness as accurately as a country doctor knows the tendencies of his patients.

At ten minutes to one the shop whistle would blow a warning blast, and Henry Haig, like the hundreds of mechanics whom it summoned, would rise and religiously start back to his work. One o'clock found him at his desk. Burnell had taken pains to have a report made on the habits of Henry Haig, as a lion-tamer studies his beast before entering the cage with a whip.

Shortly after one o'clock in the afternoon the third car in Burnell's string suddenly discovered itself to be a garage on wheels, to the momentary surprise of the yardmaster and his crew. The rear doors opened, a pair of rails came out on rollers, and a motor car with a Roman nose, standing five feet at the radiator cap, slipped out and down. The hard-faced man from the Primrose got inside, a chauffeur of the grandeur of a military aide cranked the motor by hand—only the superlatively rich can afford to dispense with the electric starter on their four-cylinder cars—and off they went as smoothly as a small boat on an oily sea. Peggy Richardson was diving into his dinner bucket for the last morsel of his repast as Burnell passed by, but neither gave the other a glance. Burnell was thinking of other things. He was thinking he would be very sleek and silky with Henry Haig. Haig as a boy always possessed something that Sam Burnell wanted. He possessed something now that Sam Burnell was going to take. Haig didn't know it yet, thought Burnell with a smile—but he would shortly.

Passers-by turned to stare at the man, the car and the functionary at the wheel when Burnell stopped at the curb in front of the office of the Consolidated Light and Power Company. No one on the street recognized Sam Burnell as he stepped down and crossed the sidewalk. As a man thinks, so he looks, and Sam Burnell's habit of thought these last thirty years had been so foreign to the habit of thought of this town that he looked like a member of another race of beings. He glanced in through the broad windows with their cool, flapping awnings, and saw Henry Haig at his desk. The whole town, passing, could look in and see what this trusting simpleton was doing.

As Burnell opened the door he came face to face with a woman passing out. He stood aside for her, holding the screen door ajar. She raised her eyes expectantly, but, seeing the strange face, merely inclined her head and hurried past. It was Florrie. She did not know him! Burnell turned and followed her with his hard gaze. He had forgotten all about Florrie. At one time he had considered this would be impossible.

"I swear, my wife didn't know you from Adam!" exclaimed the hearty voice of Henry Haig at his elbow; and Burnell turned and confronted his man. "Wait, I'll call Florrie. She will be delighted."

"Don't!" said Burnell sharply; then recollecting the sleek, silky rôle he had chosen, he added quickly: "I've got only a little time here, Henry. I'd be glad to see her, but I'd better defer it till the next visit."

He took the hand that Haig proffered, and they stood for a moment appraising each other in silence.

"I heard you were in town, Sam," said Haig as he led the way to his desk. His tones were wholly without guile. "I tried to get you after they cut you off this morning, but you are so durned exclusive with that private wire of yours that they refused me connection." He laughed easily. Burnell grunted. So it wasn't a surprise after all! "It must cost you a pretty penny to have a wire run aboard every time you stop, Sam," said Haig. "However, you get so used to doing things on a grand scale down East that you don't think of those things."

"You seem to be getting on pretty well yourself," said Burnell genially. His eyes were fixed on a framed chart on the wall over the desk. It was a map of the county that Henry Haig and his associates in the Consolidated Company carried round in their vest pockets—a thing of red, blue and black lines and geometrical figures. It showed power houses, converting stations, gas plants, repair shops, all woven together over an area covering five towns, with drawing strings of high-tension transmission lines, double and single track railroads with their spurs, to handle the short-haul freight, and great trunk mains for gas and water. It was neat and graphic. Below it was a stand with a glass case; this housed not the usual stock ticker of the New York office with its basket of tape, but, instead, recording instruments showing at any hour of the day or night the load at which the Consolidated public-service plants were operating.

"Yes, we have been getting on," said Haig, following Burnell's eyes with conscious pride. "I suppose it looks mighty puny to you, the way you big fellows are accustomed to doing things down East. But this has turned out to be a fine thing for the county—for all of us. They say a man can't do business with his own family or his neighbors; but we seem to be getting away with it, with no kicks."

"I am interested in it; tell me about it, Henry," said the great man with persuasive affability.

"Do Me the Favor of Wiring Your Humorist at Once to Keep Off. I'll Take Care of It Personally"

Had Burnell picked out some one else in this town and asked him the same question, that one would have begun by telling about Henry Haig, because to them Henry Haig was the Consolidated. They were still doing business on the old narrow-gauge idea of confidence and loyalty, and they had found in Henry Haig a worthy agent to carry out their ideals.

But Haig, as he talked about his pet project, said "We did this"; "We did that"; "We got together"; "We wiped out old scores"; and "We found out that all the people in the two river valleys had the same interests in common."

"We" were the moneyed men of the district—sons of old settlers, who had grown rich with the price of land and of corn, farmers of the district, merchants, millers, grain dealers, lumbermen. All of them had been boys together and had grown up together, and knew just how much they could give and take among themselves. They had lived to see their sprawling, ugly little village along the two rivers grow into an important traffic center, with manufactories employing skilled labor that stiffened the backbone of the community. At first there had been a scattered collection of separate companies, bungling their affairs because they started out with the idea that success lay in fighting each other instead of in getting together. But, boys and men, they had lived here side by side; and once convinced that their interests were identical, they pooled their plants and went ahead on the principle that the more they gave for the dollar, the better it would be for the district and for them.

They had sent their own boys off to the best technical schools in the country, and when they came back they had given them positions of responsibility, given them the feel of things. They had two thousand men, for the most part men born and raised in the neighborhood, all pulling together. They had their welfare work, their athletic teams, the beginnings of a manual-training school. They had discouraged large holdings of stock among individuals or groups—the wealthier men had even sacrificed part of their holdings to scatter the stock among the people, so that the whole district might have an active interest in the affairs of the company. The annual meeting of the Consolidated was like Old Home Week, because everyone for miles round came and brought his dinner in a basket. This was the story. Burnell listened in silence, his wooden face giving no sign.

"We put light down to six cents and power to three!" said Haig, his eyes glowing with his pride in the achievement. A grim smile painted itself on Burnell's lips. "And I think we are going lower!" continued Haig. "It all goes to show, Sam, what a body of men can do if they come together with the idea that they are not working for themselves alone, but for the other fellow as well."

His eyes dwelt on the listener with candid intentness. Burnell was thinking of his confederate Judd, back home, and how he would be foaming at the mouth if he were sitting here listening to this balderdash.

"It cost us a cool million and a half to swing it, in the beginning," went on Henry Haig, apparently encouraged by Burnell's smile. "I suppose you people down East would call that chicken feed—but, Sam, it was a lot of money to swing, for us. Most of us had to go in up to the neck! A million and a half! Lord, when you and I were kids in this town we couldn't have raised ninety-nine cents on a proposition of this kind. It's grown into a pretty big baby now—maybe a little bit too big for the capital." Burnell's shrewd gaze narrowed perceptibly. "We have to go to the bank," went on Haig, "now and then. But they are always glad to see us! There are times when we are spread out pretty thin, but it's better than trying to pay dividends on a lot of water. It's the county, Sam, that's done it; if the county had not come through, with confidence and trust in us fellows who were running things in the beginning, we should have gone up in smoke. The county has come through fine! You haven't any idea of the change that's come over the district since you left. Why, the land your father had, out on Blackberry Creek, is selling at three hundred dollars an acre! Think of that! No more gumbo roads—macadam everywhere, twenty-two feet wide—new barns and silos, and wire fences. You'll have to take a run out with me this afternoon and let me show you what we have been doing since you went away to grow up with the country."

There was a barely disguised sneer on Burnell's face as Haig paused. His eyes were traveling about the room again. There was an old picture of Jeff Davis in hoop-skirts fleeing from a ribald crew of Yankee soldiers; there was a cartoon of the period showing Brigham Young tucked away for the night with his family; there was a chromo of a Blackfoot chief who, tradition had it, had sold the county to the whites, back in the thirties, for a bottle of whisky.

(Continued on Page 73)

Marshall Raised a Hand and Rapped Sharply. Still Silence

PICCADILLY JIM

XVII

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

DOWNSTAIRS, in the dining room, Jimmy was smoking cigarettes and reviewing in his mind the peculiarities of the situation, when Ann came in. "Oh, there you are," said Ann. "I thought you must have gone upstairs."

"I have been having a delightful and entertaining conversation with my old chum, Lord Wisbeach."

"Good gracious! What about?"

"Oh, this and that."

"Not about old times?"

"No, we did not touch upon old times."

"Does he still believe that you are Jimmy Crocker? I'm so nervous," said Ann, "that I can hardly speak."

"I shouldn't be nervous," said Jimmy encouragingly. "I don't see how things could be going better."

"That's what makes me nervous. Our luck is too good to last. We are taking such risks. It would have been bad enough without Skinner and Lord Wisbeach. At any moment you may make some fatal slip. Thank goodness, Aunt Nesta's suspicions have been squashed for the time being, now that Skinner and Lord Wisbeach have accepted you as genuine. But then you have only seen them for a few minutes. When they have been with you a little longer they may get suspicious themselves. I can't imagine how you managed to keep it up with Lord Wisbeach. I should have thought he would be certain to say something about the time when you were supposed to be friends in London. We simply mustn't strain our luck. I want you to go straight to Aunt Nesta now and ask her to let Jerry come back."

"You still refuse to let me take Jerry's place?"

"Of course I do. You'll find Aunt Nesta upstairs."

"Very well. But suppose I can't persuade her to forgive Jerry?"

"I think she is certain to do anything you ask. You saw how friendly she was to you at lunch. I don't see how anything can have happened since lunch to change her."

"Very well. I'll go to her now."

"And when you have seen her, go to the library and wait for me. It's the second room along the passage outside here. I have promised to drive Lord Wisbeach down to his hotel in my car. I met him outside just now and he tells me Aunt Nesta has invited him to stay here, so he wants to go and get his things ready. I shan't be twenty minutes! I shall come straight back!"

Jimmy found himself vaguely disquieted by this piece of information.

"Lord Wisbeach is coming to stay here?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Well, I'll go and see Mrs. Pett."

No traces of the disturbance which had temporarily ruffled the peace of the drawing-room were to be observed when Jimmy reached it. The receiver of the telephone was back on its hook, Mrs. Pett back in her chair, the dog Aïda back in her basket. Mrs. Pett, her mind at ease now that she had taken the step of summoning Mr. Sturgis, was reading a book, one of her own, and was absorbed in it. The dog Aïda slumbered noisily.

The sight of Jimmy, however, roused Mrs. Pett from her literary calm. To her eye, after what Lord Wisbeach had revealed, there was something sinister in the very way in which he walked into the room. He made her flesh creep. In A Society Thug—one dollar and thirty-five cents net, all rights of translation reserved, including the Scandinavian—she had portrayed just such a man—smooth, specious and formidable. Instinctively, as she watched Jimmy, her mind went back to the perfectly rotten behavior of her own Marsden Tuke—it was only in the last chapter but one that they managed to foil his outrageous machinations—and it seemed to her that here was Tuke in the flesh. She had pictured him, she remembered, as a man of agreeable exterior, the better calculated to deceive and undo the virtuous; and the fact that Jimmy was a presentable-looking young man only made him appear viler in her eyes. In a word, she could hardly have been in less suitable frame of mind to receive graciously any kind of request from him. She would have suspected ulterior motives if he had asked her the time.

Jimmy did not know this. He thought that she eyed him a trifle frostily, but he did not attribute this to any suspicion of him. He tried to ingratiate himself by smiling pleasantly. He could not have made a worse move. Marsden Tuke's pleasant smile had been his deadliest weapon. Under its influence deluded people had trusted him alone with their jewelry, and what not.

"Aunt Nesta," said Jimmy, "I wonder if I might ask you a personal favor."

Mrs. Pett shuddered at the glibness with which he brought out the familiar name. This was super-Tuke. Marsden himself, scoundrel as he was, could not have called her Aunt Nesta as smoothly as that.

"Yes?" she said at last. She found it difficult to speak.

"I happened to meet an old friend of mine this morning. He was very sorry for himself. It appears that—for excellent reasons, of course—you had dismissed him. I mean Jerry Mitchell."

Mrs. Pett was now absolutely appalled. The conspiracy seemed to grow more complicated every moment. Already its ramifications embraced this man before her, a trusted butler, and her husband's late physical instructor. Who could say where it would end? She had never liked Jerry Mitchell, but she had never suspected him of being a conspirator. Yet, if this man who called himself Jimmy Crocker was an old friend of his, how could he be anything else?

"Mitchell," Jimmy went on, unconscious of the emotions that his every word was arousing in his hearer's bosom, "told me about what happened yesterday. He is very depressed. He said he could not think how he happened to behave in such an abominable way. He entreated me to put in a word for him with you. He begged me to tell you how he regretted the brutal assault, and asked me to mention the fact that his record had hitherto been blameless." Jimmy paused. He was getting no encouragement and seemed to be making no impression whatever. Mrs. Pett was sitting bolt upright in her chair in a stiffly defensive sort of way. She had the appearance of being absolutely untouched by his eloquence. "In fact," he concluded lamely, "he is very sorry."

"Say," Said Miss Trimble, "I'm C'ming Here's Parlor Maid"

There was silence for a moment.

"How do you come to know Mitchell?" asked Mrs. Pett.

"We knew each other when I was over here working on the Chronicle. I saw him fight once or twice. He is an excellent fellow and used to have a right swing that was a pippin—I should say extremely excellent. Brought it right up from the floor, you know."

"I strongly object to prize fighters," said Mrs. Pett, "and I was opposed to Mitchell's coming into the house from the first."

"You wouldn't let him come back, I suppose?" queried Jimmy tentatively.

"I would not. I would not dream of such a thing."

"He's full of remorse, you know."

"If he has a spark of humanity I have no doubt of it."

Jimmy paused. This thing was not coming out so well as it might have done. He feared that, for once in her life, Ann was about to be denied something on which she had set her heart. The reflection that this would be extremely good for her competed for precedence in his mind with the reflection that she would probably blame him for the failure, which would be unpleasant.

"He is very fond of Ogden really."

"H'm," said Mrs. Pett.

"I think the heat must have made him irritable. In his normal state he would not strike a lamb. I've known him to do it."

"Do what?"

"Not strike lambs."

"Isch," said Mrs. Pett—the first time Jimmy had ever heard that remarkable monosyllable proceed from human lips. He took it—rightly—to be intended to convey disapproval, skepticism and annoyance. He was convinced that this mission was going to be one of his failures.

"Then I may tell him," he said, "that it's all right?"

"That what is all right?"

"That he may come back here?"

"Certainly not."

Mrs. Pett was not a timid woman, but she could not restrain a shudder as she watched the plot unfold before her eyes. Her gratitude toward Lord Wisbeach, at this point in the proceedings, became almost hero worship. If it had not been for him and his revelations concerning this man before her, she would certainly have yielded to the request that Jerry Mitchell be allowed to return to the house.

"I've Found the Man. He's the Butler Here"

Much as she disliked Jerry, she had been feeling so triumphant at the thought of Jimmy Crocker's coming to her in spite of his stepmother's wishes, and so pleased at having unexpectedly got her own way, that she could have denied him nothing that he might have cared to ask. But now it was as if, herself unseen, she were looking on at a gang of conspirators hatching some plot. She was in the strong strategic position of the person who is apparently deceived, but who in reality knows all.

For a moment she considered the question of admitting Jerry to the house. Evidently his presence was necessary to the consummation of the plot, whatever it might be; and it occurred to her that it might be as well, on the principle of giving the schemers enough rope to hang themselves with, to let him come back and play his part. Then she reflected that, with the self-styled Jimmy Crocker as well as the fraudulent Skinner in the house, Lord Wisbeach and the detective would have their hands quite full enough. It would be foolish to complicate matters. She glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. Mr. Sturgis would be arriving soon if he had really started at once from his office as he had promised. She drew comfort from the imminence of his coming. It would be pleasant to put herself in the hands of an expert.

Jimmy had paused, midway to the door, and was standing there as if reluctant to accept her answer to his plea.

"It would never occur again. What happened yesterday, I mean. You need not be afraid of that."

"I am not afraid of that," responded Mrs. Pett tartly.

"If you had seen him when I did ——"

"When did you? You landed from the boat this morning, you went to Mr. Pett's office, and then came straight up here with him. I am interested to know when you did see Mitchell?"

She regretted this thrust a little, for she felt it might put the man on his guard by showing that she suspected something, but she could not resist it, and it pleased her to see that her companion was momentarily confused.

"I met him when I was going for my luggage," said Jimmy.

It was just the way Marsden Tuke would have got out of it. Tuke was always wriggling out of corners like that. Mrs. Pett's horror of Jimmy grew.

"I told him, of course," said Jimmy, "that you had very kindly invited me to stay with you, and he told me all about his trouble and implored me to plead for him. If you had seen him when I did, all gloom and repentance, you would have been sorry for him. Your woman's heart ——"

Whatever Jimmy was about to say regarding Mrs. Pett's woman's heart was interrupted by the opening of the door and the deep respectful voice of Mr. Crocker.

"Mr. Sturgis."

The detective entered briskly, as if time were money with him—as indeed it was, for the International Detective Agency, of which he was the proprietor, did a thriving business. He was a gaunt, hungry-looking man of about fifty, with sunken eyes and thin lips. It was his habit to dress in the height of fashion, for one of his favorite axioms was that a man might be a detective and still look a gentleman, and his appearance was that of the individual usually described as a popular clubman. That is to say, he looked like a floorwalker taking a Sunday stroll. His prosperous exterior deceived Jimmy satisfactorily, and the latter left the room little thinking that the visitor was anything but an ordinary caller.

The detective glanced keenly at him as he passed. He made a practice of glancing keenly at nearly everything. It cost nothing and impressed clients.

"I am so glad you have come, Mr. Sturgis," said Mrs. Pett.

Mr. Sturgis sat down, pulled up the knees of his trousers—that half inch which keeps them from bagging and so preserves the gentlemanliness of the appearance—and glanced keenly at Mrs. Pett.

"Who was that young man who just went out?"

"It is about him that I wish to consult you, Mr. Sturgis."

Mr. Sturgis leaned back and placed the tips of his fingers together.

"Tell me how he comes to be here."

"He pretends that he is my nephew, James Crocker."

"Your nephew? Have you never seen your nephew?"

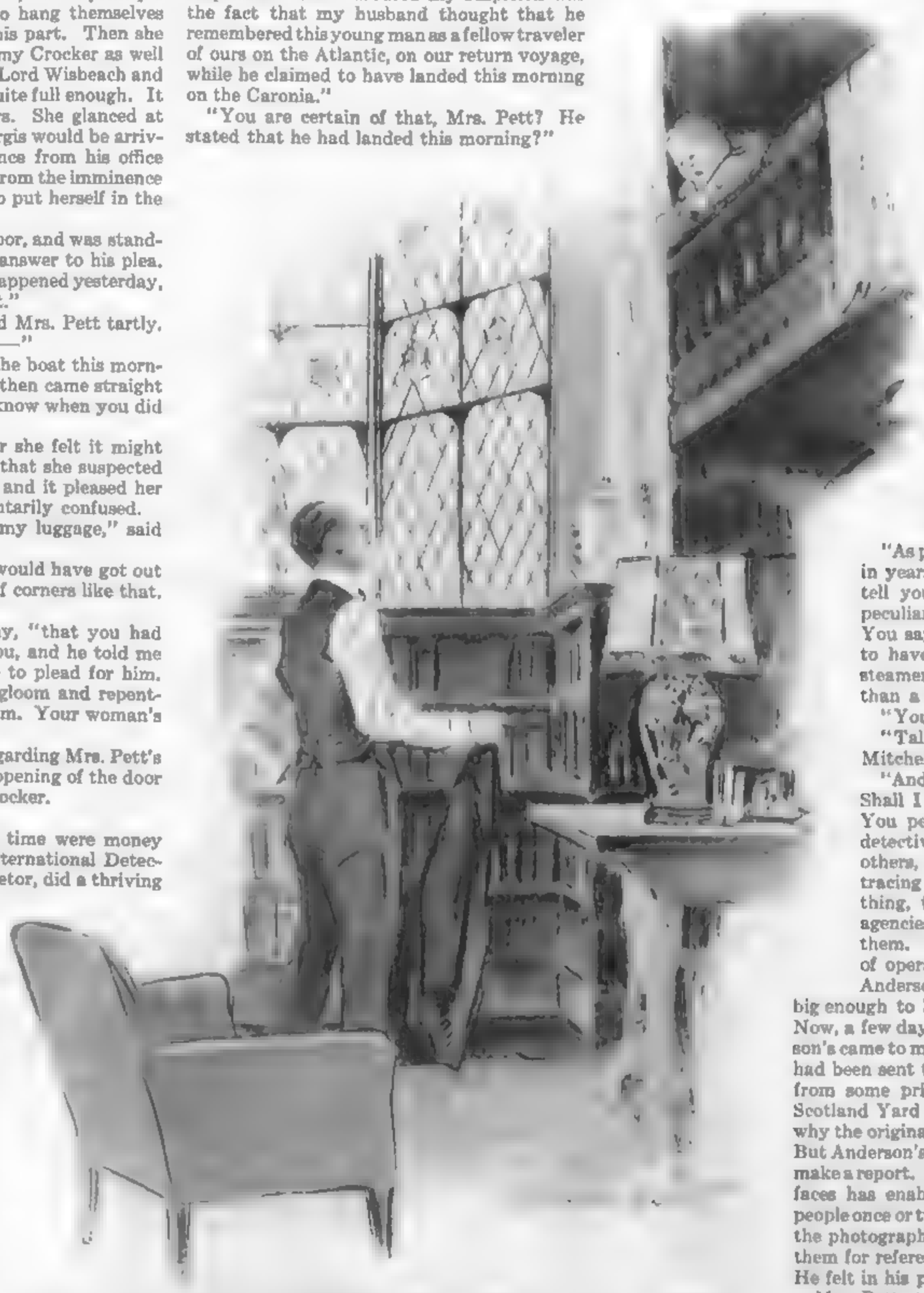
"Never. I ought to tell you that a few years ago my sister married for the second time. I disapproved of the marriage and refused to see her husband or his son—he was a widower. A few weeks ago, for private reasons, I went over to England, where they are living, and asked my sister to let the boy come here to work in my husband's office. She refused, and my husband and I returned to New York. This morning I was astonished to get a telephone call from Mr. Pett at his office, saying that James Crocker had unexpectedly arrived after all and was then at the office. They came up here, and the young man seemed quite genuine. Indeed, he had an offensive jocularity that would be quite in keeping with the character of the real James Crocker, from what I have heard of him."

Mr. Sturgis nodded.

"Know what you mean. Saw that thing in the paper," he said briefly. "Yes?"

"Now it is very curious, but almost from the start I was uneasy. When I say that the young man seemed genuine I mean that he completely deceived my husband and my niece, who lives with us. But I had reasons, which I need not go into now, for being on my guard, and I was suspicious. What aroused my suspicion was the fact that my husband thought that he remembered this young man as a fellow traveler of ours on the Atlantic, on our return voyage, while he claimed to have landed this morning on the Caronia."

"You are certain of that, Mrs. Pett? He stated that he had landed this morning?"



"Yes. Quite positively. Unfortunately I myself had no chance of judging the truth of what he said, as I am such a bad sailor that I was seldom out of my stateroom from beginning to end of the voyage. However, as I say, I was suspicious.

"I did not see how I could confirm my suspicions, until I remembered that my new butler, Skinner, had come straight from my sister's house."

"That is the man who just admitted me?"

"Exactly. He entered my employment only a few days ago, having come direct from London. I decided to wait until Skinner should meet this young man. Of course when this impostor first came into the house he was with my husband, who opened the door with his key, so that he did not meet Skinner then."

"I understand," said Mr. Sturgis, glancing keenly at the dog Aïda, who had risen and was sniffing at his ankles. "You thought that if Skinner recognized this young man it would be proof of his identity?"

"Exactly."

"Did he recognize him?"

"Yes, but wait. I have not finished. He recognized him and for the moment I was satisfied, but I had had my suspicions of Skinner too. I ought to tell you that I had been warned against him by a great friend of mine, Lord Wisbeach, an English peer whom we have known intimately for a very long time. He is one of the Shropshire Wisbeaches, you know."

"No doubt," said Mr. Sturgis.

"Lord Wisbeach used to be intimate with the real Jimmy Crocker. He came to luncheon to-day and met this impostor. Lord Wisbeach pretended to recognize him, in order to put him off his guard, but after luncheon he came to me here and told me that in reality he had never seen the man before in his life, and that, whoever else he might be, he was certainly not James Crocker, my nephew."

She broke off and looked at Mr. Sturgis expectantly. The detective smiled a quiet smile.

"And even that is not all. There is another thing. Mr. Pett used to employ as a physical instructor a man named Jerry Mitchell. Yesterday I dismissed him for reasons it is not necessary to go into. To-day—just as you arrived, in fact—the man who calls himself Jimmy Crocker was begging me to allow Mitchell to return to the house and resume his work here. Does that not strike you as suspicious, Mr. Sturgis?"

The detective closed his eyes and smiled his quiet smile again. He opened his eyes and fixed them on Mrs. Pett.

"As pretty a case as I have come across in years," he said. "Mrs. Pett, let me tell you something. It is one of my peculiarities that I never forget a face. You say that this young man pretends to have landed this morning from the steamer? Well, I saw him myself more than a week ago in a Broadway café."

"You did?"

"Talking to—Jerry Mitchell. I know Mitchell well by sight.

"And this butler of yours—Skinner. Shall I tell you something about him? You perhaps know that when the big detective agencies, Anderson's and the others, are approached in the matter of tracing a man who is wanted for anything, they sometimes ask the smaller agencies like my own to work in with them. It saves time and widens the field of operations. We are very glad to do Anderson's a service, and Anderson's are big enough to be able to afford to let us do it. Now, a few days ago, a friend of mine in Anderson's came to me with a sheaf of photographs that had been sent to them from London. Whether from some private client in London or from Scotland Yard I do not know. Nor do I know why the original of the photographs was wanted. But Anderson's had been asked to trace him and make a report. My peculiar gift for remembering faces has enabled me to oblige the Anderson people once or twice before in this way. I studied the photographs very carefully and kept two of them for reference. I have one with me now." He felt in his pocket. "Do you recognize it?"

Mrs. Pett stared at the photograph. It was the presentment of a stout, good-humored man of middle age, whose solemn gaze dwelt on the middle distance, in the fixed way that a man achieves only in photographs.

"Skinner!"

"Exactly," said Mr. Sturgis, taking the photograph from her and putting it back in his pocket. "I recognized him directly he opened the door to me."

"But—but I am almost certain that Skinner is the man who let me in when I called on my sister in London."

"Almost," repeated the detective. "Did you observe him very closely?"

"No, I suppose I did not."

"The type is a very common one. It would be very easy, indeed, for a clever crook to make himself up as your sister's butler, closely enough to deceive anyone who had only seen the original once and for a short time then. What their game is I could not say at present, but, taking everything into consideration, there can be no doubt whatever that the man who calls himself your nephew and the man who calls himself your sister's butler are working together, and that Jerry Mitchell is working in with them. As I say, I cannot tell you what they are after at present, but there

"Say, You Think Yourself Some Jacker, Don't You, Telling Me You Were a Kidnaper!"

is no doubt that your unexpected dismissal of Mitchell must have upset their plans. That would account for the eagerness to get him back into the house again."

"Lord Wisbeach thought that they were trying to steal my nephew's explosive. Perhaps you have read in the papers that my nephew, Willie Partridge, has completed an explosive that is more powerful than any at present known. His father—you have heard of him, of course—Dwight Partridge."

Mr. Sturgis nodded.

"His father was working on it at the time of his death, and Willie has gone on with his experiments where his father left off. To-day at lunch he showed us a test tube full of the explosive. He put it in my husband's safe in the library. Lord Wisbeach is convinced that these scoundrels are trying to steal this sample, but I cannot help feeling that it is another of those attempts to kidnap my son Ogden. What do you think?"

"It is impossible to say at this stage of the proceedings. All we can tell is that there is some plot going on. You refused to allow Mitchell to come back to the house?"

"Yes. You think that was wise?"

"Undoubtedly."

"What shall we do?"

"You wish me to undertake the case?"

"Of course."

Mr. Sturgis frowned thoughtfully.

"It would be useless for me to come here myself. By bad luck the man who pretends to be your nephew has seen me. If I were to come to stay here he would suspect something. He would be on his guard." He pondered with closed eyes. "Miss Trimble," he exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon."

"You want Miss Trimble. She is the smartest worker in my office. This is precisely the type of case she could handle to perfection."

"A woman?" said Mrs. Pett doubtfully.

"A woman in a thousand," said Mr. Sturgis; "a woman in a million."

"But physically would a woman be ——"

"Miss Trimble knows more about jiujitsu than the Japanese professor who taught her. At one time she was a strong woman in small-time vaudeville. She is an expert revolver shot. I am not worrying about Miss Trimble's capacity to do the work. I am only wondering in what capacity it would be best for her to enter the house. Have you a vacancy for a parlor maid?"

"I could make one."

"Do so at once! Miss Trimble is at her best as a parlor maid. She handled the Marling divorce case in that capacity. Have you a telephone in the room?"

Mrs. Pett opened the stuffed owl. The detective got in touch with his office.

"Mr. Sturgis speaking. Tell Miss Trimble to come to the phone. . . . Miss Trimble? I am speaking from Mrs. Pett's on Riverside Drive. You know the house? I want you to come up at once. Take a taxi! Go to the back door and ask to see Mrs. Pett! Say you have come about getting a place here as a maid! Understand? Right. Say, listen, Miss Trimble! Hello? Yes, don't hang up for a moment! Do you remember those photographs I showed you yesterday? Yes, the photographs from Anderson's. I've found the man. He's the butler here. Take a look at him when you get to the house! Now go and get a taxi! Mrs. Pett will explain everything when you arrive." He hung up the receiver. "I think I had better go now, Mrs. Pett. It would not do for me to be here while these fellows are on their guard. I can safely leave the matter to Miss Trimble. I wish you good afternoon."

After he had gone Mrs. Pett vainly endeavored to interest herself again in her book, but, in competition with the sensations of life, fiction—even though she had written it herself—had lost its power and grip. It seemed to her that Miss Trimble must be walking to the house instead of journeying thither in a taxicab. But a glance at the clock assured her that only five minutes had elapsed since the detective's departure. She went to the window and looked out. She was hopelessly restless.

At last a taxicab stopped at the corner and a young woman got out and walked toward the house. If this were Miss Trimble she certainly looked capable. She was a stumpy, square-shouldered person, and even at that distance it was possible to perceive that she had a face of no common shrewdness and determination. The next moment she had turned down the side street in the direction of the back premises of Mrs. Pett's house; and a few minutes later Mr. Crocker presented himself.

"A young person wishes to see you, madam, a young person of the name of Trimble." A pang passed through Mrs. Pett as she listened to his measured tones. It was tragic that so perfect a butler should be a scoundrel. "She says that you desired her to call in connection with a situation."

"Show her up here, Skinner! She is the new parlor maid. I will send her down to you when I have finished speaking to her."

"Very good, madam."

There seemed to Mrs. Pett to be a faint touch of defiance in Miss Trimble's manner as she entered the room. The fact was that Miss Trimble held strong views on the equal distribution of property, and rich people's houses always affected her adversely. Mr. Crocker retired, closing the door gently behind him.

A meaning sniff proceeded from Mrs. Pett's visitor as she looked at the achievements of the interior decorator, who had lavished his art unsparingly on this particular room. At this close range she more than fulfilled the promise of that distant view that Mrs. Pett had had of her from the window. Her face was not only shrewd and determined, it was menacing. She had thick eyebrows, from beneath which small glittering eyes looked out like dangerous beasts in undergrowth. And the impressive effect of these was accentuated by the fact that while the left eye looked straight out at its object the right eye had a sort of roving commission and was now, while its colleague fixed Mrs. Pett with a gimlet stare, examining the ceiling.

As to the rest of the appearance of this remarkable woman, her nose was stubby and aggressive, and her mouth had the coldly forbidding look of the closed door of a subway express when you have just missed the train. It bade you keep your distance on pain of injury. Mrs. Pett, though herself a strong woman, was conscious of a curious weakness, as she looked at a female of the species so much deadlier than any male whom she had ever encountered. She came near feeling a half pity for the unhappy wretches on whom this dynamic maiden was to be unleashed. She hardly knew how to open the conversation.

Miss Trimble, however, was equal to the occasion. She always preferred to open conversations herself. Her lips parted, and words flew out as if shot from a machine gun. As far as Mrs. Pett could observe, Miss Trimble considered it unnecessary to part her teeth, preferring to speak with them clenched. This gave an additional touch of menace to her speech.

"Dafternoon," said Miss Trimble, and Mrs. Pett backed convulsively into the padded recesses of her chair, feeling as if somebody had thrown a brick at her.

"Good afternoon."

Mrs. Pett Was Conscious of a Curious Weakness, as She Looked at a Female of the Species So Much Deadlier Than Any Male Whom She Had Ever Encountered

"Gladda meecher, siz Pett. Mr. Sturge semme up. Said y'ad job f'r me. Came here squick scould."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Squick scould. Got slow taxi."

"Oh, yes."

Miss Trimble's right eye flashed about the room like a searchlight, but she kept the other hypnotically on her companion's face.

"Whass trouble?" The right eye rested for a moment on a magnificent Corot over the mantelpiece, and she sniffed again. "Not s'prised y'have trouble. All rich people 've trouble. Noth' t'do with their time 'c'pt get 'nto trouble."

She frowned disapprovingly at a Canaletto.

"You—ah—appear to dislike the rich," said Mrs. Pett, as nearly in her grand manner as she could contrive.

Miss Trimble bowled over the grand manner as if it had been a small fowl and she an automobile. She rolled over it and squashed it flat.

"Hate 'em! Sogelist!"

"I beg your pardon?" said Mrs. Pett humbly. This woman was beginning to oppress her to an almost unbelievable extent.

"Sogelist! No use f'r idle rich! Ev' read B'nard Shaw? Huh? Or Upton Sinclair? Uh? Read'm! Make y'think a bit. Well, y'haven't told me whasser trouble."

Mrs. Pett was, by this time, heartily regretting the impulse that had caused her to telephone to Mr. Sturgis. In a career that had had more than its share of detectives, both real and fictitious, she had never been confronted with a detective like this. The galling thing was that she was helpless. After all, one engaged a detective for his or her shrewdness and efficiency, not for suavity and polish. A detective who hurls speech at you through clenched teeth and yet detects is better value for the money than one who—though an ideal companion for the drawing-room—is incompetent; and Mrs. Pett, like most other people, subconsciously held the view that the ruder a person is the more efficient he must be. It is but rarely that anyone is found who is not dazzled by the glamour of incivility.

Mrs. Pett crushed down her resentment at her visitor's tone, and tried to concentrate her mind on the fact that this was a business matter and that what she wanted was results rather than fair words. She found it easier to do this when looking at the other's face. It was a capable face. Not beautiful, perhaps, but full of promise of action. Miss Trimble having ceased temporarily to speak, her mouth was in repose, and when her mouth was in repose it looked more efficient than anything else of its size in existence.

"I want you," said Mrs. Pett, "to come here and watch some men ——"

"Men! Thought so! Wh' there's trouble, always men't bottom'f it!"

"You do not like men?"

"Hate 'em! Suff-gist!" She looked penetratingly at Mrs. Pett. Her left eye seemed to pounce out from under its tangled brow. "You s'porter of th' cause?"

Mrs. Pett was an antisuffragist, but, though she held strong opinions, nothing would have induced her to air them at that moment. Her whole being quailed at the prospect of arguing with this woman. She returned hurriedly to the main theme.

"A young man arrived here this morning, pretending to be my nephew, James Crocker. He is an impostor. I want you to watch him very carefully."

"Whassiz game?"

"I do not know. Personally I think he is here to kidnap my son Ogden; but I am not certain."

"I'll fix 'm," said the fair Trimble confidently. "Say, that butler 'f yours. He's a crook!"

Mrs. Pett opened her eyes. This woman was manifestly competent at her work.

"Have you found that out already?"

"D'rectly saw him." Miss Trimble opened her purse. "Go' one 'f his phot'graphs here. Brought it from office. He's th' man that's wanted 'll right."

"Mr. Sturgis and I both think he is working with the other man, the one who pretends to be my nephew."

"Sure. I'll fix 'm."

Miss Trimble returned the photograph to her purse and snapped the catch with vicious emphasis.

"There is another possibility," said Mrs. Pett.

(Continued on Page 58)

HOLLAND'S BELGIANS

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

DECORATION BY H. DEVITT WELSH

IN ENGLAND and in Holland I have talked with Belgian relievers of all nationalities, including American; and I find that each has his opinion—or, in this case, nearly always her opinion—as to the methods and actual sympathy of the others. "Doing good" is a thankless job at best, exposing the doer to divers forms of observation and comment; and this is especially true where a great many persons are engaged in doing the same kind of good at the same time.

Relieving Belgian refugees has settled down into a contest of determined conscientiousness; so that in any kind of analysis of methods employed one must take into consideration the different varieties of conscience. Just now I am wholly concerned with the Dutch conscience.

In 1915 Holland spent more than three and a half million dollars for the maintenance of Belgian refugees. To hear that statement from a Dutchman—in gulden, not dollars—is to feel that one of the saddest of this war's tragedies has been overlooked.

A view of the 1916 figures might comfort one; but they are not being given out. I asked the queen's own commissioner to give them to me, but he said they were "not ready yet"; and added:

"Besides, I may say that we do not care to advertise the things we do. We are not the least bit interested in anybody's approval or disapproval."

If you should happen to be trying to place your finger on a Dutch sore spot—and what stranger within the gates of Holland is not?—I can recommend a slight pressure on the large bruise left by the Rockefeller Foundation of the United States of America. Wherever I see anything in the way of philanthropic work going on, and especially war-relief work, I always want to know whether or not there is any American money in it; and I discover that there is American money in large sums doing its noble work in practically every country in Europe except Holland.

Quakers Who Work for the Belgians

AMERICAN money came to Holland in its most alluringly pompous and promising form; but just about the time it had everybody inured to the idea of affluence and ready to settle down to a life of ease, it packed up and went home. It did not excuse itself; it vouchsafed no explanation; and I gather that it even forgot to tip the servants. Its home address was the Rockefeller Foundation, New York; and it would be difficult to find a Dutchman to-day who does not regard that institution as lacking in all the virtues hitherto considered "so delightfully American."

I cannot supply the explanation for its sudden departure from these shores, which the Rockefeller Foundation kept so carefully to itself; but I can say that its original intention in coming to Holland was admirable. It came to provide employment for Belgian refugees, a thing they sorely needed then, and need now almost as sorely. As an earnest of its purpose it brought along five hundred sewing machines; and these, to give poignant point to injury, were left in the hands of the Dutch, who loudly bewail their obligation to keep them going; an obligation imposed upon them, as they say—an obligation which they talk about at length but make little apparent effort to meet. As one Hollander said to me:

"The Rockefeller Foundation came over here, in the beginning, and started a lot of workrooms on an extravagant scale that we couldn't possibly keep up; and then went off and left us, without a word—and without a dollar, which is more important." He was a frank Dutchman, was he not?

"But why?" I asked.

"If anybody knows," he replied, "he is keeping it to himself."

I found a little paragraph in a peculiarly incomplete official statement, which, I was told, had been prepared for just such innocent inquirers as myself; and this says, with admirable brevity: "The American Committee of the Rockefeller Foundation War-Relief Commission, established in Rotterdam, gave splendid assistance at first in the distribution of clothing; but an arrangement was made that all garments would be given out through the Central Office, at Amsterdam." Having prepared a few committee reports myself, and knowing something of the spirit that animates the Rockefeller Foundation and others, I think I detect in that hearty acknowledgment a revelation of a slight misunderstanding as to who should be "given the credit." But I may be wrong.

Practically all Hollanders of the educated class have an easy command of the English language, and can express their thoughts, whatever they may be, without a suggestion of linguistic clumsiness. They make no direct comparisons; but they imply whatever you may feel inclined to take unto yourself when they emphasize the liberality of "poor little Denmark," and express their appreciation of the right feeling that exists in Sweden. Neither Denmark nor Sweden had any Belgian refugees to take care of; so Denmark gave to Holland three hundred and twenty-five thousand gulden, while Sweden contributed a free gift of five thousand. And not exactly a free gift, either. The money from Denmark was subscribed "solely for the rebuilding of Belgium," and can be used for nothing but the construction of portable houses to be taken home by the Belgians when they are permitted to go home; while Sweden's five thousand gulden—about two thousand and forty dollars—was ear-marked for employment; work for idle Belgian hands.

British participation in Holland's beneficent enterprise is a thing no Hollander dwells upon in loving appreciation, but it is too manifest to be disregarded; though, with a certain kind of sympathy for Dutch sensibilities, one would rather like to minimize it if such a thing were possible. It cannot be minimized; but it can at least be looked upon from a wholly neutral standpoint. It was an Englishman in London who, with fine British disregard of the existence of all Dutchmen, assured me that I must look to the English Society of Friends in Holland for anything in the nature of accurate and honest information with regard to Holland's Belgian refugees.

And he was perfectly right. So far as Holland's liberality is concerned, the British have nothing to conceal; but it must be confessed that if it were not for the British workers in Holland the Belgians would be in a vastly more unfortunate position than they are. About two-thirds of the English women workers are genuine Quakers—hard-working, unassuming, painfully sincere, loose-shod and endearingly dowdy. The remaining third, so far as I can determine, are of the type of Englishwoman who ranges up and down, restlessly seeking "avenues of expression," and who will undertake anything in the way of war work that is sufficiently picturesque to satisfy her high desire to do her "bit" where she can be seen at her best while she is doing it. The balance is all on the side of sincerity and self-sacrifice.

The men are all Quakers, either by birth or by recent and convenient adoption. The Quakers are "conscientious objectors" to military service; and, though the British are not yet too adept at military compulsion, the conscientious objector must either overcome his scruples, find a way to make himself useful in some form of work directly connected with war's necessities, or go to prison. Quaker charity offers an acceptable field, it seems; hence the many healthy young Quakers, genuine and otherwise, who are engaged in this kind of work. These English Friends in Holland have introduced into the refugee camps a certain amount of labor for the Belgians, who, before they came, were wholly unemployed and rapidly degenerating into permanent pauperism. The work is not enough completely to arrest this retrogression, but it is something. There are sewing rooms for the women, and daily classes in mothercraft, where any woman who will may spend a profitable hour; but it is optional with them as to whether they will work or not, and many of them have become quite reconciled to idleness.

A Fussy British Music-Master

THE principal occupation offered to the men, other than the carpenters and blacksmiths who are employed in camp construction, is the weaving of grass mats. I happened into a camp one day where this industry, in the midst of considerable excitement on the part of everybody but the Belgians, was being introduced by a young British pianist, who, with what he seemed to regard as a fine zeal for preparedness, had himself just gone through a two days' course of instruction in it at another camp. He told me this in a blithe and confidential little way which fairly intrigued me into an agreement that anything would do for the Belgians.

Now why didn't that young man gather up a couple of old pianos somewhere and devote himself to the task of instilling a little music into a few of the five hundred and fourteen kiddies in his camp? That was his job, and he might have done something with it; but there is no accounting for—a number of things. He was an exceedingly conscientious objector to the form of labor assigned to him, because it threatened to mar the professional delicacy of his finger tips; so he wore gloves constantly and confined himself largely to oral instruction.

When I asked the very capable Englishwoman who, though not a Quaker, is in charge of the British work in Holland how she and her coworkers happened to be there, helping Holland to do a thing that Holland should insist upon doing without their aid, she replied:

"Oh, we just sneaked in. Somebody had to. These people were simply all going wrong and we saw the crying necessity for giving them something to do. The best of them, who hadn't turned a hand for more than a year, were

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 28, 1916

Sea Power

SINCE the middle of September the United States has been forbidden by England to ship any more goods of certain staple and intrinsically innocent kinds to Holland and the Scandinavian countries. The reason is that those countries have already received as many goods of the prohibited kinds as, in the judgment of England, they can use this year; so any further shipments would create a surplus, which would perhaps find its way to Germany.

This situation is unique in the modern world and by no means the least astonishing development of the great war. Never before was there any such demonstration of martial power as that now given by the English Navy. Napoleon's Continental blockade against England was a trivial thing in comparison with England's actual blockade of Germany. Virtually the high seas are British ground, and not a pound of goods can move upon them save by England's permission. It shows, for one thing, that the biggest navy is everything and the second best is nothing.

Of course London does not instruct Washington to prohibit further shipments from neutral America to neutral Holland. It merely says that all goods going to Holland must be consigned to the Netherlands Overseas Trust, which is virtually an agency of the British Government. Goods not so consigned are liable to seizure and practically uninsurable. And it tells the Overseas Trust to accept no further consignments of the goods in question.

The effect is just the same as though it exercised the power of prohibition at Washington. The situation is disagreeable enough to neutrals; but international law nowadays is written in terms of artillery.

Suppressing a Novel

"DEAR old Sammy Richardson," wrote Thackeray—to quote him from an uncertain memory—"has the news yet reached thee that the fashion in propriety is quite changed, and young ladies nowadnys are no more permitted to read thy moral Clarissa than Fielding's profligate Tom Jones?"

If that news ever did reach the Father of the English Novel—who embarked in novel writing not from any vain hopes of literary renown or of wealth, but to improve the public's morals—we may be sure he was tremendously shocked by it. In Thackeray's day, if we may trust his report, morals were so carefully guarded that not only were young ladies forbidden to read Richardson, but the most sensitive of them chastely concealed the legs of their pianos behind cambric draperies.

We are more liberal nowadays, and more intelligent. Young ladies may not only read Richardson, but Fielding, Smollett, Defoe, and Shakspere himself, without suffering an imputation of moral degeneracy. Yet a spirit of silly and pestiferous fussing about other people's morals—which would decree cambric for piano legs if it had its way—is by no means unknown. Some people have been trying to secure the suppression of Theodore Dreiser's novel, The Genius, on grounds that would involve the suppression of two-thirds of the greatest English literature from Chaucer down to the Victorian Age—on the ground, that is, that it depicts immoral people in immoral acts. Probably the net result will be quite a boom for the novel.

We cannot help wondering what a man's own mind must be like when he believes that people cannot observe sin without wanting to practice it.

The Reformation

VARIOUS Protestant bodies are preparing to celebrate next year one of the most memorable events in history—the beginning of the Reformation.

To scholars, the Reformation, like all other great movements, has no definite beginning, but is part of the seamless fabric of human progress. A scholar, for example, would hesitate to assign an exact date for the beginning of the American Revolution. Was it when the Colonies refused to pay stamp taxes, or when Bostonians threw the tea into the bay, or when a handful of minutemen at Lexington fired on a handful of British soldiers? Did the French Revolution begin with the contumacy of the Parliament of Paris, or with the summoning of the States-General, or when Mirabeau inspired the Third Estate to defy royal command, or with the storming of the Bastille?

Critical examination shows these great movements slowly shaping themselves, until finally they are in being without those who take part in them having been aware that any decisive break with the past had occurred. So the threads of the Reformation are easily traceable back to Wyclif, who, in the fourteenth century, preached some of the things that Luther did in the sixteenth; or even back to Abélard. We know from Luther's own testimony that when he tacked his theses to the church door he was not aware of doing anything particularly memorable. It was almost, so to speak, a thing done in the course of the day's work—done by a man in humble station, and of humble mind as regards personal ambition.

But here, as in all these great movements, a memorable thing did happen. A man had the courage to stand forth and do what he considered right and needful regardless of all consequences to himself. Without any thought of playing a great rôle on the world's stage, Luther saw a wrong at his doorstep and struck at it; and in the world storm that his act precipitated he stood to his position in the face of death, with a courage which no man has excelled. We care nothing nowadays for Luther's politics, which was only the benighted politics of his time. We care nothing for a great part of his technical, controversial theological writings. But in him a nation and a great human movement spoke. He will always be one of the heroes.

Heine somewhere expresses a fine thought on the concluding words of Luther's defense before the Emperor at Worms: "God help me, I could do no different." The thought is that a man does not possess a great idea; but the great idea possesses the man, sending him helplessly to death, or whither it will. But only the rare man is capable of being possessed by a great idea.

A Presidential Budget

THE most expedient method of introducing economy at Washington—where it has long been a stranger—is by way of an executive budget, made up in the President's office, and for which the President assumes responsibility. Mr. Hughes has squarely accepted that idea, and so has spoken frankly on the subject of governmental efficiency.

True, everybody talks—a little—about a national budget, because it is so evident that without a comprehensive, carefully prepared fiscal program we shall get nothing but the old helter-skelter, log-rolling, pork and egregious waste. But there is scant likelihood that a budget prepared by a committee of either house of Congress, or by a joint committee of both houses, would be anything else than a broken reed. Nobody would be definitely responsible for it. All the influences that operate the pork barrel would have a hand in it. Probably it would be the merest fake.

Mr. Hughes has spoken for a real budget, framed and signed by the executive. But, so far as we have been able to discover, Republican candidates for House and Senate have not shown any notable enthusiasm in following his lead. An executive budget would, of course, be a hard pill for Congress to swallow, because it would involve a surrender of the precious privilege to win votes by extravagant waterway improvements and public buildings.

To gauge anyone's attitude toward genuine economy at Washington, note what he has to say about an executive budget. If he says nothing about it that, too, is significant.

Good Roads

YOU still hear public highways in the United States compared apologetically with those in Europe.

A really good road to-day means a road that will withstand automobile travel; and by that standard good roads were almost unknown in this country only a dozen years ago. Broadly speaking, the best we had was just tolerably smooth gravel or unsurfaced macadam—serviceable enough for horse-drawn vehicles, but subject to rapid deterioration under heavy, swiftly moving cars. As late as 1909 a survey by the Department of Agriculture showed that only two per cent of the improved highways in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania were hard-surfaced. Five years later the proportion had risen to twenty-four per cent.

We are now spending probably two hundred million dollars a year on road improvement, and much of this is going into as fine roads as can be found anywhere in the world—concrete, brick, or surfaced with bituminous preparations. From the Ohio River to tidewater you can ride along the old National Pike over footing as good as that on any city boulevard. When stretches that are already under contract are completed there will be hardly a break between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. Improvement of other great trunk roads is going forward rapidly.

Building a City

THAT the growth of a city might be intelligently charted and directed in advance is an idea we have long cherished. Lately the city of New York adopted a building code which comprises, so far as we know, the most comprehensive plan to that end yet laid down anywhere in the United States. Briefly, in the financial district—that special habitat of the American skyscraper—no building in the future may be more than two hundred and fifty feet high. In other districts twice the street width is the limit of height. In certain residence zones a building must not exceed once and a half the street width—say, eight or nine stories.

Again, there are broad restrictions upon the use to which a building may be put; so that what are now residence districts cannot be enroached upon by shops, factories, garages, stables, and so on, except to so limited a degree that the essential character of the neighborhood shall not be lost. New York's experience under this code will be worth watching.

Paying Debts Wholesale

THE rapidity with which the United States paid off over a billion dollars of Civil War debts has long been regarded as a notable performance; but, in comparison with what has happened lately, that was a retail transaction.

Two years ago last July we owed Europe a number of billion dollars, the indebtedness being evidenced by American stocks and bonds held abroad. President Loree, of the Delaware and Hudson, with the coöperation of the other railroads, found, at the beginning of 1915, about two and three-quarter billion dollars of American railroad stocks and bonds in foreign hands.

A canvass by the same method at the end of last July showed the amount to have been reduced by about a billion and a quarter. Taking into account railroad securities that were really owned by foreigners, but not registered in foreign names, and securities other than railroad, it is probable that we have bought back, since the war began, about two billion dollars of foreign-held American securities; and, as an offset against American securities still held abroad, we have loaned to foreign governments about a billion and a quarter dollars.

Altogether, we have probably handed back over three billion dollars of the foreign capital that was invested in this country when the war began—a feat in debt redemption never before approached by any country. The process is going on with undiminished momentum.

Those That Have

RAILROAD trainmen include the best-paid labor in the railroad service, or any other service. Many engineers and conductors earn upward of two thousand dollars a year. By the recent Act of Congress this best-paid labor is promised an advance of something like twenty-five per cent, while the worst-paid railroad labor is promised nothing; and from some of the comment on that fact you might infer it was exceptional for the best-paid labor to get an advance before the worst-paid got one.

That is not the exception, however, but the rule. About nine times out of ten it is easier for well-paid workmen to get a raise than for ill-paid. Taking it by and large, it is easier for the man who earns five thousand dollars a year to get six thousand than it is for the one who earns twenty-five hundred to get three thousand, and much easier for both than it is for the man who earns five hundred dollars to get six hundred.

The best-paid labor, generally speaking, will be the most skillful, the hardest to replace and the best organized. More than that, it will be the most courageous, the readiest to fight for its demands—for effective revolution always starts with the well-fed, comfortably clothed, decently housed. Its belligerent power is much higher than that of ill-paid labor.

No doubt, as a broad social problem it is more important to raise low wages than high ones; yet it is the way of the selfish world, in labor as much as in anything else, that those who have take the first chop, and those who have not will get whatever chops may be left over.

THE FINANCIER

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

FOR six years Horatio Bingham had been working on a plan to combine certain retail stores situated in different country towns. By purchasing goods in large quantities for cash the combination could undersell independent competitors. He had thought out many details of policy and management.

The scheme had first shaped itself in his mind on a modest scale, involving merely half a dozen towns in the county in which Plum Hill was situated. But it had grown, even running across the state line, until he saw it as a million-dollar business—finally, perhaps, a business of many millions.

The boldness of this project would have startled Plum Hill's home-keeping imagination; yet the wisest there would have told you that whatever Horatio Bingham undertook he would probably carry through.

Then Horatio Said Quietly: "Did I Hit You?"

His Bazaar, occupying two two-story brick buildings on the east side of Main Street, with broad arches cut through the partition, had no particular license to flourish, for there was the competition of the mail-order houses and of the big stores in Chicago and Detroit. Yet the proprietor made it flourish. His activity extended successfully in other directions. They said he really owned a majority of stock in the First National Bank over at Olney and the grape-juice factory at Vale. He was always busy, but never bustling. He moved deliberately, methodically, with a beautifully unerring precision.

One might have noted him contemplating his Bazaar—appraising it very much as though its heterogeneous contents were a small pile of coins that he could tell over in the palm of his hand, noticing how much each one was abraded.

At such a time he would probably be walking the length or breadth of the establishment slowly, on broad, firmly planted feet, his pudgy hands behind his back—a figure by no means imposing, but rather squat and dumpy, with broad and somewhat bent shoulders, a thick chest, a paunch. If it were warm weather he would probably be wearing baggy trousers and coat of coarse linen, with a neat colored shirt, turndown collar and little bow tie. His short, grizzled hair—very sparse in front—would, no doubt, be sticking up in disorder over his big, round head. His brow was broad, domelike, and he had a long, fleshy, masterful nose. But his upper lip was so short that his mustache—thin, stringy and graying—had barely room to attach itself under the nose, and his chin was short too. Thus, the lower part of his face seemed dwarfed by the brow and nose.

His manner was deliberate, contained, inexpansive, uneffusive. He spoke to you quietly, perhaps rather dryly; or, if you were a friend and the subject of the conversation were trivial, with only a sort of vague, half-absent-minded friendliness. If you really arrested his attention and made him think, probably his lips would come sharply together, so that the inadequate lower part of his face seemed to fold up under the shadow of the masterful nose, and he would look at you with fairly disconcerting steadiness and penetration out of small, intelligent gray eyes.

He was by no means a hard man to deal with, for those who dealt honestly and prudently. Among such, in fact, he was highly regarded. They felt the mass and weight of his character as something a man could bank upon in a more or less unstable world.

If he gave an opinion upon any subject—and he was by no means prodigal of opinions—they would quote it to you with the greatest respect.

Some of them might tell you—confidentially—that his wife was a fool. All the older inhabitants could remember well when he married her—a pretty young creature, with the soft plumpness of a pigeon, rosy cheeks, red lips, bright eyes and wavy chestnut hair, named Dolly Hackett. Of course those alluring attributes had long since faded; and if your informant were in a really gossipy mood he might add that Dolly never had any more sense than a setting hen. And any of them would tell you that Mr. Bingham's only child, Benny, was no good at all.

But, notwithstanding these incidental and more or less negligible misfortunes, all Plum Hill accounted Horatio Bingham a tremendously successful man. That grand project of a combination of retail stores—pushed for six years over innumerable obstacles with infinite patience and the unremitting energy of a force of nature—was just within a hair's breadth of accomplishment. And then, abruptly, Horatio Bingham died.

Other leading citizens had departed and been decently mourned; but his death shocked Plum Hill in a special way. Somehow nobody had ever thought of him as a man who was likely to die. There was a subconscious, unformulated sort of notion that if Death should come fooling round him he would frown slightly and say: "Run along! Don't you see how busy I am?"

And the cause was so trivial, so utterly inadequate to such a momentous result. They said he had torn his hand on a rusty nail and blood poisoning developed. The funeral followed the wound by only seven days. If so trumpery a thing as a rusty nail could remove Horatio Bingham—well, even those who were little given to philosophic reflection felt a deep stir which caused them to pause and ponder the mystery of life.

But, in fact, only one living person knew how Horatio Bingham had come to die.

II

THE Bingham house stood just outside the village limits—a square, two-story white house, with green blinds, and a deep veranda in front. In spite of manifold other occupations, Horatio often found time to water the grass and prune the shrubbery with his own hands. The place was well kept up. He hated slovenliness and disorder.

On this veranda, one August day, two thoroughly frightened people sat. The woman was near fifty, dumpy and unbecomingly fat, her broad and sallow face finely wrinkled round the dull brown eyes. She wore an elaborate crêpe dress of mulberry color, with silver lace, satin slippers, and a rhinestone crescent in her wavy gray hair. Horatio permitted her to dress as finely as she pleased.

The young man was fat also; a big, heavy figure, with low, sloping brow, high cheek bones, puffy cheeks, and a little nose, like his mother's, that looked comically out of place on his large face. He lay back in a rocking-chair, his brows contracted, his mouth open slightly as he stared into the maple leafage while his mother stared at him.

She turned the feather-edged, ivory-sticked fan in her plump little hands and murmured, in the weak and tremulous voice of fear:

"Why, Benny, I don't see how you came to do it!"

It was the third time she had said just that in the same way—forgetting to fan herself, merely turning the implement aimlessly in her hands. Usually, of summer afternoons, she put on an elaborate and expensive dress, sat on the veranda and fanned herself.

The son attempted no reply, for by now he himself did not see how he came to do it. He merely turned sullen and woebegone eyes to the automobile which stood in the roadway at the end of the porch. It was in a dilapidated state, mud-coated and dust-covered, with a smashed lamp and two bent fenders. But the two tires on the side next the house were brand-new.

These two on the veranda were in the grip of fear, like birds caught in a cage, and with no more notion of how to extricate themselves. What they feared was Horatio Bingham; and presently both of them saw Fate coming up the street—in a short, thickset, somewhat round-shouldered figure, walking slowly with firmly planted feet, a stiff, low-crowned, broad-brimmed straw hat set well back on its solid head for greater coolness, wearing baggy trousers of coarse linen and carrying a coat of the same material over its arm. No matter what the weather, he walked the three-quarters of a mile between his house and store, feeling that he needed the exercise.

He came on with methodical and inexorable deliberation, entered the gate, stepped across the lawn, and spent a moment surveying the two new tires; then went up on the porch and sat down, facing his wife and child.

Deliberately he took off his stiff straw hat and dropped it to the floor, then passed a thick hand over his broad and sweaty brow—making the sparse scattering of short hair over the front of his head stand up in greater disorder than before. He took off his eyeglasses and hooked them on the ball of his upright thumb, as he had a way of doing when he proposed to speak at some length. Sitting with his feet well apart, his paunch sagging but his trunk upright, he addressed his son, speaking calmly in his usual low voice:

"I've been letting you run at loose ends too long. I'm going to stop it. The bank brought me that check you gave over at Olney this morning. I told them to pay it, because I didn't care to have you put in jail for forging my name. That might be the best thing for you. You seem to be headed that way. But I don't care to have it come now. So I told them to pay the check. I've stood a good deal from you, my son. I hoped you'd pull up some day and go to work and try to make a man of yourself. Forging my name to a check is a step too far."

Benny, his brows contracted and his fat face distorted, strove with all his might to formulate in words that justification of his course which he dumbly felt. His voice was always thin and high—comically unsuited to his bulk. Now, in the stress of excitement, it rose high and bleating:

"I didn't intend to do it, father. You see, the Truitt girls and Maggie Leggett asked me yesterday whether I wasn't going to take 'em over to Round Grove to look at the camp meeting. I'd said I'd take 'em, you see, 'way along last spring. . . . They were joshin' me because I hadn't taken 'em. I said I'd take 'em. And then—of course I couldn't take 'em without the car; and—of course—the car wouldn't run with only two tires. . . . I thought maybe mother'd fix it up for me."

Even Benny felt the hopeless inadequacy of this explanation. Yet every step he had taken had seemed, at the time of taking it, not only quite reasonable but fairly inevitable.

Horatio had bought the car that spring—his wife having persistently asked him to, though he knew well enough that Benny had set her on. Under Benny's handling it had deteriorated with startling rapidity; bills for repairs swarmed in; a time came at last when the lower part of Horatio's face sort of folded up under the shadow of the powerful nose and, looking his son in the eye with that disconcertingly steady and penetrating gaze, he had said the car should be laid up and not another cent spent upon it.

Benny had promised to take the girls over to look at the camp meeting. When they had bantered him about it what could he do but say he would go? How could he go without the car? How could the car run with only two tires that would hold air? How could he get tires except by giving a check? Each step had seemed quite reasonable—until, on the way home, that final step of signing his father's name to a check began to detach itself from the chain and loom forth with an individual and frightful significance.

He had confessed it to his mother as soon as he got home. Usually he confessed his troubles to her. They talked hours on end about them—quite helplessly and pointlessly.

Horatio heard his son's explanation with just the hint of a dry, sarcastic smile and proceeded coolly:

"You know the record you've made the last six years. You were thrown out of the public school here in the first grammar year because you wouldn't work. I got you into that private school in Indiana. You lasted about six months. You said you'd go to work in the store; but you did nothing. I put you in the commercial college at Detroit and found out pretty soon that you were just loafing and running into debt. You said you wanted to go into business away from home; so I got you a job in a Chicago wholesale house, where you might learn to be a salesman. You kept it three weeks. You know the record as well as I do.

"I've let you run at loose ends too long. You'll be twenty-two years old next winter. I'm through now, my son. You're going to work or starve. I've rented a room for you over Leggett's tailor shop. You can move your things there in the morning. I'm responsible for the rent; but I'm giving notice that I'll not be responsible for anything else on your account."

He spoke not at all roughly but in a cool, even voice that inclined to rumble. In the same way—quiet, imperturbable and inexorable—turning upon her the same disconcertingly steady and penetrating look, he addressed his wife:

"He's not to come into the house until I give my permission. You're not to give him a cent of money or aid him in any other way. I shall see that you have no money to give him if that is necessary. He's going to work or starve. He's a man grown now and must make some attempt to meet his obligations."

Frightened and bewildered, Mrs. Bingham could only murmur weakly:

"I'm sure he didn't mean to, Horatio."

She was striving to keep from tears, for tears were one of the few things that made her husband lose his temper.

Horatio made no response to that. It would not have occurred to him to respond to it any more than to the chittering of a sparrow. He had realized long since that he was married to a fool and accepted the fact with invulnerable stoicism. He hardly ever displayed a bad temper at home where he came to eat his meals and to sleep. Six evenings of the week he spent in his office at the rear of the Bazaar, coming home to look over a Chicago daily newspaper, read a little otherwise, and then go to bed.

A good part of Sundays, too, he spent on business.

There he lived. There his teeming energy and high efficiency found opportunity to exercise themselves. As for this sorry mess at home—well, it was a misfortune to be accepted and efficiently forgotten, so far as possible. Spending time on that was a good deal like tinkering with a machine that never would run, anyway. His efficiency revolted against that waste. So far as possible he simply canceled it out of his life.

Having pronounced judgment on his son he went inside to wash his face and hands for supper. While washing them he was going over in his mind the leading points for the conference with three men from Kalamazoo who were to meet him in his office at the rear of the Bazaar at seven, sharp.

Meantime mother and son looked at each other helplessly, wondering, trying to make out what the judgment would mean. To her especially it was part of the unsolvable mystery of her husband. He would give her money liberally, let her buy as many nice dresses as she pleased; even let her coax him into doing this thing or that—like buying the automobile; and then, by the operation of some law that was as much beyond her understanding as the law of gravitation, he would present an opposition as smooth and impervious as the armor plate of a battleship. Her feeble and unstable will could no more comprehend his will than thistledown could understand the granite bowlder that gave it lodgment here and there, but elsewhere was utterly unyielding. She only knew from long experience that when he set his face resistance was completely useless.

Ever since he could remember, Benny had been afraid of his father.

Benny Had Promised to Take the Girls Over to Camp Meeting

The last whipping was when he was eight years old, and probably that was not a severe one. All his life he had seen his father in anger only a few times. Yet, even now, he had a vague, uneasy sense of his father as a being clothed with indefinitely formidable powers, who might somehow or other launch a thunderbolt.

He had long felt that his father held him in contemptuous sufferance.

As he thought this judgment over during the evening it did not seem a thunderbolt. There was the humiliation of being turned out-of-doors; a baffled sense of wrong and injustice that he could not formulate. On the other hand, his father sort of overshadowed him, somehow kept him cowed and uneasy. Probably, he reflected, it would be a good thing for him to get into the room over Leggett's tailor shop in an independent state. Standing on his own bottom at last he could get started right.

III

BENNY woke up for the third time. He had no means of telling the hour, but felt a tragic conviction that the forenoon was far gone. He was lying on his back in a cot-bed that stood in a corner of a bare room about ten feet square. The rough-plastered walls were grimy in spots and cracked in many places. A small conical sheet-iron stove stood at the foot of the bed, with a litter of ashes and kindling splinters in front of it, beyond which lay a battered coal bucket with a hole rusted through one side. But the bucket was empty, and of kindling only the few splinters remained. The small panes in the one front window were heavily bordered with frost. Benny's breath issued in a visible vapor. He was sure the water in the thick yellow pitcher with a broken snout, which stood on the varnished pine washstand, was frozen a good inch.

He had been cold all night, for there was no blanket and only one quilt on the cot. In spite of its thickness, the moth-eaten sheepskin coat, which he had borrowed from good-natured, half-witted Hugo, at Pettigrew's Livery Stable, made an indifferent covering. Only when one curled up tightly would it go all over one, and then it was always falling off when one moved in one's sleep.

Benny had wakened first about daylight, shivering and with icy feet. There was no need to get up that early, so he had curled up, rearranged the coat and gone to sleep. Next time he wakened there was urgent need to get up; but he was fairly warm then and his drowsy mind was penetrated by a sense of the unspeakable luxury of being fairly warm. Out of bed the cold was waiting to nip and sting him; he had no means of building a fire—a whole category of torments stood ready to clutch him when he stirred.

He strove with temptation, for he really must get up. His mind told him to rise; but it could get no leverage on his body—could not project it out of that snug comfort into the biting cold. So, telling himself he must get up, he lay still until he fell asleep again. At length cramped muscles caused him to roll on his back and stretch out; so presently he became cold, which woke him to a tragic realization that the forenoon was far gone.

He had promised to be at the livery stable not later than eight o'clock, when he and Hugo would drive the big wagon over to Truitt's, put two cords of stove wood on it, drive to Mr. Pettigrew's house and unload the wood. This operation was to be repeated three times, and for his part therein he was to receive one dollar. The chance of getting that dollar was gone now. He had no money, no credit, no food.

Such was Benny's situation on Thanksgiving morning in the year following Horatio's judgment that he should work or starve. He had not starved and he had not worked much. He had attempted many jobs of a humble sort, from clerking in Truitt's Grocery to digging ditches under the village street commissioner, but had held none of them long. Plum Hill had formed a settled opinion that he was "bone lazy" and thoroughly irresponsible. It said there was no use in offering him work, because if you really wanted a hand he would be sure to disappoint you. He was aware of this opinion and felt the humiliation; but that helped him not at all in the matter of food, fuel and clothing.

His credit had sufficed for a time after a fashion. Indulgent villagers had lent him a dollar or two, with no particular expectation of getting the money back; the Guffy House and then Martindale's Restaurant had permitted him to stand them off for meals. But that sort of thinly veiled charity played out. The best-natured people had no more patience with a great, husky, hulking fellow who would not earn his own food. The most easy-going stiffened themselves up to a blunt refusal, which they felt to be morally necessary.

Always there had been the unstable, uncertain support of his mother. Mrs. Bingham's odd, childlike pride was wounded by this outcast son whom everybody derided. The infantile vanity that led her to put on an elaborate dress and sit on the veranda, fanning herself, winced to be seen in company with a blood relation in a ragged coat and broken, muddy shoes. Once, against Horatio's order, she climbed the narrow, dirty stairs to the room over Leggett's little tailor shop; and she had an outraged feeling that there was a dreadfully indecent suggestion about it. She felt it was very hard of Benny to put her in such a position.

As to lending any material aid or comfort to the enemy, Horatio had ordained a strict blockade. She was to give him no money, credit or other assistance; he was to work or starve. The notion of defying Horatio would have terrified her in any case; but he had said calmly, in an even and not unkind voice, that if she gave anything to Benny he would see she got nothing to give—not even anything for clothes. Alone, she wept many times, with an indefinite but rankling sense that her cherished son was mistreating her.

Again, she wept over his plight, for he was flesh of her flesh and her heart clung to him. She doubted that any other woman—except possibly Mrs. Pettigrew, who had a cancer—was ever so afflicted. So, blaming him, even resenting him, she constantly hovered ineffectually round him, seeing him every now and then through various shifts, holding long, aimless talks with him, which came to nothing. When he told her he was hungry her heart contracted until it was like to burst. That seemed monstrous—something like cannibalism. The thought of his being hungry pursued her.

Once, as a mere schoolboy, being out at forbidden hours he had prowled round the house and discovered the catch on the north kitchen window was so defective that one could manipulate it from the outside with a knife-blade, and so raise the sash and crawl in. At various times since then he had used this entrance, not wishing to take the chance of waking his father, who slept in the front bedroom downstairs. He told his mother about it.

So there was always food in the pantry, where one could get at it by crawling through the kitchen window and tiptoeing across in the dark. Sometimes there would be a dollar, a half dollar—or even two dollars; and on one occasion there was a five-dollar bill, tucked under the corner of the paper that covered the lower pantry shelf. In that way poor, sorrowing, bewildered Mrs. Bingham sought to reconcile the contradictions of her position. She was not giving him anything and he was not hungering.

Being gluttonously disposed, hunger was the supreme evil to Benny. Shame and humiliation, to be flouted, to have a deep but indefinable sense of wrong and injustice—those things hurt; but to be hungry and then cold was all that hell could inflict.

He had no food this Thanksgiving Day nor—the opportunity of earning Mr. Pettigrew's dollar having vanished—a prospect of getting any until night. So he lay abed all day, buried in misery. He had passed a good many days that way. For long periods, when his cramped muscles demanded relief, he lay stretched at length on his back, staring up at the sloping, rough-plastered ceiling, his throat contracted and his heart laboring in the grip of stark fear. He was wondering whether the time would come when he should really starve. At moments he could feel himself already dead, with the cold earth round him. Again he would curl up and drowse.

Daylight was beginning to fail in the bare room when he got up, washed rapidly in the icy water, and put on his ragged clothes. He had an overcoat—soiled and rumpled, for even his mother had always complained that he was terribly hard on clothing—but it was a light garment, suitable only for spring or fall; and since the twentieth of the month unusually severe weather had set in. So he put on Hugo's moth-eaten sheepskin coat, which smelled fearfully of the livery stable. With the collar turned up round his ears, he sat down and waited for night.

He had little company nowadays. Those who had formerly been his companions, and from whom he had borrowed as long as they would lend, took no pains to encourage sociability on his part. Often he spent whole days alone.

He waited a long time. Having no means of knowing the hour, he told himself many times it was not so late as it seemed to be; and so he sat still in the cold room, the collar of Hugo's coat turned up about his ears, his nerves prickling, his chest rising and falling with labored breathing.

For he was revolving an idea that fascinated and frightened him. This was Thanksgiving—hardly inferior to Christmas as a great domestic festival in Plum Hill. Since his ejectment from the house, his father and mother had celebrated Christmas and Thanksgiving up in Lansing, with the family of Horatio's sister. This was Mrs. Bingham's wish. In Plum Hill, with the outcast almost visibly on the doorstep, the feasts would have had too bitter a flavor. The afternoon before, peering through his frosted

(Continued on Page 29)

"Teacher said the moon was dead
We wonder what she means
We house-keep there with *Campbell's* fare
And live like kings and queens."

The harvest of health—

It is different from any other crop raised by man. ***You sow it and reap it every day.***

You sow it by regular work and exercise, plenty of sleep, a little play, good air to breathe and above all—***the right food eaten at the right time.***

"A man is what he eats." There was never a truer saying than this. And the man is better and stronger both physically and mentally who eats a good soup every day. You cultivate the harvest of health every time you eat

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It combines the most important elements of a nourishing and satisfying food.

Its fragrant aroma, its inviting color and natural racy flavor tempt the senses and quicken the lagging appetite as certainly and far more wholesomely than any alcoholic "bracer."

Its tonic is the tonic of nature—refined, enriched and skillfully blended with other nourishing ingredients by expert soup-makers who have no superior in their line.

It is not only a delicious and invigorating introduction to any meal, but it so strengthens the digestive powers that other food is more readily assimilated and more effectual in building up a sound and vigorous constitution.

When you have formed the habit of eating a good soup once a day at least you have pretty nearly solved the health problem.

Eminent authorities and universal experience endorse this view. And you can easily prove its correctness for yourself.

Try this favorite *Campbell's* Soup as a Cream of Tomato, following the easy directions on the label. If you do not usually serve it in this form you will have an agreeable surprise.

21 kinds

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

10c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.

The pride of purse and person

Such a pride demands two things in clothes: First, *Style*—that peculiar combination of attractive fabric, correct cut, smooth fit, and comfortable "feel" so prized by vigorous, ambitious men. Second, *Economy*—that real through-and-through Value in materials, workmanship and wear at a price that pleases the pocket-book.

Always a triumph of efficiency, value and economy, Styleplus are now more than ever extraordinary. While prices are on the upward trend in practically every line, because of the World War, *the price of Styleplus remains the same!* It required grit, foresight, and specialization on this one suit and overcoat to bring this about. But we have conquered a world market! And you reap the benefit!

Just what this means to you in clothing value you can only learn by visiting the Styleplus Store and seeing for yourself. No man has ever yet failed to be astonished at his first try-on of Styleplus—the appearance and quality are so remarkable at the easy price—$17. And the wear has always justified the first impression.

Style plus
+ all wool fabrics
+ perfect fit
+ easy price
+ guaranteed wear

One of the leading stores in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus window display. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there should not be a Styleplus store in your town, ask your favorite dealer to order a Styleplus suit or overcoat for you.

Write us for free copy of "The Styleplus Book."

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., Inc.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the nation over."
(In other countries duty added)

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

Exceptional restaurant service—highly specialized.

Music of rare merit—a pleasing, unobtrusive factor in your entertainment.

Management that makes an art of detail—all the comforts without the cares of home.

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO

Ernest J Stevens
Vice-Pres. and Mgr.

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4 50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

(Continued from Page 26)

window, with a constricted heart, Benny had seen them driving by in the Guffy House bus to take the four-thirty-six train. They would return on the nine-twenty-seven train in the morning. To-night the house would be empty.

For a good while something had been haunting him—namely, certain rolls of red-flannel cloth, tied with red ribbons, which reposed in the upper right-hand drawer of the sideboard at home and contained his mother's beloved solid-silver knives, forks and spoons. For a long time he had not been able to get those red-flannel rolls out of his mind. He was deathly tired of Plum Hill. If only he could get up to Detroit, he thought, he might make a fresh start and succeed. The idea fascinated him—and terrified him too. It would be awfully hard on his mother, who set great store by her solid silver. Yet he had a dumb, baffled sense of wrong and injustice by which he could vaguely justify himself. Wasn't he their son?

When at length he went down the narrow and dirty stairs to a Main Street all lifeless and formless, swallowed up in heavy inchoate darkness, he did not really know whether he was going to take the silver or not. But he had something under his hand in the pocket of the sheepskin coat—a slim, cylindrical shape with a convex glass lens in one end. It was an electric flash light. He had noticed it several times in Ted Gremp's Garage. The afternoon before, standing round in there and idly gossiping with Ted, he had edged up to the work-bench and slipped the flash light into his pocket. Someway he minded that theft hardly at all—Ted would understand that no wish to harm him was involved in it.

When he got into the residence streets all the houses were dead; so it must be quite late. If he had not known the way so well he might have missed it, so little light there was. He had to feel for the back gate, and it was only when his extended hand struck the wood that he knew he had reached the house.

The window yielded as usual; but he had hardly got upright on his feet inside and taken a step when he halted, breathless, his heart pounding. Somebody had left a tin pan on the extreme edge of the sink and he had brushed it off. It struck the floor with a clatter that seemed to reverberate through the whole house and fill the night like a sudden fire bell summoning all the stanch and true to action. His nerves fluttered wildly. And all this panic was just because that terrifying thought of the silverware oppressed his mind.

In a moment he knew this was mere panic; the house was empty; no one could hear. Yet it shook his nerves. He dared not flash his light, but groped forward noisily. And this very agitation of the nerves seemed to send him to the silverware.

In the dining room he waited a moment, steadying himself; then flashed the light. There was the sideboard; but the contrivance in his hand made far too much light—a disturbing and perilous glare that might be seen from outside. He laid it on the sideboard and turned a shallow little bowl of chinaware partly over it, muffling it to a faint glow. Guided by that, he opened the upper right-hand drawer.

IV

HORATIO BINGHAM, in the downstairs front bedroom, woke with a start, a clatter ringing in his ears. He knew immediately whence the sound came and what caused it—a tin pan had fallen to the floor in the kitchen. He listened a moment, then dismissed it with the thought: "A mouse knocked it off."

He had taken the evening train to Vale and from there had driven home in an automobile. It was a cold ride, but he wished to be in his office at the Bazaar early the next morning.

"A mouse!" he thought, and proposed to sleep again. Then he heard other sounds, the cause of which—after a moment of incredulous listening—seemed indubitable also. They could hardly be accounted for on any other hypothesis than that a man was making his way clumsily through the kitchen and pantry into the dining room.

He was afraid, and various symptoms avouched it—such as a prickling of the nerves, a sinking of the heart, a sense of emptiness in his stomach. To be alone in the house with a burglar at dead of night was a situation for which he had about as little fancy as for any that could well be imagined. The doors on the lower floor were open and in a moment a glow of light in the dining room faintly extended into the front bedroom. That, of course, was conclusive. It dissolved the incredulity with which he had listened to the sounds.

Undoubtedly he was afraid; but his mind contained a very clear idea of what should be done in the well-nigh incredible exigency of waking at night to find a burglar in the house. With cool, unfaltering efficiency he proceeded to put that idea into effect. Noiselessly he flung off the bedclothes, slipped out of bed, tiptoed to the bureau, opened the little upper drawer on the left-hand side, and reached within it, where his fingers closed over the cold butt of a revolver. The weapon had lain there almost untouched for twenty years, but the hammer slid back as it should under the pressure of his thumb.

Revolver in hand, he tiptoed into the hall. He was wearing a voluminous tennis-flannel nightgown, with blue and yellow stripes on a gray ground, beneath which the rotundity of his paunch outlined itself. His sparse hair, rumpled by the pillow, stood up in greater disorder than common. The lower part of his face was sort of folded up beneath the big, fleshy nose. His eyes looked steadily ahead at the dimly lighted dining-room doorway.

Reaching the door he peered in. A muffled light that originated mysteriously on top of the sideboard gave him the rear view of a burly figure in a strange, shaggy sheepskin coat, the upturned collar of which and a wool cap concealed the figure's head. It comforted him to note how broad the figure was. The distance was not over ten feet. Certainly, unpracticed with firearms though he was, he should be able to hit so big a target at that range. He leveled the revolver and growled:

"Throw up your hands!"

Instead of obeying that conventional command, the figure gave a galvanic start, clutching at something on the sideboard and turning. Horatio thought he had seized a weapon and was turning to fire; so he pulled the trigger.

Even as the gun crashed, with a roar that seemed to shake the walls, a cry issued from the figure at the sideboard. For a moment it was smoky between them; then father and son were staring at each other. The son, half turned round, leaned against the sideboard, his fat face screwed up, and put his right hand to his left shoulder.

Horatio stepped over to the table and laid his revolver upon it; stepped back to the wall and turned on the electric lights. Then he said quietly:

"Did I hit you?"

"I guess so; my shoulder hurts," Benny replied dully.

"Let's see," said Horatio, very grave.

With his left hand he helped Benny remove the sheepskin coat. As it slipped from the hurt shoulder something fell to the floor with a light sound. The ragged undercoat was removed, revealing a spreading crimson stain on the left shirtsleeve near the shoulder. Horatio hooked his fingers into the tear and ripped the sleeve open. A raw, bleeding little furrow appeared in the fat of the upper arm.

"It's only a flesh wound," said the father after a swift examination. "I'll wash it. Sit down here."

Very grave and businesslike, he paddled into the kitchen and presently returned with a basin of water and several clean cloths. Then Benny noticed that he had wound a cloth round his own right hand and a splotch of blood showed on the cloth.

Horatio was not thinking much about that or about Benny's flesh wound. His foundations were loosened; he was shaken to the base as he had never been shaken before—as though a tremendous figure, springing suddenly up in his workaday path, had brushed him with its wings. He had come within a hair's breadth of killing his own son. His mind felt a sort of suffocation as silently he washed Benny's wound.

The son suffered it passively; but his eye often caught the white band with a red splotch on his father's right hand.

"Did it hurt you, father?" the son presently asked timidly.

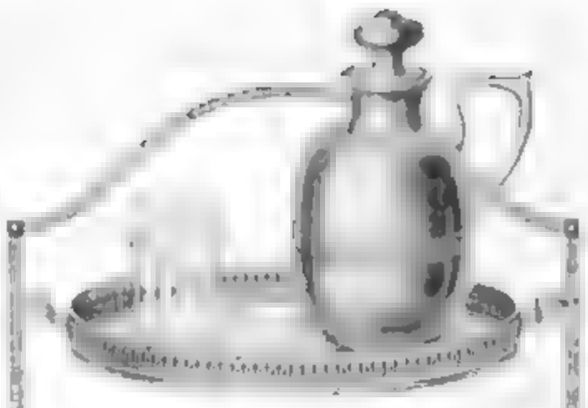
"The pistol burst," Horatio replied.

He got a fresh basin of water and removed the hastily wound cloth from his hand. A ragged tear appeared in the thick flesh between the thumb and forefinger. He stuck it in the water, laving it, and looked at it again. Then he remarked:

"We ought to have some carbolic acid."

In his tennis-flannel nightgown, barefooted, his hair awry, he paddled into the

(Concluded on Page 31)



No. 66 Bedroom Set—$7.50
Other sets up to $14.00

TRADE HOTAKOLD MARK

This Trade Mark is Found On a Complete Line of Vacuum Vessels

The first Hotakold bottle was viewed with wonder. People found it difficult to understand how it would keep liquids hot 24 to 36 hours or cold 48 to 72 hours! They looked—then bought, because of its unusual convenience.

The principle is simple enough. And it is the same today as then. But the Hotakold line *today* is *unusual* because unusual thought has been given to design and construction which has produced not only Hotakold bottles in several designs, but also Hotakold carafes (the first of their kind), jugs, ice jars, food jars, lunch sets, etc. This is why Hotakold vessels, today, offer to every class of users all that could be desired in style, utility, sturdiness and attractiveness.

Those who appreciate color harmony will be delighted with Hotakold carafes, which are attractively finished in enamels of various colors to match room furnishings.

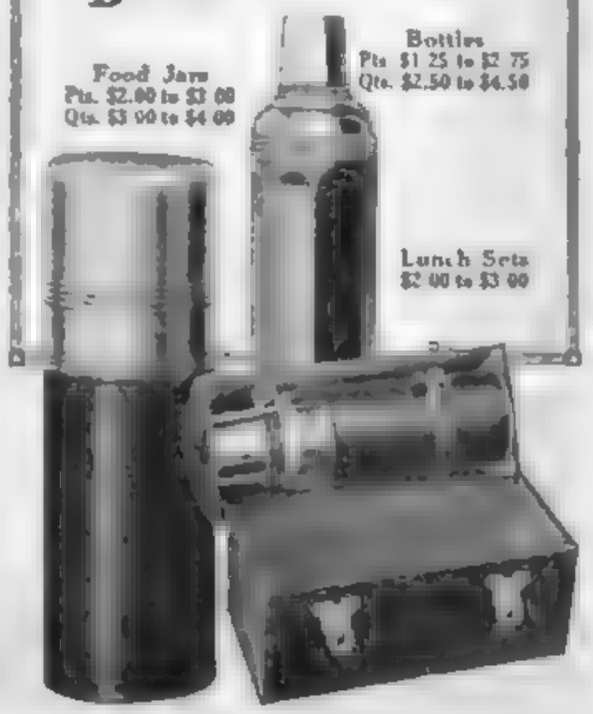
Combinations of Hotakold jugs and carafes with neatly designed trays and glasses make very attractive additions to equipment for household comfort, and they are quite in fashion for the serving of light refreshments or for guest-room use. For gifts they are decidedly distinctive.

Hotakold vessels are sold by hardware, housefurnishing and jewelry stores. Remember the name. Write to us for Booklet No. 22K.

VACUUM SPECIALTY CO.
Meriden, Conn.

TRADE HOTAKOLD MARK

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO. *Distributors*



Your HUDSON SUPER-SIX Will Advance $175

You who now own a Super-Six will gain in the increase—no change in models

Your Super-Six will be worth more next year. And those who buy then must pay $175 more. When cars under way are completed, we must add to the price the added cost of materials. Price advances December 1st.

This is another unexpected attraction in the Hudson Super-Six.

The usual car, the first season, depreciates some 30 per cent. In addition to that, on later models makers often reduced the price. So the one-year drop in value averaged 40 per cent or more.

The Super-Six motor—almost without friction—hardly depreciates at all. And that's the chief part of a car.

The Super-Six price will advance with materials, for we never shall lessen our standards. So December 1st, when materials on hand are exhausted, the price will advance $175. And you who own the Super-Six will share that added value.

No Pretensions

That very announcement will reveal the strength of the Hudson position. Most weaker cars, we believe, will not dare to advance. Some way will be found to avoid it.

But the Hudson Company, on its Super-Six, will never make pretensions.

Hudson profits, considering our size and output, are very small indeed. They have always been so, and all insiders know it. Our very balance-sheet proves that our margins are minimum.

On December 1st, we start using materials bought under this year's contracts. Prices on all of them have advanced enormously.

On a Hudson-grade car makers can lessen the quality without making the difference apparent at once. But that would be treason to Hudson standards.

So we do—and do frankly—what is obviously necessary. We add the extra cost of materials.

No Advance on Sold Cars

You who have already ordered—either open or enclosed Super-Sixes—will get delivery at the price agreed—up to December 1st.

And many Hudson dealers, probably, have some cars yet to sell of our present production. We have 3500 cars under way, all of which will be sold at present prices.

If you can get one, get it. Buying now will save you $175. And the present model will not be changed, unless in some minor refinements.

Another World Record

The Super-Six, as you know, now holds all worthwhile records. We made these tests to prove stability and endurance. It was to show that the Super-Six would meet any road burden, regardless of its severity, without failure. And in no test entered has it failed to best every previous record. These include all the world's stock touring car records up to 100 miles. They include the 24-hour record of 1819 miles, where we broke the stock car record by 52 per cent.

They include the Pike's Peak hill-climb—the world's greatest event of its kind. The Super-Six won over 20 competitors.

Now we add the ocean-to-ocean record—from San Francisco to New York. The most sought-for record in America. That trip was made by a Super-Six in 5 days, 3 hours and 31 minutes—beating the record by 15 hours.

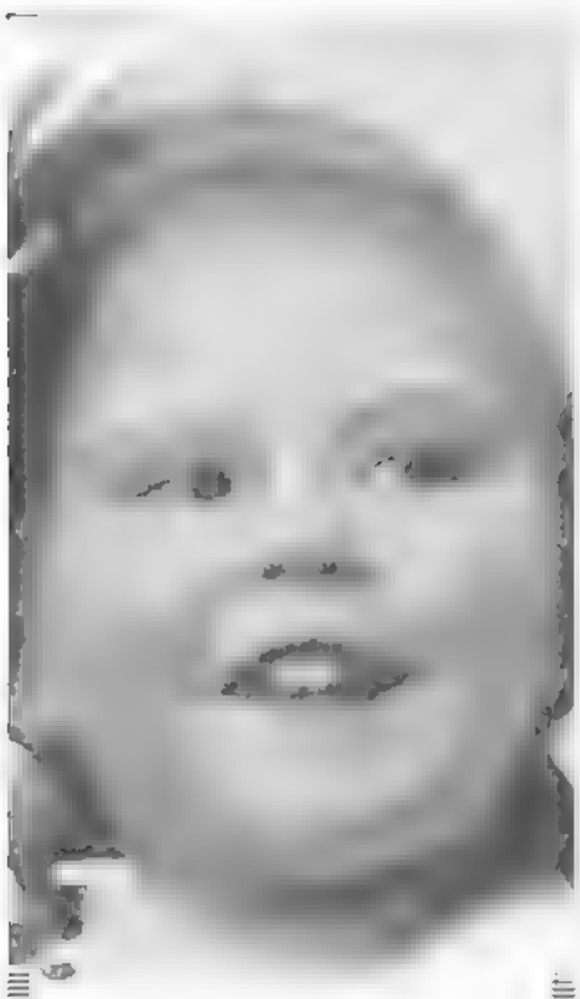
And that same car turned around at New York and went back to San Francisco in faster time than any other car ever made the ocean-to-ocean trip. It was the first car ever to make a round trip across the continent against time. The time for the round trip was 10 days, 21 hours, 3 minutes. That was only 2½ days longer than the best one-way time made by a famous eight.

So the Hudson Super-Six today stands supreme. And there is no probability that a rival can match it, because we own the patents that make such endurance possible.

These are all-important facts.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1475	Touring Sedan	$2000	Town Car	$2750
Roadster, 2-passenger	1475	Limousine	2750	Town Car Landaulet	2850
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1775	*(Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	2850

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



"We use Pebeco in our family—

and *everybody* in our family has fine, white teeth. I *like* Pebeco and I know it's just as good as can be for my teeth."

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

is good for everybody's teeth—old and young.

If you start using Pebeco in time, you probably will keep your teeth sound and white for life. That's a mighty comforting thought, isn't it? And it's true — because Pebeco helps ward off "Acid-Mouth," which is the worst foe to good teeth—the estimated cause of 95% of all tooth decay.

Nine out of every ten persons are said to have "Acid-Mouth." Is it likely that you and all your family can escape this menace to sound teeth?

Send for FREE Ten-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco and Acid Test Papers

The Test Papers will show how many in your home have "Acid-Mouth," and how Pebeco counteracts it. The Ten-Day Trial Tube will show you how a real dentifrice acts. Pebeco has a fresh, keen taste, and cleanses and whitens teeth beautifully. Pebeco is sold everywhere in extra-large size tubes.

Manufactured by
LEHN & FINK
Manufacturing Chemists
122 William St., New York City
Canadian Office: Unity Bldg., Montreal

"OUR SIGN IS OUR BOND"

(Concluded from Page 29)

bathroom and searched the medicine chest. There were a dozen bottles of lotions to improve one's complexion and make one's hands soft; there were bottles of scented water, jars of face cream. But there was no carbolic acid. Horatio smiled a little—grimly—as he gave it up. He applied fresh water again to Benny's shoulder and to his own hand, then bound both with clean cloths.

In the latter operation he stepped on something that hurt his foot, stooped and picked from the floor the object that had fallen out of the sleeve of the sheepskin coat. It was a common screw. He examined it curiously for a moment, then went over and examined the revolver, which had burst. He was puzzled.

"Somebody must have driven a screw into the muzzle of the gun," he commented.

Another solution occurred to Benny.

"Maybe mother did," he murmured.

That was true. Mrs. Bingham knew the weapon lay in the bureau drawer. She had been terrified by an idea that some night when her son crawled through the kitchen window his father might hear him and shoot. So she had driven a screw into the muzzle of the revolver, with the belief that thereby she rendered it quite harmless.

"Your mother?" Horatio repeated, as much puzzled as before.

"I've come into the house before, father—to get something to eat," Benny said with downcast eyes.

Horatio was astonished. He did not doubt the statement, yet almost mechanically looked over to the sideboard, where two rolls of red-flannel cloth containing solid silverware lay just as Benny had taken them from the drawer. Benny was aware of the look and of the thought it implied. He strove for the power of expression, which always eluded him:

"I wish you'd killed me! . . . Why didn't you kill me, father? I'm no good. I can't work right. . . . You don't believe it, but I tried to in school. . . . I've tried hundreds of times. I wanted to be a credit to you. . . . I can't make myself stick to it. . . . Father, my brain ain't right. I've known that a long time. When I was a kid you used to talk to me and try to teach me; but I didn't know then. . . . I used to think I'd tell you about it and see if you couldn't help me; but I was afraid to."

Slowly Horatio put a hand up to his throat, as though something choked him. His steady eyes had grown wider. They seemed to see not only the bowed figure of his son but things far beyond. Then abruptly they blurred, so that even Benny's figure appeared vaguely in a mist. Even then there was a picture in his mind of a chubby little boy holding his hand and looking up into his face. That little boy had been cursed with a crooked brain. All these busy years he had never really thought of that. For a long minute the room was perfectly still, except for Benny's muffled sobs.

A powerful shudder moved Horatio's flesh. He drew the unwounded hand over his eyes and spoke quietly, but in a husky voice:

"Well, go up to your old room and go to bed, Benny. We will talk this thing over and see what's best to be done. You are my son. I shall stand by you."

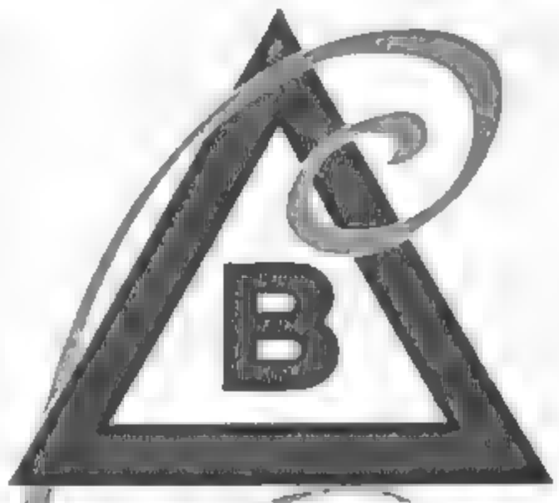
The wounded hand pained him somewhat the following day, but he gave it little attention that day or the next. Then he went to Doctor Borrow with the story about a rusty nail. Doctor Borrow cauterized the wound with professional optimism.

On the fourth day Horatio made a new will and gave careful directions about various business matters. That left him much time for reflection. He wasted none of it on vain reproaches or regrets. His wife had connived at Benny's burglarious entrances and driven a screw into the muzzle of the pistol, which made it burst; she had stocked the house with scents and lotions, but no carbolic acid. But he had no reproaches. For twenty years he had, so far as possible, canceled her out of his life. He had, so far as possible, canceled his incapable son out of his life.

He called in his wife and son that evening.

"I haven't taken care of you as well as I should," he said. "We haven't known one another as people bound together as we are ought to. For the harm I've done you I ask you to forgive me."

Then, collected and unfaltering, with all the old habitual efficiency, he gave himself over to the business of dying.



The Mark That is Fifty Years Deep

For a period of more than half a hundred years the firm of Billings & Spencer has been engaged in manufacturing tools, drop hammers and drop forged parts of every description. Each product that has left the shop has been stamped with the triangle mark B Today wherever it appears this mark has come to be recognized as assurance of the highest manufacturing standards.

It is significant that men who are in a position to judge the quality of such work, whether they are purchasing automobile parts, a drop hammer, or a wrench, look for this famous trademark B of

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO. B
HARTFORD, CONN. U.S.A.

Remember this— Corns are Needless

IT'S a pity to suffer corns. Millions of people don't. If a corn appears, they put a Blue-jay on it.

Never a pain after that. In 48 hours the corn disappears, and forever.

Why don't you let Blue-jay prove that?

The way is easy, gentle, quick. It is scientific, and results are inevitable.

One Blue-jay is sufficient on 91 per cent of all corns. On old, stubborn corns simply use another.

Why pare corns and keep them? Why use harsh methods and risk soreness? Or ways that don't end corns?

Apply a Blue-jay and you know the corn will end. Never again will it bother. That is proved a million times a month.

Corns are inexcusable today.

15 and 25 cents At Druggists' — BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. — Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Rinex Soles

THERE'S a pleasant reflection in the knowledge that your shoes, soled with RINEX, are going to last so much longer than if they were soled with leather. Particularly in the matter of the children's school-shoes; for growing youngsters are no respecters of shoe-leather.

And then, the *extra values* derived from RINEXED shoes—flexibility, resilience, greater comfort—make it urgent that you give more than passing notice. The further fact that RINEX Soles are the approved production of the world's largest rubber manufacturer merits your serious consideration.

RINEX Soles differ radically from both rubber and leather. The next time you buy shoes, whether men's, women's or children's, tell the shoe-man you want a pair with RINEX Soles. If he hasn't got them this time, ask him to have them for you next time you come to buy shoes.

RINEX Soles come in black, white and tan, for the entire family

United States Rubber Company

Sole and Heel Department

1790 Broadway, New York City

60 High Street, Boston, Mass.

"One after another—

"That's the way I smoke now. And my system never feels a flicker. No more heavy cigars for me—my nerves and digestion thank me every day for switching to Girards."

Many a man's story runs like that.

The Girard cigar puts no penalty on the pleasure of smoking it. It brings you the complete satisfaction of full flavor, plenty of "body"—and no after-effect except a pleasant memory.

The Girard Cigar

Never gets on your nerves

There's reason in the fact that thousands on thousands of smokers are Girard "regulars"—and in the fact that doctors recommend it. Light one Girard on the stub of another—nerves and digestion register no "kick." And the last smoke at night tastes as good as the first in the morning.

The "Broker" actual size, 10c

If you could see the Girard made you'd say—"No wonder it's a better smoke, and so much better *for* you." The tobacco is grown in the rich *Vuelta Abajo* district of Cuba—*real* Havana. Then comes mellowing—natural mellowing by age, and age alone. And then the exclusive Girard process of blending and finishing "the perfect smoke."

Try it today. Girard dealers are everywhere. Ask any of them about the Girard, and he'll tell you truthfully it's a big cigar value. If your own dealer doesn't sell Girards, just ask him to get them for you. He can do it with no risk to himself.

We take back any part of the dealer's purchase, and he will do the same for you.

14 sizes
10c and up

There's no day like today for your first Girard.

Dealers—
A word with you

If you are not handling Girard cigars we can show you *to your own satisfaction* where you have a real opportunity. It will pay you to write us for details. Write today.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

THE TRAIL OF THE AVERAGE MAN

(Continued from Page 11)

Leaving out of consideration a man's personal prominence and the job he holds, his drawing power varies according to his city. If he is a local man he will not excite the interest he would if he were from out of town. And if he comes from New York, everything else being the same, he is eight per cent more of an attraction than as if he came from Chicago. In the long run, an unknown speaker's pulling power is in almost direct ratio to the size of the city from which he comes. An announcement that John Smith is coming from Toledo, Ohio, is taken more seriously than a similar announcement about John Smith, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. No one ever heard of either Smith, but Toledo is larger, and men think, therefore, that Smith from Toledo must be better qualified to discuss whatever it is he is going to discuss.

Two speakers will usually attract a bigger audience of business men than only one, but three will not attract as many as two. It is impossible to pick one man who will appeal to everybody, but when there are two speakers there is a chance that a much larger number will want to hear one or the other. Three scares a certain number of persons away, because they fear one or all three speakers may talk too long. It is human to nurture a horror of being bored. Cross learned that though two is the ideal number of speakers for a business-men's gathering, three speakers are almost exactly the same as one in drawing power. And if you have more than three the drawing power is in inverse ratio to the number. Not quite so many will come to hear four men talk as to hear three, and the audience will be smaller for every speaker added, until, if you have enough speakers, there will not be any audience at all.

Now Cross kept these figures and worked out his charts, and proved them up in the course of several years, just as a sort of hobby, because it amused and interested him. But after he saw what could be done, he realized that there were great possibilities in applying statistics of human impulses to business. The chances are that if one had an itemized record of the past to work from, one could tell just how many people would buy shoes each week of the year at a store in a certain location, with a certain kind of goods, salesmen and advertising. Chain cigar stores, several different chains of five-and-ten-cent stores, chain drug stores and even chain hat stores have been successful in consequence of knowing with reasonable accuracy just what they could do, in advance of doing it.

Cross associated himself with a number of Cleveland business men, and they set about making an elaborate investigation of the candy and soda-water business and its relation to foot traffic, with a view to establishing eventually a chain of candy and soda-water stores. In order to do this they had to collect a vast amount of facts about foot traffic itself. And the things they found out about the candy and soda business are probably typical of what such an investigation might disclose regarding almost any line of retail business. The investigation dealt with the traffic of nearly eight million people in a score of cities ranging in population from twenty thousand to seven hundred and fifty thousand.

The Crowded Side of the Street

They found, just as the five-and-ten-cent stores and other chain-store people have found, that the south side of east and west streets and the west side of north and south streets, or, in other words, the side of the street that is shady most of the day, gets the greater amount of pedestrian traffic. There are, of course, occasional exceptions to this, due to some unusual condition; but the shady side of the street, generally speaking, is the busy side. And it is the busy side not only in summer, when people seek the shade to escape from the heat, but in winter, when the sunlight might feel altogether acceptable. The reason is that the shade in winter tends to prevent thawing, and that side is, therefore, less slushy. It is the dry side. This would not apply, obviously, to localities where there is no snowfall.

As a general proposition the traffic on the shady side of the street will average up twenty-four per cent ahead of that of the sunny side. If you have a store on the shady side of the street in Hicksville, or New York, the chances are that twenty-four per cent more people walk by your place each day than pass the stores right across the way. No matter what hour of the day you make a count of the traffic, the one side in an average location is just twenty-four per cent ahead of the other. As the traffic increases at the busier hours on the shady side, it makes a corresponding increase on the sunny side.

Pedestrian traffic shows a steady rate of increase from the time it starts in the dim, early hours of the morning until exactly twelve-thirty, at which time there are more people on the sidewalk than at any other minute of the whole day, except during the homeward rush between five and six o'clock in the evening. From twelve-thirty traffic falls until about three-thirty, after which it has another steady rise—increased somewhat suddenly when the theater matinée crowds are poured out—until the homing crowd is unleashed at the close of the day.

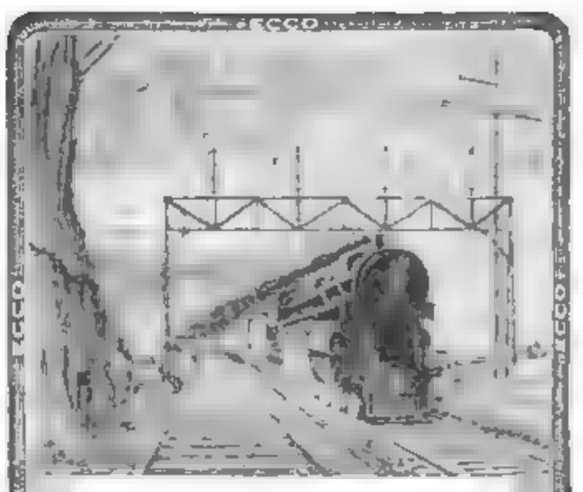
The Shopping Hours

Although the crowd is greatest at twelve-thirty and smallest in the afternoon at three-thirty, the percentage of people entering stores is much higher at three-thirty than at twelve-thirty. To be exact, the percentage of shoppers is lowest at twelve o'clock and highest at three. The reason for this variable percentage of shoppers is not difficult to find. At noon, when the traffic is the greatest, the majority of people on the street are there because it is the lunch hour. Any shopping they do is incidental to going out for a bite to eat. But at three o'clock in the afternoon the main thing that brings people to the street is the desire to look about the stores. A great many of those who were abroad at the noon hour are now toiling, toiling in order that their wives and others may go forth and spend the fruits of their labor. Naturally, inasmuch as shopping is the reason for the greater part of the traffic at a certain hour, the ratio of shoppers to the total traffic then is exceptionally high.

Between eight and nine in the morning and from five to six in the evening there is a high peak of traffic on downtown cross-streets leading to main thoroughfares. If you were to count on the ordinary percentage of shoppers from this traffic for those hours, you would go wrong, for the number of shoppers is astonishingly low. The traffic on these cross-streets at the hours mentioned consists largely of persons going to and from the street-car lines on the main thoroughfares. A person leaving his office for home at night, or going to it in the morning, is usually in more or less of a rush, and, therefore, not in a mood to stop and make purchases in stores he passes.

While the traffic on the shady side of the street is usually twenty-four per cent more than on the sunny side, an exceptional condition may upset this average. For example, if most of a city lies to one side of a principal thoroughfare, as often happens in the case of a lake or seacoast town, that side of the main artery will get more than its normal share of the traffic. People are less easily enticed across a street in some towns than in others. Boston, for instance, is a conservative city, and its populace is inclined to be considerably bound by habit—to do whatever it always has done. There is a street in Boston, leading to one of the railway stations, that is often so crowded on one side as to be almost impassable, and the other side is well-nigh deserted. A person walking along there could cross over to the quiet side and proceed twice as rapidly. One could save not only a good deal of time by crossing over, but also the annoyance of being jostled and shoved about. Yet so great is the force of habit that few cross the street in order to avoid the crowd.

In other cities habit has led people to cross certain street intersections diagonally. Just why the crowd should cut corners at one place and not at another seems to have no good explanation other than that it has become customary for people to do it just the way they do. An example of this corner cutting is to be found in the city of Youngstown, Ohio, where there is a certain busy



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A Vital Part of Railway Equipment

Every hour of the day and night thousands of human lives and millions of dollars' worth of railway equipment are safeguarded by the signal systems of the railroads.

Without safety signals trains could not be operated on time or at a high rate of speed.

Leading railroads of the United States are using thousands of miles of

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Insulated Wire

In all kinds of weather, under the most exacting conditions, ECCO Wire carries the current which operates the safety signals.

The same infinite care which produces ECCO Signal Wire is used in the manufacture of ECCO Wire for homes and buildings. Signal engineers know which rubber covered wire is dependable, and house and building owners can safely trust such expert judgment to guide them in the purchase of house wire. "ECCO" is stamped every three feet on the outer braid—your protection. Every coil is tested and a certificate of test furnished upon request.

Remind your architect to specify ECCO and insist that it be used by your contractor. Booklets giving reasons and information will be sent upon request.

The Electric Cable Company
Makers of ECCO WIRE for every purpose where rubber insulated wire is used
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Everything You Need To Mend a Tire

THE BEAUTY of this Goodyear Tire Saver Kit is its completeness.

Everything you may want in a tire emergency is there—ready against the time you may need it.

Everything from a valve plunger to a pressure gauge; from tire tape to an outside protection patch.

You may seldom have to use this kit on the road.

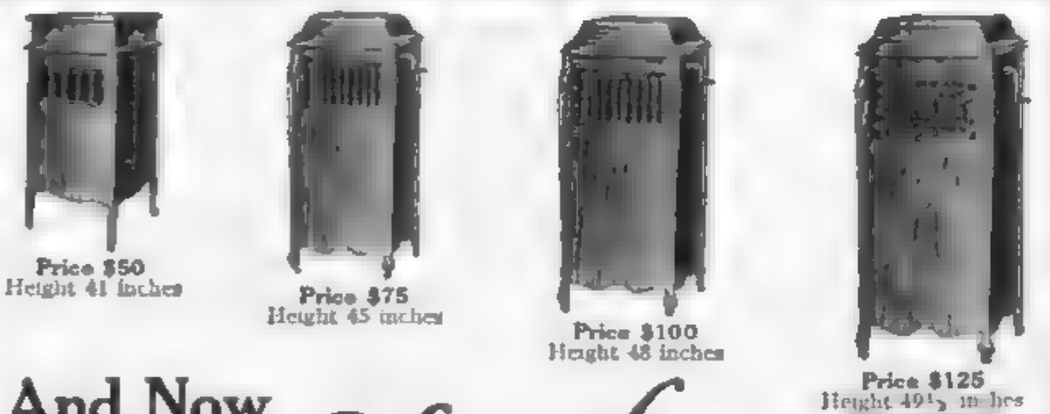
But it is a pleasant and a satisfying thought to know that you are prepared if trouble should come.

Many motorists carry this kit for the peace of mind it brings them—just as they carry accident insurance or fire insurance.

Get a Goodyear Tire Saver Kit from any Goodyear Service Station Dealer, or when you next stop for gasoline.

For 3 and 3½-inch tires, $3.50; for 4 and 4½-inch tires, $3.75; for 5 and 5½-inch tires, $4.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio



And Now Comes the *New* Playerphone

The QUALITY TALKING MACHINE

The Talking Machine You Have Long Looked For

For a long time you have wanted a fine cabinet talking machine that played *all makes of disc records without change of equipment.* The Playerphone does this—it is one of the first talking machines ever advertised in The Saturday Evening Post that has this excellent, economical feature.

We believe the Playerphone is the best talking machine made. It incorporates *all* of the latest improvements for tone quality and convenience of operation, such as automatic stop, etc. Each one of the six sizes is beautifully built and finished in heavy, five-ply mahogany or oak. The two larger sizes are equipped with electric motors at a small extra price. You will surely want a Playerphone if you see one or hear the beauty and naturalness of its tone. See your dealer about it today. Please write us if there is none near you.

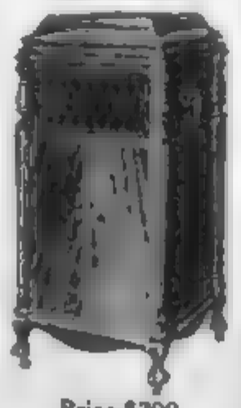
Great Opportunities for Retail Merchants For Fall and Christmas Trade

Drug Stores, Furniture Stores, Music Stores, Department Stores, Jewelry Stores, Hardware Stores, etc., can handle Playerphones to their advantage and profit. One demonstration usually closes the sale and our easy payment plan [illegible] to give you a chance to make [illegible] without risk of tying up your money. Write or wire us at once for terms and particulars.

Notice to Jobbers—A few good districts still open.

The Playerphone Talking Machine Co.
21 and 23 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Price $175
Height 54 inches
Gold Finished



Price $200
Height 53 inches
Gold Finished

We compare these Playerphones size for size with instruments selling at from $75 to $400.

The Playerphone Talking Machine Co.
21 and 23 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send full particulars and terms on the Playerphone

Name _____

Business _____

Address _____ (26)

street intersection that nobody ever seems to think of crossing at right angles. A number of cities have so-called "jaywalker" ordinances to prevent pedestrians from crossing streets diagonally because of the danger from automobile traffic. It is entirely conceivable that such an ordinance might force enough additional foot traffic by a building to make a big increase in its ground floor renting value, and add thousands of dollars to the building's worth.

In a small village nearly the entire population of the place passes its busiest corner—or its nearest approach to a busy corner—each day. A smaller and smaller percentage of the population can pass the busiest location as the town grows larger. For instance, so I am assured by the experts, in a city of forty thousand only about eight thousand persons, or twenty per cent, will pass the busiest spot.

It will be only six per cent in a city of six hundred thousand, and in New York it is barely two per cent.

In picking a location for a cigar store, a candy store or in fact almost any kind of retail establishment, the amount of the pedestrian traffic is only one of a great many items to be considered. For example, if a cigar store were located where the people passing were mostly women, it would not do so well as if it were located in a quieter locality but with the traffic made up entirely of men. A candy and soda store in a small city where three thousand people pass its doors each day will do more business than if it were located where three thousand people pass in a large city. And, all other conditions being equal, it will do still better with exactly the same amount of traffic in the suburbs of a large city. It may be set down as a rule that the smaller the town or suburban place, the greater the percentage of passers-by will enter the store. For some reason, a man strolling along a street in a small town or in the suburbs is much more disposed to pause and buy candy or soda water than he would be were he walking through the heart of a great, thriving city. Perhaps it is because in the quieter locality unless he eats candy there is not much else for him to do.

Shops Near the Movies

A candy store and soda fountain next to a five-and-ten-cent store will have more trade than if in an otherwise equally good location next to a piano store. And if it is next to a moving-picture theater in the suburbs, with all other conditions advantageous, it is in the best place of all. It is to be noted that a great many candy and soda stores are moving into rooms next to the moving-picture places. The movies have hurt the sale of the cheaper candies somewhat, because the youngsters who formerly saved their pennies for candy now spend them to see the pictures. But when a young man takes his sweetheart to a movie show, he is quite likely to escort her gently but firmly to a candy and soda establishment afterward and let her order whatever she likes. He realizes that the evening's entertainment has been a great deal less costly than as if he had gone to a regular theater, and he feels as if he ought to do something else just to show a proper appreciation of her agreeable society, and to demonstrate that the mere item of expense is to him a thing of scant consequence.

Another item to be considered is the fact that many happy young couples quietly munch candy while witnessing the events on the screen.

Such a proceeding might excite unfavorable comment in a well lighted, high priced theater, but in the darkened home of the silent drama it can be done and still leave one's social status intact.

This influence of the moving pictures on candy and soda sales is slight, however, in downtown locations. The person who comes out of a picture theater in the heart of a city is not at all in the same mood as the person who comes out of one in the city's suburbs, or in a quiet little county-seat town.

Having learned all the conditions that affect the candy and soda business—and this might be equally true of similar retail business—it is said to be possible to predict within one-tenth of one per cent the relation between traffic and buyers. In other words, if one had all the necessary information at hand, one could foretell how many buyers would enter a store in a given location, and not miss it more than one person for every thousand. It does not follow, understand, that because so many people out of a thousand enter a store one day the percentage would be the same the next day. Conditions would have changed. The day of the week would be different, and doubtless there would be a slightly different temperature. Every little item affecting people's tendency to buy must be taken into reckoning.

More candy and soda water are sold at three o'clock in the afternoon than at any other time of the day. The next best hour is about eight o'clock in the evening. But eight per cent more candy and soda are sold at three o'clock than at eight.

Sales of Soda and Candy

Only about one-half the force necessary to handle the afternoon business is required at a candy and soda place in the forenoon. Except at stores where they serve noonday lunches along with the soda, the best forenoon hour is eleven o'clock. From then on the business keeps dropping until twelve. It climbs steadily from that time until three o'clock.

Five women buy soda water to every four men, making a man only four-fifths as good a soda prospect as a woman. On candy the two sexes average up about fifty-fifty. Women buy candy oftener than men, but men buy more at a time. The average candy purchase, so an investigation showed, is just a fraction short of twenty-five cents. This includes the expenditures of small boys who go in and get a stick of candy for a penny, and of adults who think almost nothing of dashing in and buying five pounds at a dollar a pound. All average up to about a quarter a purchase.

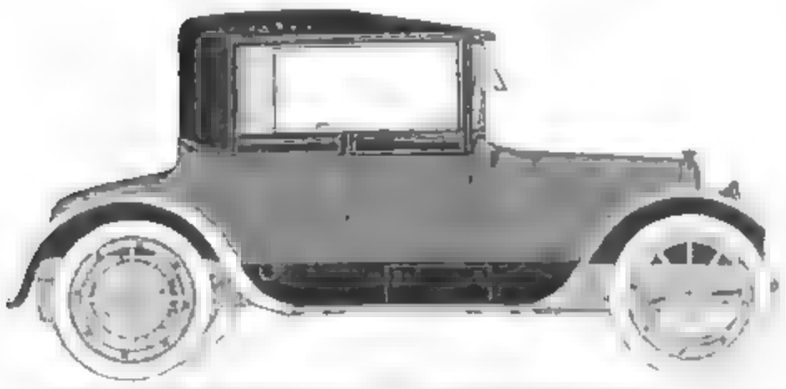
Candy sales mount up in winter because cold weather creates a demand for the heating effect of sugar. Hence the best place to do well with a candy store is in a cold climate. It is never too cold for the candy business. However, this does not mean that one might not sell more candy in New Orleans than in Fairbanks, Alaska. Climate is only one of many items. A candy manufacturer told me, though, that it is rather difficult to make a retail candy business pay south of Mason and Dixon's Line. When candy sales drop off in summer, soda sales show just about a corresponding increase. People naturally like cooling drinks on hot days. Yet there is such a thing as having the weather too hot. When the thermometer rises beyond a certain point—which point varies according to what people in the locality feel that they can endure—the total of soda sales will be less than if the temperature were not quite so high. This seems surprising, and yet the explanation is simple enough. The weather is so hot that nobody wants to make the exertion necessary to walk to the soda fountain. However, on an atrociously hot day, though the total sales of soda may be lower than usual, the number of sales compared with the amount of traffic on the street is exceptionally high, because a great many of the people who are on the street have gone out for the sole purpose of walking to a soft drink dispensary. From seventy-two to ninety degrees Fahrenheit seems to be the best for soda sales.

No two days of the week are quite alike for the sale of either candy or soda. The best day is Saturday, especially for candy, because people take it home for over Sunday. Monday is a good candy day, because many of those who did not lay in a supply for Sunday got hungry for it, wished they had, and determined to buy some the next time they were down in the business section. Any day of comparative idleness, such as Sunday, causes people to think of candy. They eat it not so much to appease their appetite as just for something to do. There is a certain restlessness that can be disposed of by munching candy or peanuts, or by whittling a stick. Country storekeepers have often noticed that among their loafers the habitual whittlers are less disposed to help themselves to dried apples.

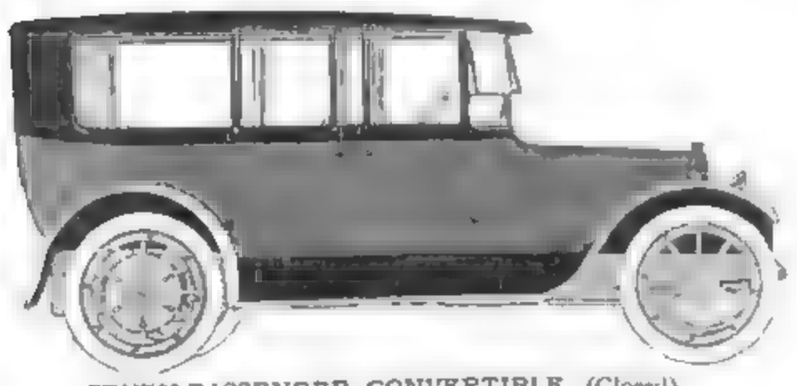
Cadillac
Standard of the World

SEVEN-PASSENGER CAR
Price, $2080.

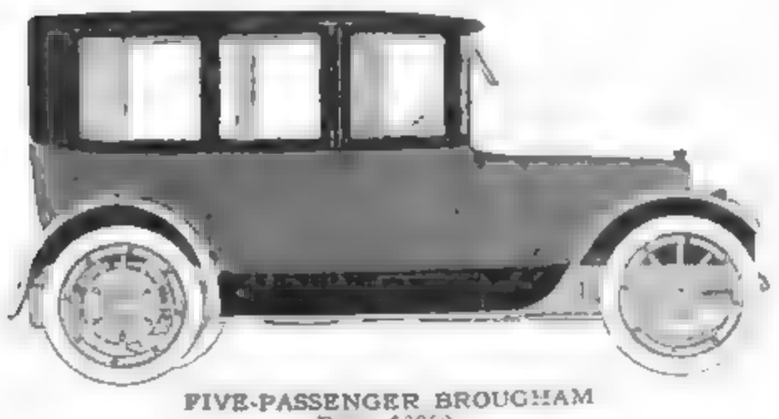
TWO PASSENGER ROADSTER
Price, $2080.



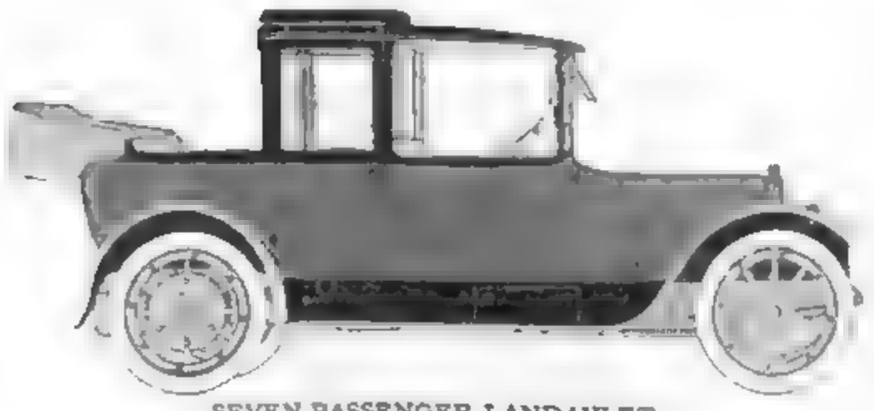
FOUR PASSENGER VICTORIA (CONVERTIBLE) (Open)
Price, $2550



SEVEN PASSENGER CONVERTIBLE (Closed)
Price, $2675.



FIVE-PASSENGER BROUGHAM
Price, $2950



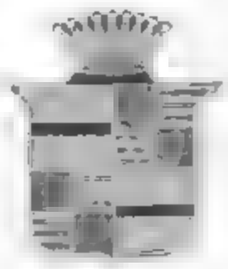
SEVEN-PASSENGER LANDAULET
Price, $3750.

CADILLAC ENGINEERS have provided a mechanism of matchless performance.

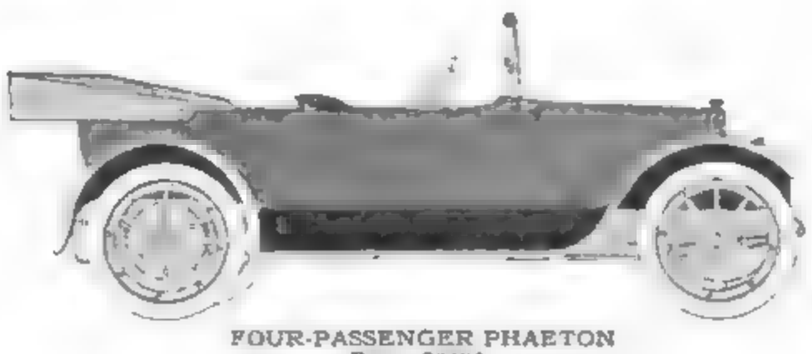
CADILLAC COACH builders have evolved body types of exquisite beauty.

NO MATTER WHAT your taste or your preference, it would be difficult for you to suggest to yourself a type or style of motor equipage which has not been anticipated in the Cadillac offerings.

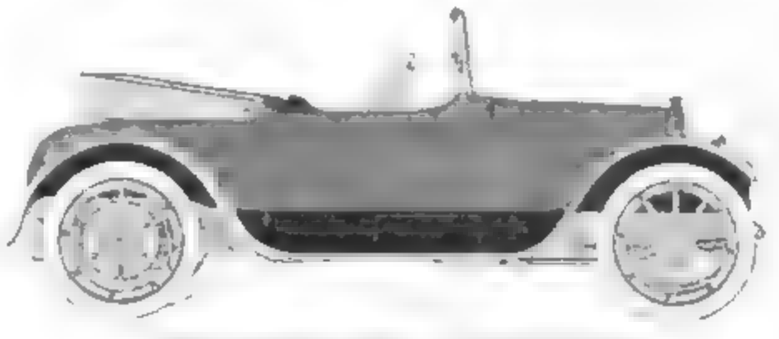
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO.
DETROIT, MICH.



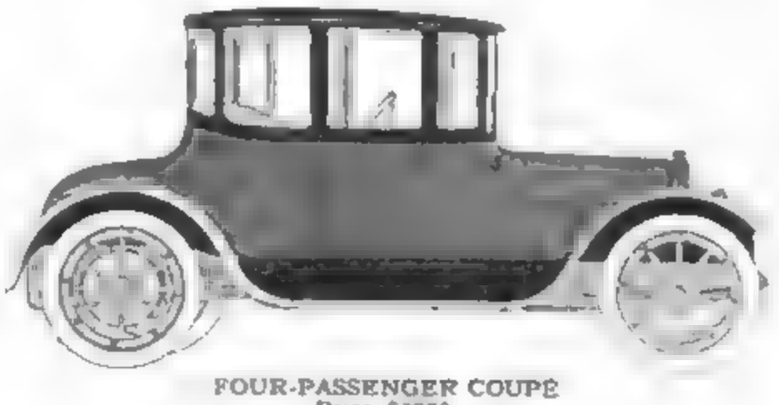
Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit.
Prices are subject to advance without notice.



FOUR-PASSENGER PHAETON
Price, $2080.



FOUR-PASSENGER CLUB ROADSTER
Price, $2080



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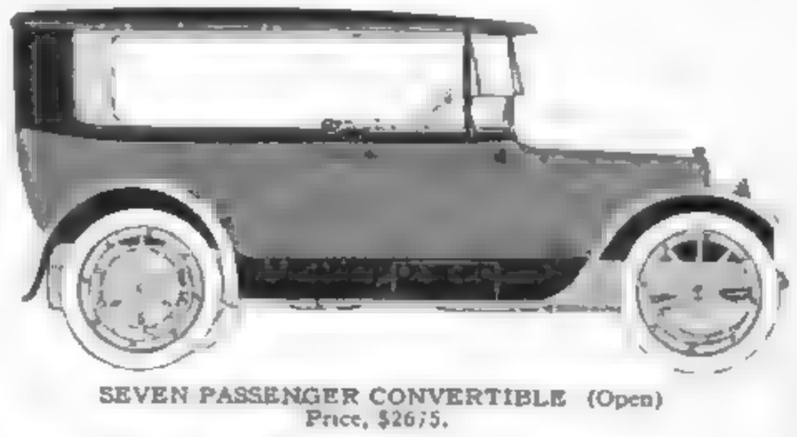
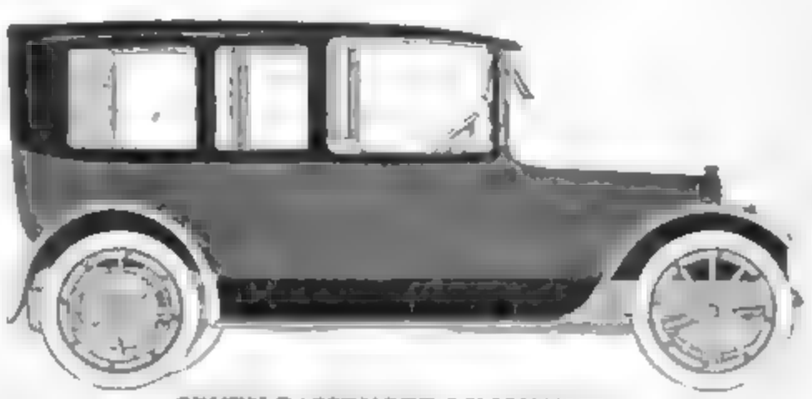
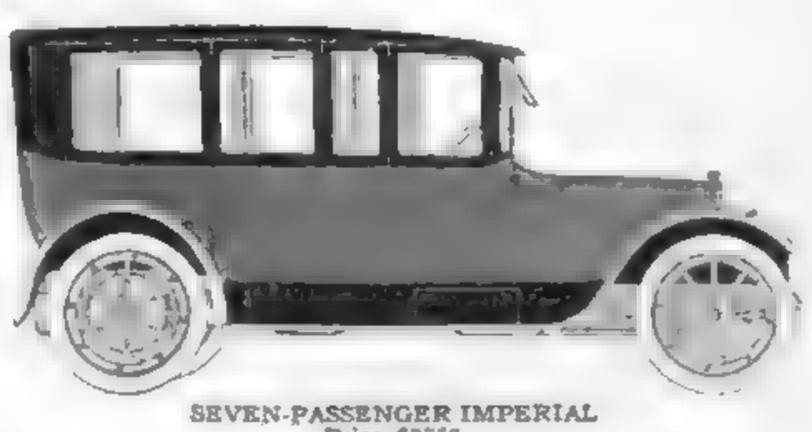


SEVEN PASSENGER CONVERTIBLE (Open)
Price, $2675.



SEVEN-PASSENGER LIMOUSINE
Price, $3600.



SEVEN-PASSENGER IMPERIAL
Price, $3750.

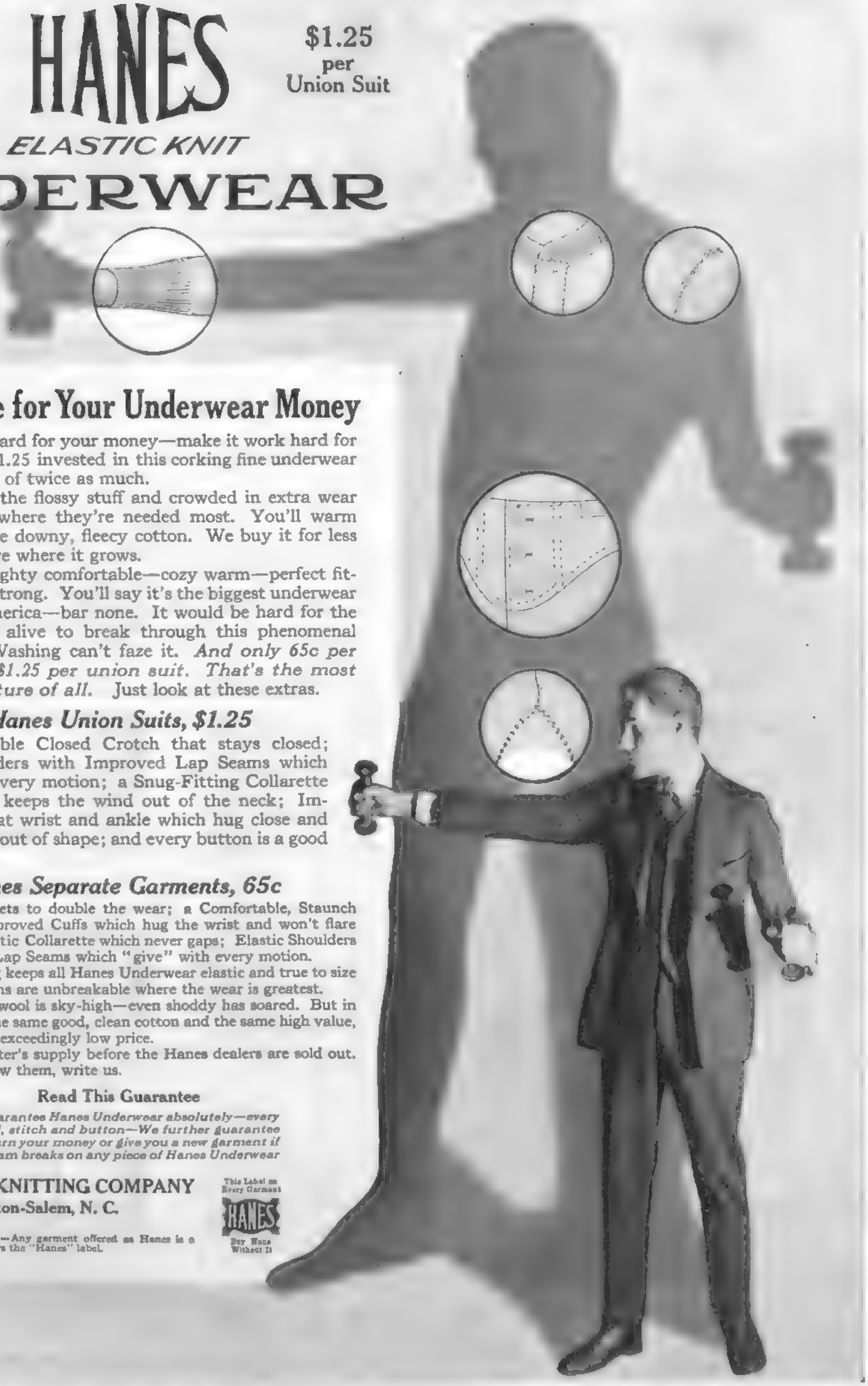
65c per Garment

HANES

$1.25 per Union Suit

ELASTIC KNIT

UNDERWEAR



Get More for Your Underwear Money

You work hard for your money—make it work hard for you. 65c or $1.25 invested in this corking fine underwear does the work of twice as much.

We left off the flossy stuff and crowded in extra wear and comfort where they're needed most. You'll warm right up to the downy, fleecy cotton. We buy it for less because we live where it grows.

Hanes is mighty comfortable—cozy warm—perfect fitting and bull strong. You'll say it's the biggest underwear bargain in America—bar none. It would be hard for the huskiest man alive to break through this phenomenal underwear. Washing can't faze it. *And only 65c per garment or $1.25 per union suit. That's the most amazing feature of all.* Just look at these extras.

Hanes Union Suits, $1.25

A comfortable Closed Crotch that stays closed; Elastic Shoulders with Improved Lap Seams which "give" with every motion; a Snug-Fitting Collarette which always keeps the wind out of the neck; Improved Cuffs at wrist and ankle which hug close and do not stretch out of shape; and every button is a good Pearl Button.

Hanes Separate Garments, 65c

Double Gussets to double the wear; a Comfortable, Staunch Waistband; Improved Cuffs which hug the wrist and won't flare out; a snug Elastic Collarette which never gaps; Elastic Shoulders with Improved Lap Seams which "give" with every motion.

Pre-shrinking keeps all Hanes Underwear elastic and true to size and shape. Seams are unbreakable where the wear is greatest.

The price of wool is sky-high—even shoddy has soared. But in Hanes you get the same good, clean cotton and the same high value, as always, at an exceedingly low price.

Lay in a winter's supply before the Hanes dealers are sold out. If you don't know them, write us.

Read This Guarantee

We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button—We further guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks on any piece of Hanes Underwear

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

This Label on Every Garment

HANES

Buy Hanes Without It

Warning to the Trade—Any garment offered as Hanes is a substitute unless it bears the "Hanes" label.

FIRE OR WATER?

(Continued from Page 10)

"Never mind me," said Edloe, mopping his brow. "You shouldn't judge by appearances, Pete. . . . Are we going to beat these Indians or not?"

"You ought to know. They're your pals."

"Why, yes," said Edloe, smiling like a fat cherub; "it does sort of look that way, doesn't it? But, no fooling, how does the game look?"

"Bad!" said I. "Parker has got 'em on his staff."

"Uh-huh!" said Edloe thoughtfully, shoving one of his buckets under the hydrant. "The Chief has got a lot of speed and all kinds of control. . . . Well, sometimes he gets wild; and when he's wild he's wilder than the woods. You never can tell. He might get wild to-day. . . . Remember me to the boys, won't you? And tell 'em not to judge by appearances."

"You're not very strong with the Jawbone contingent at the present writing," said I.

"Nevertheless," said he, "when poor ole Edloe comes marching home they'll build bonfires in his honor. You wait and see!"

"You're not over it yet, are you?"

And, with that, I left him at the hydrant and returned to the bench in time to see three more of our men pass out in order. It was the same old story—blinding speed and perfect control. The Chief was too much for 'em.

Joe Grass led off for the Centipedes in the last half of the sixth. He slammed the first ball pitched; Scat knocked it down, but couldn't field it, and Joe got credit for a single. Chief Parker was the next man up, and, though he was a weak hitter, Bummy pitched to him just as carefully as he did to any of the others. The Chief wanted to bunt, but he couldn't bunt a spitter to any great extent and was forced to swing at the third one. He missed it by something like a foot and started back for the bench. On the way he nearly collided with Edloe, who was staggering in from the side gate with his cargo of water—Edloe, who had been perfectly sober not five minutes before! The crowd laughed; Edloe apologized in dumb show and handed the Chief one of the buckets.

At this point I lost interest in the byplay, because Spotted Wolf, swinging hard on a third strike, poked a cheap little pop fly out into No Man's Land behind second base. It went for a single, but Sheep Lamb came sprinting in from center and held Joe Grass at second. Two on, one out and John Longbow at bat.

Bummy took a hitch at his belt and slipped a curve across the outside corner for a strike. Longbow did not offer at it. The next one was a spitter, and Longbow swung, but missed. The third ball broke sharply downward and Eaton yelled: "Batter's out!" It was a nervy bit of pitching, and I began to breathe again—but not for long. Shorty Bowes, the little dynamiter who hit one so hard in the first inning, reached out and clicked another—a liner over Beef's head into right field. When the dust had settled two runs were home, Shorty was resting on third base, Jimmy Edwards was performing a wild cancan in front of the Centipede bench, and the Steptoe people were doing their best to jump the floor out of the grand stand.

I looked across to see how the Chief was celebrating his two-run advantage. He was drinking out of the water bucket as if nothing had happened—a picture of Indian stoicism. Henry Blacktooth ended the agony by fouling out to Littlebill, and our disheartened athletes came trooping in, crabbing at each other and picking on poor Bummy. The thousand-dollar side bet was receding to the vanishing point, and Ricky didn't have a word to say to anybody. He was all humped over with the weight of woe.

Chief Parker took one more long drink out of the bucket, and the seventh inning opened with speed, and yet more speed. At that moment I would have sold my right, title and interest in the side bet and the gate receipts for thirty cents, Mexican money.

Neither side scored in the seventh, but in the eighth hope fluttered for a few minutes. The Chief mowed down the first two men, which brought Tod Goodwin to the bat. Tod isn't much of a hitter, but he has always been a patient waiter.

The first ball the Chief pitched to him was too high—at least, Eaton thought so. Parker thought not, and argued the point. The next ball was higher still, and came with such terrific force that it nearly lifted Joe Grass off his feet. This was Tod's cue to begin talking to Parker.

"It takes a game man to stick nine innings, Chief! That's why they kicked you out of the Coast League!"

The Chief answered with a retort weighing exactly five and a quarter ounces, and if Tod hadn't jerked his head out of the way the ball would have knocked his chin off.

"You hit him once, you get a cigar! Hit him twice, you get two cigars! Hit him three times, you get a dollar!" he yelled. "Try it again, Chief!"

The ball that walked Goodwin came so fast that Joe Grass shook his head at his battery mate and signed him to ease up a bit. Sheep Lamb was next—another mediocre hitter at the tail end of the batting order. Sheep didn't have much time to talk to Parker; he was too busy dodging the wild ones. The Chief managed to get one strike across; the rest were balls.

This put it up to Bummy, a fairly good hitter, for a pitcher. Parker came within an ace of heaving the first ball away entirely, and Joe Grass and High Mountain went out into the middle of the diamond and reasoned with him. The Chief seemed angered by their interference with his business, but what they said had some effect, because he cut out the speed temporarily and switched to a curve ball. With a count of three and two, Bummy grew too anxious and took a cut at the last one—a foot outside the plate. He missed it, and gloom settled down on our bench once more.

The Chief was up again in their half of the eighth, evidently bent on knocking the stitches off the ball. He took three terrific Moriarities at slow ones, and every time he missed we could hear him grunt, away over on our bench. Then he had to have more water, of course.

"Aha!" said a voice at my elbow. "That ought to do the work, and—I think I will be going away from here shortly."

It was Edloe James—Edloe with his hair smoothed back, his collar buttoned, and all traces of insobriety marvelously obliterated. He actually had the air of a man who expects to be commended for something.

"Yes," repeated Edloe as he watched the Chief tip the bucket at an acute angle; "I think I will be going away from here while I am all in one piece."

At this point Ricky woke up and began to reproach Edloe bitterly.

"And you'd better beat it," he concluded, "before McGonigle comes in from the field."

"I'm on my way," said Edloe; "but not because I'm afraid of little Mac. It's the Indians I'm scared of."

"The Indians! I thought you said they liked you."

"They may change their minds when they give the Chief's individual water pail the once-over. . . . It was beginning to take hold of him in the last inning; by now it ought to be biting like a serpent and stinging like an adder."

"For heaven's sake!" cried Ricky. "You don't mean to tell me that you—you ——"

"I handed the Chief a little pure mountain water in my own individual bucket," said Edloe solemnly. "Just a little pure mountain water, diluted with two quarts of the milk of the wild cow. You've no idea how wild the cows get in these temperance communities. The blinder the pig, the wilder the cow."

"My stars and garters!" ejaculated Ricky, nearly falling off the bench. "He drank it?"

"Well, no," said Edloe. "From where I sat it looked as if he poured it down. You should have seen the light of glad recognition dawning in his eyes when he hit it the first time. 'Does my palate deceive me?' says he to himself; and then he hit it again to make sure. He wanted to keep it all to himself, so he carried the bucket over to the far end of the bench and hid it under his sweater. . . . There he goes, after it again! . . . Yes; I think I'll take a change of venue before the Chief starts looking for the plate. Tell the boys to wait him out. He won't have any more control than a mosquito hawk. Chances are he'll walk somebody."

"One moment!" said Ricky. "When you showed up at the hotel this noon ——"

"Just a little dress rehearsal for my legs," said Edloe, beginning to edge toward a hole

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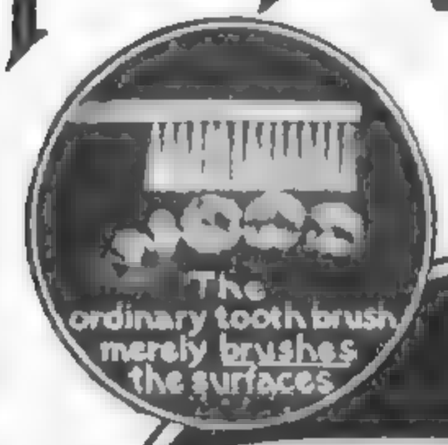

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The ninth inning opened with little McGonigle at the bat and fully apprised of the Chief's exhilarated condition, which was where he had the advantage of Jimmy Edwards and the Centipede players. A white man would have given himself away by too much conversation; the Chief never said a word, but lobbed over a couple of practice balls and signaled that he was ready to begin.

Little Mac had orders to wait, and probably he would have done so if the Chief hadn't knocked him flat with the very first ball pitched. It came as if it had been shot out of a cannon and glanced off the top of Mac's head. An inch lower down and it would have crushed his skull. It was five minutes before Mac was able to limp to first, and all the time we were working over him the Chief stood still in the box, growling and showing his teeth. He didn't come near his victim once.

Scat Hooper was the next batter, but before he took his position at the plate he walked out and waggled his bat in Parker's face.

"Take a look at this toothpick of mine!" said he. "If you hit me, you big yellowhammer, I'll bust it over your head! Right over your head!"

The Chief didn't hit him. He didn't even come close. He walked Scat on four of the widest, wildest balls in the world, and Joe Grass had to jump three feet in the air after the last one. By this time there was considerable agitation in the ranks of the enemy. The infielders gathered round the Chief and tried to steady him down a bit. He shoved them out of the way and went to work on Beef Davis. His first attempt was a strike that cut the heart of the plate, but he proved that it was an accident by following it with four balls; and the bases were loaded, with Truck Thompson coming up.

"If he sticks one over I'm going to pickle it!" said Truck, selecting his favorite wand.

"Better let him walk you," advised Ricky. "Play it safe!"

"If he forces in a run they'll get on to him and yank him out of there," argued Truck. "We need three to win, and if he puts one where I can reach it—good-by, John!"

The Indians held another powwow round the pitcher's box, and Joe Grass took the Chief aside for a private conference. We could see that he was reminding Parker of the ball Truck hit in the second inning. So much free advice made the Chief haughty. He waved the infielders aside and opened up on Truck with a curve ball. It sailed four feet wide of the plate. He tried another and the ball hit the ground ten feet in front of the batter, but Joe Grass was lucky enough to grab it as it bounced over his head.

Jimmy Edwards got up from the bench and started for the diamond. This was the last straw for the Chief. He took a quick, jerky wind-up and uncorked his fast ball—and, for a wonder, it was another groover. Truck went after it with a full-arm wallop that brought the bat from round his neck, and this time there was no outfielder in the way and nothing in the direct line of fire but the Panamint Range and a slice of the Mohave Desert.

The ball didn't seem to rise an inch in flight, and the first place it kicked up the dust was in deep left center, with John Longbow and Tom Summit kicking up more dust in pursuit. They might just as well have been chasing a white streak. When Tom Summit finally got his hands on the ball Truck was steaming home from third with the fourth run, and the yells in the grand stand had died away to low moans of anguish.

Jimmy Edwards rushed into the diamond and snatched at Parker's sleeve.

"What did you give him a fast ball for?" he yelled. "Didn't I tell you ——"

We never did find out what Edwards told the Chief, but everybody saw the Chief's reply. He picked up Mr. Edwards by the slack of the editorial trousers and the nape of the neck and heaved him halfway to first base. Then he practiced drop-kicking with Jimmy's new straw hat until Eaton interfered and got himself knocked down for his trouble.

After this, as the reporters say, all was confusion. Our boys went to the rescue of the umpire and dragged the Chief off the field, fighting like a maniac. Ricky assisted Jimmy back to the bench, seizing the occasion to make a few remarks upon the docility of the simple and untutored savage when under perfect control of the master mind. During the excitement the Chief recovered his bucket and stalked off the field. We never saw him again.

There wasn't much to it after that. Peter Cooper Wilsonsides, a real Piute, went in to pitch the rest of the inning. He was nearly as wild as the Chief had been and the boys worked him for three more runs—just four more than we really needed; for the Centipedes went out one, two, three in the last of the ninth, leaving the score seven to two.

I went with Ricky to draw down the side bet and collect the gate receipts, which latter netted us something like eight hundred dollars. Jimmy Edwards was present during the ceremony, but he did not have much to say except that we had won because Chief Parker had gone crazy with the heat. Ricky did most of the talking.

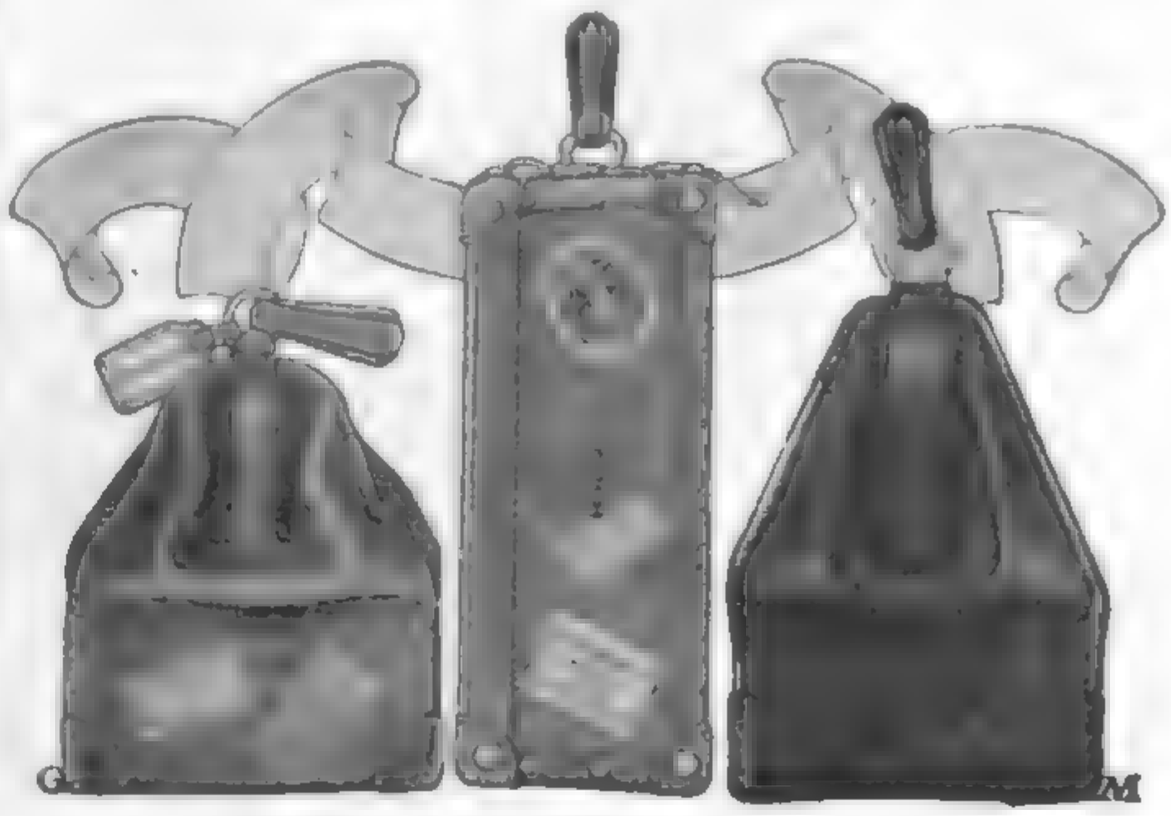
"James," said he, "do you remember the high-school debate on the fire-and-water question?"

Edwards grunted.

"You had the superior mind even in those days," continued Ricky, stacking silver dollars with both hands. "You still have it; but you failed to keep tabs on one destroying element that puts it over both of 'em."

"Yes?" said Edwards, trying to smile. "And what is that?"

"A combination of both, Jim. Firewater! Think it over."



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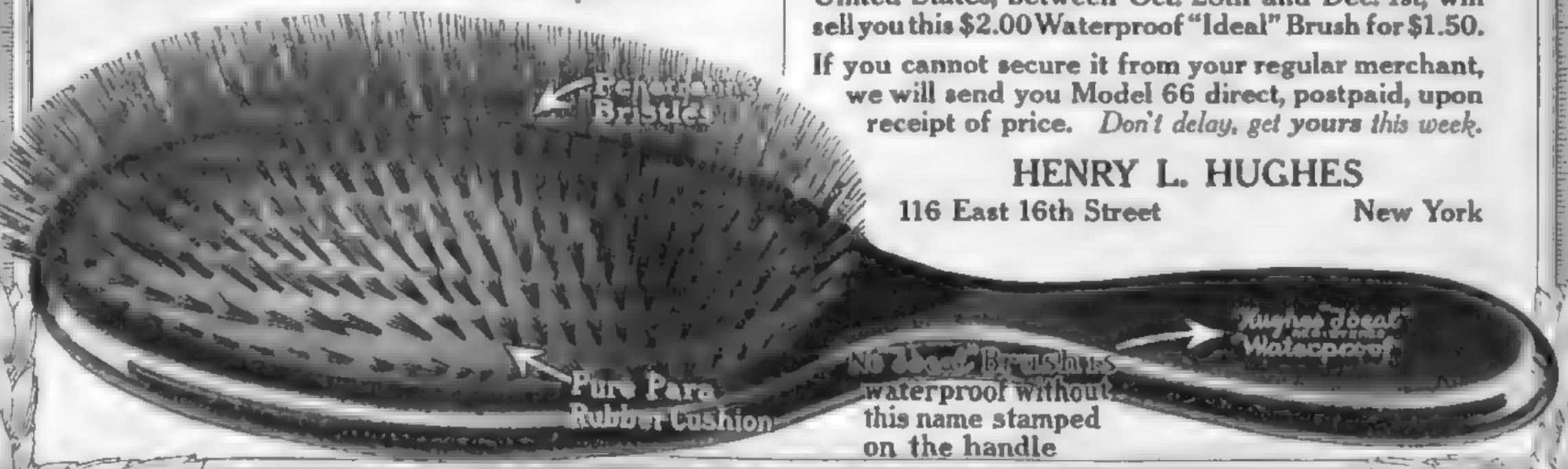

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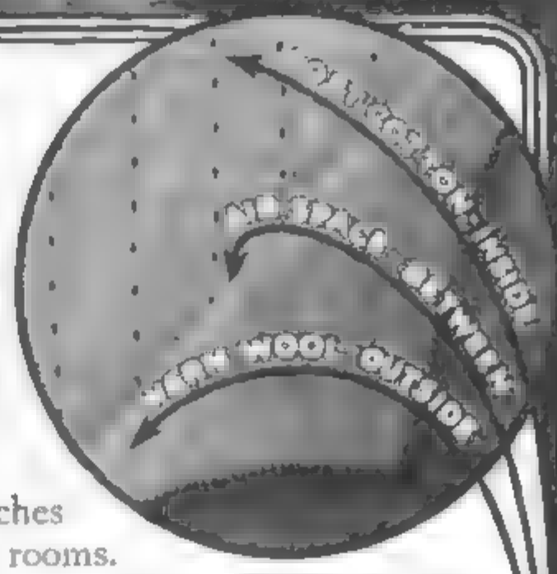

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HOLLAND'S BELGIANS

(Continued from Page 23)

begging for work—any kind of work; and I myself went to the Dutch authorities and asked permission to start a workroom for women in one of the camps. I was allowed to come over and bring some assistants, and little by little we have introduced various forms of occupation and installed our forty-odd workers." So many!

"What do you suppose you English would do," I asked, "if forty-odd Dutch people should suddenly take it into their heads to go over to London for the same purpose?"

She laughed with perfect understanding.

"It isn't to be thought of, is it?" she said. "And wouldn't we just make it jolly unpleasant for them! But the Dutch don't mind. I don't believe, really, that they know how many of us there are. So long as we attend to our own affairs and make no trouble, we are welcome enough. Besides, we pay for everything we do; so we represent a good deal in actual value."

A Dutchman said to me one day that, after two years of adjusting and sifting, they had all come to the conclusion that most of the Belgians who are now dependent on them are of the class which accepts dependence with admirable philosophy; but this was merely an expression of the prevalent Dutch personal grouch. No Belgian can seek employment in Holland in the ordinary course, because of Holland's labor laws, and massed idleness is the most demoralizing thing on earth; which is a rank platitude. To expect a large crowd of any kind of people to maintain a high personal standard through months of dispiriting inactivity is to acknowledge a most unintelligent viewpoint.

There is no doubt that one class of the Belgians who fled from the terrors of war are a trial and a burden, even to their friends; and to the Dutch, who hate the Belgians and are hated by them with a hatred rooted in time, in dearest tradition and in glaring unlikenesses of temperament, their presence in Holland in such numbers and under such circumstances is a distinct irritation, which cannot be misunderstood. The Germans have given a new meaning to the word hate, so that one really hesitates to use it; but it still must be used to denote the natural antipathy which exists between peoples, and which, for want of a milder and more accurately descriptive name, is known as race hatred. If there was the slightest spark of sympathy between the Dutch and the Belgians, the Dutch would be doing what they are doing in quite a different way.

Where the Little Shoe Pinches

The Belgians are accused of ingratitude both in England and in Holland; and even in the United States we have had echoes of the growing resentment based on this charge, which we have not had the good sense wholly to disregard. In Holland any of the naturally effervescent human emotions are likely to go stale in any case; so it is not difficult here to understand the sudden sad stolidity of this usually expressive and Latinly light people. But in England the tale has quite a different tang. I deduce that the politely veiled exasperation of these admiring Allies—and they are admiring Allies—is attributable not so much to the ache in their benevolent muscles as to the fact that the Belgians have made a psalm of life out of their own original and perhaps too precipitately extravagant psean of praise. As the English sang it in the beginning it was: "Don't thank us for what we are doing for you—just remember what you did for us"; while the Belgian version has gradually grown to be: "Don't talk so much about what you are doing for us—just remember what we did for you." This little shoe pinches the large British foot like anything!

I love the Belgians for their glorious hopefulness and humor. The Belgians have suffered more than any people under our intimate and immediate observation, yet they are the only people in Europe who have retained the ability to laugh without the slightest affectation. They laugh at the Germans in Belgium; they laugh at their own immeasurable misfortunes; they laugh at everything except the name of Belgium. That name their suffering has idealized until it can be mentioned only with prayers and tears—prayers and tears and a solemn soul's embrace. It really is wonderful.

Yes; and there is one other thing. They do not laugh at anything American. We can gather unto ourselves the blessed assurance that by at least one people in this world we are beloved. We are prayed for; if necessary we would be fought for. This is truth and not my imagination. As a nation we have done little enough to deserve it, but our nationality has been represented in Belgium in a way that has reflected shining credit on us all; and all Belgians, wherever they may be, turn to an American with a confidence and an open-hearted affection that can be almost desperately touching.

I often think of one little incident: The Germans used to allow the Americans of the Relief Commission in Belgium to carry small American flags on the commission's automobiles. One day one of these cars stopped in front of a shop in Brussels and was left standing at the curb while all the men in it went inside. A Belgian woman came along and, seeing the little American flag, stopped and looked at it—looked at it long and solemnly. Then, as though on irresistible impulse, she took it in her hand, made a prayerful genuflection, kissed it fervently and went on her way, silently weeping. One of the American boys who was with the car told me this. He was looking through the shop window and witnessed the little scene, which he said make him feel like "crying like a kid."

The Historic Exodus From Belgium

Yet I can quite see that hundreds of these same mercurial people, self-exiled in Holland and in England, have frozen into an attitude of superworthiness which makes the hand that pets them involuntarily double itself up into a fist. Also, many Belgians recognize this and deplore it as a sort of secondary national calamity. In England the good Belgian will anxiously ask the returning traveler how the Belgians in Holland are behaving; while in Holland the first remark I heard from a Belgian was: "I understand our people in England are acting very badly and making themselves generally unpleasant."

The truth is, they are acting exceedingly well under the circumstances; and one wonders mostly at the lack of real cause for complaint against them. Not all Belgians are worthy subjects of the kingly King Albert and his very queenly queen. There are classes and classes of Belgians, and they are very much like other people—and perhaps considerably more so.

Thirty-seven per cent of all Belgians, and a vastly greater percentage than that of the kind of Belgians who would be at all likely to leave their country permanently, would find it impossible, under our new literacy law, to enter the United States as immigrants. This means that a majority of the lower orders met the great fear which came upon them without the vision and the command of reasoning faculties that are the result of education and mental discipline; and it follows that a majority of those who fled from Belgium were of this class, the easily panic-stricken. The thousands upon thousands of excellent and high-grade citizens who, perforce, joined the historic exodus, and have not been able for various reasons to get back into Belgium, have long since asserted their self-dependence, wherever it has been possible, and found for themselves a decent footing in their places of exile.

During the first weeks of the war the despoiled and driven thousands of Belgium's population fled westward in front of Germany's advancing armies, and it was not until after the fall of Antwerp that they turned north in great numbers, seeking safety across the Dutch border. By that time German terrorism had done its fearful work in the minds of the people. During the first weeks of October, 1914, more than a million of them made their way into Holland; and this fact was heralded abroad by the Dutch with appropriate declarations of their willingness to meet and discharge such unprecedented demands upon their hospitality. The trouble about the figure "one million" is that it is too easy to say. It has a way of sticking in one's memory and refusing to give way to any lesser item. The picture of one million Belgian refugees fleeing into Holland was flashed into the American mind; and I doubt that in many millions of American minds it has ever given place to the less thrilling pictures of subsequent developments.

As soon as the first panic had subsided and the German Army had gone on its devastating way beyond Antwerp, a majority of that million turned deliberately round

(Continued on Page 44)

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(Continued from Page 41)

and went back into Belgium. That is what they all should have done while there was yet time—gone back where they could have been fed and cared for in their own country by the United States, as their seven million brothers at home are now being fed and cared for, not by American money—let us make no boastful claims that we cannot substantiate—but by virtue of American neutrality.

Then there were thousands of Belgian soldiers who, being without uniforms and having abandoned their guns, were able to escape internment in Holland, and who got across to England, thence to France, and back in front of the German Army as fast as circumstances would permit. There are thirty-two thousand Belgian soldiers interned in Holland now; but their story is a separate one, and they are not on Holland's bounty. Also, there are some shamefaced young Belgians who might have gone round to the battle line and failed to do so. But the fact that there are Belgian slackers does not rob the general Belgian heroism of any of its lordly grace.

Many thousands of men, women and children went immediately from Holland to England. England invited them. Indeed, England offered to share, in a very liberal way, the expense of taking care of the Belgians who remained in Holland; but this offer the Dutch did not accept. How could they when the whole world stood horrified at the most spectacular outrage of centuries? How could they when the whole world was sobbing about the duties of brotherhood and the common decencies of humanity? The Dutch national self-consciousness made itself curiously manifest. They would not accept a British subsidy, but they would speed as many of their guests across the North Sea into England as they could possibly get transportation for, and England was receiving them at one time, even in the midst of the rush from Ostend, by thousands every day. In the district of Maestricht alone, which lies just north of Liège, English passes were issued to forty thousand; and during the months of November and December, 1914, they continued to leave Holland in one direction or the other at the rate of from two to three hundred daily.

Canal Boat Barracks

I do not mean to state that there were no Belgians in Holland before the siege and surrender of Antwerp; but they were few. More than half a million came into Noord Brabant, just north of Antwerp, and as many as four hundred and fifty thousand came by way of Zeeland as the German Army advanced. Only about seventy thousand came into Limburg from the eastern provinces of Belgium. By the end of May, 1915, there were less than eighty thousand of the original million left in Holland, and of these at least twenty-five thousand were paying their own expenses and were a source of revenue instead of expense to the country. The latest figures—to be found in the one and only little official report—indicate that less than eighteen thousand are now dependent on Holland's hospitality; though it is evident in all the hotels that a great many of the well-to-do continue, either by choice or of necessity, to reside in Holland.

The queen herself, in a speech before her Parliament, stated that the Belgian refugees must be welcomed and cared for by the Dutch people; and a new division of the Department of the Interior, called the Central Commission for Relief, was created with a queen's commissioner and staff, whose business it was to administer the funds voted by the government for relief purposes.

And these men worked hard and faithfully, it being entirely due to their manner and method that they earned the reputation of working without the element of genuine sympathy in their incentive. They organized committees all over the country, in every province and every subdivision of a province, for the purposes of attending to registrations, of finding places for those who could pay for their own maintenance, of providing food and lodging for the dependent, of getting transportation for those who wished to go on to England, and eventually of scattering the remaining thousands throughout the country, so that no one province should be unduly burdened.

Did you ever see a Dutch barge? The long flat cargo lighters that ply the canals and crowd the harbors of Holland? They are nothing but cumbersome hulks, into which cargo is packed as into great boxes and secured by means of an adjustable roof laid on and clamped down in sections. At one end of each barge is a sort of hutch, in which the bargeman and his family live. At the beginning of the war the shipping industry in Holland was the first to suffer; and by the time the Belgians began to come in there were literally thousands of these barges lying idle, not only in Rotterdam but in the canals leading south across the Belgian frontier. And they were the only "housing" that Holland had to offer to the refugees. It is a fact that the Belgians were indiscriminately packed into these lighters; and there they lived in wretchedness until representations were made by foreigners to the Dutch Government that unless conditions were remedied very promptly there was danger of a concerted protest from the outside world, which Holland would not like at all.

These thousands of barge refugees were, in the end, those who would not or could not leave Holland; they were the left-overs whose cases were to be attended to when the crush of more important business should be relaxed; and, this being recognized, the foreign protest was long delayed. It would never have been uttered at all had the Dutch authorities shown any disposition to make provision for them within what might be considered a reasonable period.

Living in Glass Houses

Then came the establishment of the camps; and I may say they are still in process of establishment. There were no big buildings in Holland suitable for quarters, as there were in England. Holland was fully mobilized and her army was staying at home; so that not only were all her barracks crowded but all other available spaces were occupied by soldiers. And the Dutch people would not, as the English did, take Belgian refugees into their homes as guests.

The only camp I know that was something else before it was a camp is at Gouda, about three-quarters of an hour from The Hague; and before it was a camp it was a greenhouse. Gouda Camp would not be difficult to demolish. Just a few half bricks, and it could be reduced to a mass of broken glass and empty frames. There are acres of the greenhouses. They are the usual low, all-glass variety, full of steam pipes and with only sections of platform by way of flooring; and no sooner had they been leased by the government than sixteen hundred refugees were packed into them. The owner was retained as superintendent.

I do not know whether this was at his own request or not; but I can imagine his thinking that people who are compelled to live in glass houses might be tempted to throw stones, and that it would be just as well for him to be in general charge of his rather valuable property.

Under those sweating glass roofs and in that fetid atmosphere hundreds of men, women, boys, girls and children live and have their being. They take their meals in a great glass room filled with pine tables and benches, and they sleep on cots in other great glass rooms, without discrimination or privacy. The same conditions, from a moral standpoint, exist in all the other barrack camps; and I hesitate to touch upon the subject at all, because I conceive it as civilization's quarrel with Dutch hospitality and am afraid my own great disgust might lead me into overstatement.

There is at least one universal law of morality, and it applies to the protection of young girls. Once I went wandering for thirty days on ponyback through the countries of the head-hunters of Northern Luzon. I visited the villages of Benguet Igorotes, Bontoc Igorotes, Ifugao Igorotes, Kalinga Igorotes, and many others; and, though these people have many revolting customs, from the white man's viewpoint, I was impressed by the fact that they all have rigid regulations for the protection of their girls.

Their villages are nothing but formless huddles of unspeakable huts, wherein the pigs and the people live together in equally unconscious defiance of all the niceties; but the humans do observe the rules of relationship, which decree that a man shall acknowledge and be jealous of his own. Then, in every village there is the house of the maidens—a hut, larger than any of the others, set aside for the occupancy of young girls emerging from childhood into womanhood. And woe to the young male savage who fails to respect the sanctity of that shelter!

In the Belgian refugee camps of Holland I was forcefully reminded of the primitive laws of Luzon and rather wished that some Bontoc chief might be appointed here as

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general superintendent. The only segregation the Dutch have attempted was in the case of the underworld women of Antwerp, who were eventually gathered up and taken to Uden, one of the largest camps established, where they were confined in a barbed-wire inclosure, and where they became an "attraction," like a zoo.

At Gouda there are no restrictions on the comings and goings of the refugees up to ten o'clock at night, while in the other camps the regulations are not much more severe; so conditions can be better imagined than described, especially in view of the fact that there are military camps in close proximity to several of the refugee camps. This is a notable feature of Gouda, and the number of young girls there who are facing the fearful consequences of complete lack of discipline and protection is appalling.

It is a delicate subject, is it not? It certainly is not frankly dealt with in Holland; and one of the Englishwomen told me that she had exhausted all the possibilities of approach and reproach in an effort to get some kind of action on it from the Dutch authorities. And the Dutch are not alone in their indifference. After visiting the camps and getting myself into a state of great unhappiness, I spoke quite feelingly about it to an American in Rotterdam; but he only laughed at me. He said:

"You don't need to let that worry you! The Belgians are used to living without partitions. They wouldn't be happy under the kind of control you advocate, and they wouldn't be comfortable in the kind of privacy you know about."

He did not seem to grasp the fact that I was talking about young girls, who can be made "used" to anything, from the ways of right living to the paths of perdition, if they are given the right environment for either. And, in any case, though I believe in human love and in the divine solicitudes engendered by righteous human relationships, I shall not permit myself to share such crass insensibility.

Family Reunions

It is to be remembered that a great many girls, during the flight of the multitudes, got separated from their families and have not yet been able to locate anybody who belongs to them, and that large numbers of men sent their families away to the security of neighboring countries, while they remained in Belgium to look after their affairs and to face the ordeal of German domination alone. It must also be remembered that nobody in the beginning expected the war to be of long duration, and that neither in England nor in Holland did anybody at once conceive the necessity of making preparations for more than a temporary disarrangement of life. And even now, after more than two years, there is no sign of permanence in any provision made for refugees. That is one of the curious features of the Dutch camps; though I wish to say at once that this is not true of any of the settlements in England, a country in which the habitual observance of at least the outward forms of propriety has lent special significance to the name of Anglo-Saxon.

And by permanence I do not mean anything in the nature of a ninety-nine-year lease, either; but there is a wide field of possibilities between the merely transient and the definitely permanent. And this field can be imagined to embrace the necessities of a winter and a summer, another winter, and still the rounding out of another year. Yet, strange to say, this atmosphere of immediacy is good for the Belgians. They live, and have lived since the war began, just three months ahead. Peace is always just three months distant, not only for the ignorant refugees but for the masses of people in Belgium as well; and this hopefulness is assiduously encouraged by everybody who knows better.

It is thought that if all Belgians were suddenly to be convinced that the war must go on for another year there might be a fearful collapse of the fine spirit of patient faith which sustains them.

I have spoken of the many girls who got separated from their families in the great flight; but this was true of women and children, and of many men, also. And one of the fine things that the Hollanders did in the beginning was to institute a regular system for bringing families together—a thing Holland could do by virtue of her neutrality, but which for England was impossible, because of her position as a belligerent. Beginning in mid-October, after the surrender

(Concluded on Page 48)

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(Concluded from Page 45)

of Antwerp, the Dutch authorities organized a regular system of search for the missing, with a departmental office at The Hague, in which a paid staff of forty persons, with an additional volunteer staff of thirty-five, worked almost constantly for several months. Between October and the following June more than sixty thousand missing members of families were located for something like two hundred thousand inquirers.

What work of a similar nature will be like when the war is over is a terrible thing to think of. One might almost say that the whole Belgian Army is an army lost from sight and knowledge of all it holds dear; and the plaint of the Belgian wounded in the hospitals is so often: "If I only knew! If I only knew!"

And now I must get to the portable houses. They represent reconstruction and the finest kind of hope. They have been built in large numbers by the English Friends along a canal that skirts the camp of Gouda; at Amersfoort, also by the Friends, and by the Belgians themselves from a fund collected largely in England and administered by a Belgian committee, with headquarters at Havre; and at Ede, by the Dutch, with the Danish gift of three hundred and twenty-five thousand guldens.

At Gouda these houses are built to accommodate two families, with separate housekeeping arrangements; and, under the superintendence of the workers of the Friends' Society, they really bear a stamp of quiet dignity and well-being. At Amersfoort, beyond Gouda and north from Utrecht, where the wives and families of interned Belgian soldiers are located, the Belgians have done most of the building themselves, and have given their fancy for color and form rather amusing exercise.

The Camp North of Ede

These Belgian portable houses are two-story structures, trimmed with scallops and stripes, and with quantities of pink paint emphasizing their ornamental features. Their roofs, of alternate pink and black squares, can be seen for miles round. They are not so popular, even with Belgians, except to look at, as the more modest little gray houses of the Friends which disfigure the festive scene, because they are intended for the accommodation of three families each, with no separate facilities of any kind. When I asked one of the English workers if this did not result in frequent disagreements, her answer was:

"Not frequent—constant! Only this morning a woman came weeping to my office with a handful of hair in her hand, which she vowed one of her housemates had pulled out of her head because she had forgotten to wash the community saucepan after using it. She was begging for a place in one of our ugly little boxes, but they are all spoken for weeks ahead, and we hold vacancies as prizes for good behavior."

The Hollanders have wasted no tillable soil to make abiding places for the Belgians. Every one of the camps that I know, except Gouda, is located on a sandy waste, a shifting Holland sand dune.

I went to Ede yesterday and decided at once that I had seen enough, and that I would burden my memory with no more Belgian camps. Ede itself is a pleasant village, about midway between Utrecht and Arnhem, on the edge of the sands, which from there stretch away to the shores of the Zuyder Zee. It is a Dutch garrison town, and boasts quite magnificent red brick barracks and a military school. Just now there is also a temporary camp close by, where many Dutch soldiers are in training.

On the way to Ede the railroad crosses Holland's second line of defense; and one can see permanent earthworks and trenches out across the flats and away into the low sky line. There is nothing in Holland to hide anything behind; but that may be as much of a disadvantage to an invader as to a defender.

One of the young Englishmen was waiting with his automobile at the Ede Station to take us to the camp, a few miles to the north.

I was taken first to what they call the Danish village, a few flat acres of sand, separated from the rest of the camp by a high wire fence and containing the portable houses built by the refugee carpenters with the money given by Denmark. They are practically all occupied by the carpenters who built them; and, though this seems as simple a way as any to allot them—since in a popularity contest each one would vote for himself, and that would be the end of it—it must be a little hard on the three thousand others outside the high fence, condemned to look upon their comparative comfort and hominess with helpless yearning.

In the United States, I believe, a portable house of good quality can be bought, ready to set up, for less than one hundred dollars. Here, to build them by refugee labor in the camps costs, for the two-family houses of the Friends, about five hundred dollars; and for the Belgian houses, with their extra size and thrilling little gimcracks, more than six hundred dollars.

I have suggested that, since Holland has no lumber and must get it somewhere else in any case, it would be cheaper to import these houses wholesale from the United States. But there are no ships, of course. All the ships that can cross the Atlantic, and many that were never meant to, are engaged in carrying food to keep a few million people from starving to death.

Caring for Belgian Children

Outside the Danish village, the camp of Ede sprawls away across the waste like a city of desolate dreams. I walked and walked through interminable avenues of sand, flanked on each side by long, low shed-like buildings, which were either dormitories or eating halls—Eetzaals, in the Flemish.

The number of very young children in all the camps is positively amazing. In one of them I found there were five hundred and fourteen children, with only three hundred and sixty adults; the eldest child was not yet nine years old and the youngest was in an incubator in the little hospital. A great majority were of kindergarten age, but the whole camp boasted not one single kindergarten appurtenance, except a little blackboard on an easel, upon which the teacher drew pictures of weird animals for the children's amusement.

This was not Ede. At Ede they are better fixed, having, besides a blackboard, a few sheets of stiff, brightly colored paper, with which they teach the babies to weave interesting little designs. If there is anyone who would like to share a bit of Christmas bliss with a crowd of perfectly adorable kiddies, accomplishing at the same time a definite service in the right direction, here is a good opportunity. Everybody loves the Belgian children, because they have a charm that is all their own. They are such serious and well-mannered little tikes; and, though they may not grow up into visions of beauty, they start right, almost without exception.

I went into one of the dormitories, or living sheds, at Ede, under the special guidance of a Belgian woman who lives in it herself; and I may be all wrong in my judgment, but I hurried through it with a feeling of grave apology for intruding upon its occupants. Its bare, raftered roof rose high enough, and it was full of light and air—and fine sifted sand; but it was the abode of sixty-three families—men, women and children—and it was divided, by thin board partitions about eight feet high, into small cubicles, with three sides only, like stalls in a cattle shed. In some of the cubicles there were built-in wooden beds; but in more of them there were only mattresses thrown on the floor in rows, like huge pallets.

In one of the adult Eetzaals, at the midday dinner hour, there were a thousand men and women—an evil-smelling, shuffling, good-naturedly noisy mob—ashamed to be seen. Each had a tin plate and a cup, which they rattled and made merry with as they waited. At one end of the room, behind a lath partition, were steaming boilers, full of a meaty stew, flanked by other boilers full of potatoes, and by tables piled high with half-war-gray and half-white bread; good wholesome food and plenty of it.

The dispensers, in all-enveloping blue aprons, wielded ladles and long-handled forks behind a dozen wickets, while the lines of refugees passed, with their pans and cups, in an orderliness enforced by high railings marking the avenues of entrance and exit.

"Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us!

"Hallowed be Thy name. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day ——" These words—human-need-distilled essence of the divine faith that is in us—crossed and recrossed the face of the picture registering in my mind, to become an everlasting part of it.

The Dutch feed the Belgians well; preserve them in health; square their shoulders to the burden while they must; and pray for the end.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM GREEN

By J. W. Foley

MY DEAR AUNT: It is a long time since you heard from Henry Begg and me and you have probily been wundering if we are still alive but if we were not you would probily hear of it from my muther who would be almost sure to let you know.

Henry and me are still alive and growing every day witch makes you need more food for your apetight witch is nearly always on time for meels.

A boy's apetight is a wunderful thing when he is growing so fast and unless he is billyus or something he can almost always clean his plate.

Henry can eat about fifteen pancakes for brekfust every morning witch shows a good stummick is better than great ritches dont you think so?

I had Henry for brekfust sevrel days ago when he stade all night on account of his pance getting soked in the rain so he could not go home on account of not being dride out by bedtime and so he went to bed with his pance by the kitchen stove.

It was a hard rain and Henry would have been soked clean through if he had anything on under his pance witch he did not as a boy does not ware mutch clothes in the Summertime.

A shurt and pance are about all he needs but if anything happens to either one of those about all he can do is go to bed or borro some until he is dride out.

It was a great night for me and Henry wile his pance was being dride out.

After the lights were all put out Henry and me crauled under the bed and lit a candle and we read the Lives of the Planes Heroes until we both fell asleep under the bed and the candle fell over and burnt a hole in the carpet.

Henry was waked up by the smell before it was serious and we mannidged to get the fire out before mutch dammidge was done.

The fire burnt a small hole through Daniel Boone and one corner out of Kitt Carson and the edge of Buflo Bill so we will probily have to make up some when we read them again.

It is a fine book with splendud pictures. Daniel Boone would often be capchured alive by the Indians but he would roll over to the campfire and burn the ropes over the coles and stab ten Indians to death without the slitest noise.

After this the Indians called it the Dark and Bloody Ground and Daniel Boone would disappere in the woods until he would step on a dry branch and the Indians would capchure him again and so he lived many years escaping and being capchured and he made the Indians pay dear for their folly so it said in the book.

If you and Uncle William would like to read it sometime Henry and me could bring it down. You would have to make up some in the burnt places but there is a great deal of good reading left.

Wild Bill did not get burnt at all and many other Planes Heroes escaped without any dammidge. But the hole in the carpet is about a foot acrost and Henry and me moved the bed a little so as to cuver it better. The smell of it lasted nearly all night and Henry said he bet our pance would get dride out quick if they knew who did it. But it will probily not be found out till they move the bed to sweep clean under witch may take a long time.

My muther snift a little when she came in with the harebrush to be sure we got up that time witch we did and Henry said the smell was probily from his pance by the kitchen stove witch seemed to be reasonable. Henry is very quick in times like that witch is why he is able to go through with as few whippings as he gets but if he took the blame for everything the first thing he would have a hard life.

We will probily cut a square hole out of the carpet around the burnt place and leave it to be a great misstery. A boy has to do a great many things he really does not want to to cuver up things and Henry and me are sure you and Uncle William would not tell on us. Besides it was a pretty old carpet anyway.

After my muther prest Henry's pance with the hot iron until they lookt almost like new with a creece down the front and gave him fifteen pancakes with plenty of butter and mapul sirup for brekfust Henry was so touched he almost wanted to confess about the hole in the carpet but we finally decided not to on account of me probily having to stand the wurst of it when Henry would be gone.

Henry's dride pance were so nice after they were prest he hated to sit down in them for fear of rinkles but he was all right in an hour or so sliding down the barn roof into a lode of hay. After a few slides he did not wurry so mutch about his pance witch is a boy's way dont you think so?

Henry wanted me to write and ask you if you can tell us what the simptums are of love at furst sight witch he thinks he has got because it is apt to come about his time of life. He was bringing some new milk fresh and warm from their cow to a purfectly strange family that just moved in near Henry's house and wanted to subscribe for some of the milk from Henry's family's cow and Henry always goes around with it and sometimes takes off a little cream with his finger and licks it if it gets too thick on top.

So Henry went to the side dore with the milk purfectly happy and never dreaming what might happen when the dore was opened.

He said it all came over him at once when he saw her open the dore with a pan for him to pore the milk in.

She was just about Henry's age and so bewtiful he gaspt and almost pored the milk on the flore he trembuld so. Henry said he almost swallowed the ten cents she gave him for the milk and when he emtied the pale he backed off of the porch and backed all the way to the gate because he had a patch in his wurking clothes he had on that day witch did not show when he backed up.

When he got to the gate he turned around and ran all the way home for fear he would want to go back and kiss her on her side porch.

Henry said his mane simtums as near as he can remember were:

Shivering all over like when you furst jump in the creek in the spring.

Trembling and almost spilling the milk on the flore of her side porch.

Wundering if she could see the patch in his pance when he backed up.

Wanting to kiss her on her side porch the furst time he met her.

Nearly swallowing the ten cents she gave him for the milk he was so exsited.

Trying to hide his bare feet up his pance legs but it was no use.

Being sorrey he et young onions for the furst time he ever was.

Henry said all afternoon that day he would jump over the fence with one hand, climb up the swing rope hand over hand, hang by his toes from the top of the hayrack, turn hansprings and do all the things he could think of to show what kind of stuff he was made out of. He wanted to feel good enough for her if he should ever see her again.

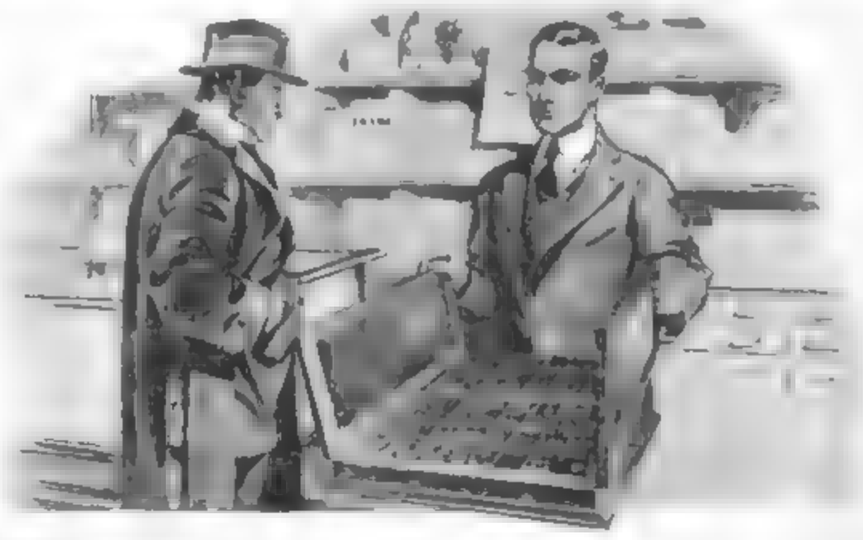
Henry and me talkt it all over and he said he was almost sure it was love at furst site but the shivering might only be hives so he is not sure. He has been eating a great many wild strobberies.

I told Henry the next time he takes the milk perhaps I ought to go along so as to see her and watch his simptums. I would not care so mutch to see her but I am awful fond of Henry and I would be glad to do anything that would make it safer for him. What do you think about it? You might ask Uncle William what kind of simptums he had the furst time.

Henry and me were thinking last night that it is just about six months now since his dog Tige died and you sent us the money to go to the picture show.

Henry never forgot Tige and he seems to be just as mutch dead now as he was the day of the funerel. If Henry should get wurse from his present trubble I suppose I would have to take him somewhere to get his mind off of it. What do you think about it? They have the county fare in a few weeks now and I suppose nearly everybody

(Continued on Page 52)



"When I go to buy pens I always have a comfortable feeling of confidence when the salesman shows me Esterbrooks."

That this is the composite feeling of hundreds of thousands of other pen buyers is best indicated by the fact that we have to make more pens than all other American manufacturers put together to meet the Esterbrook demand.

Esterbrook Pens were the first pens manufactured on American soil. For over a half century they have set the standard for uniform, dependable quality. Today they are not only the preference of a whole nation of people, but are distributed to every corner of the globe.

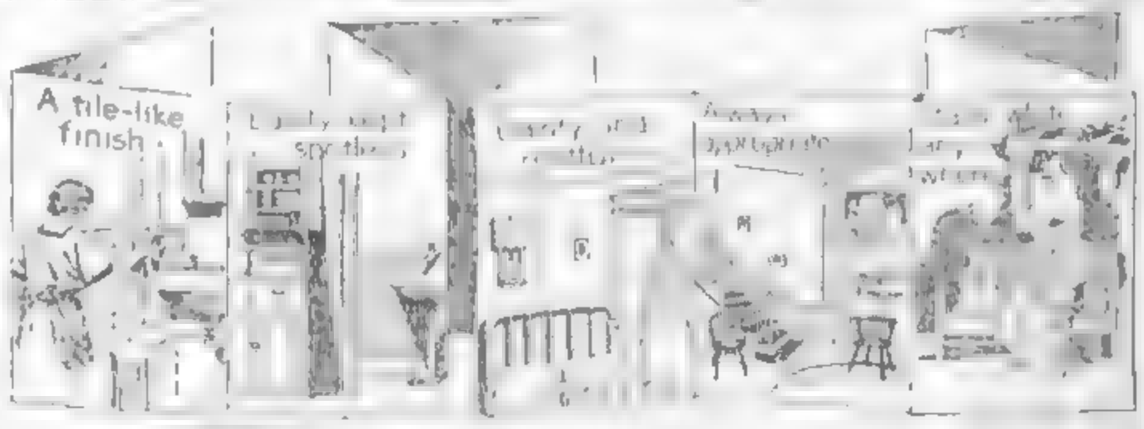
You, too, can experience the same comfortable feeling that you are obtaining the ultimate in pen worth and writing satisfaction if you will always select your pen from the convenient Esterbrook display case and look for the Esterbrook mark on the pen.

Send 10 cents for useful metal box containing samples of the twelve most popular Esterbrook Pens, including the famous 048 Falcon, the most popular pen in the world.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co., 72-100 Delaware Ave., Camden, N. J.

R. Esterbrook & Co.

PENS



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Lead and Zinc Paint
(Ten gallons to a ...)
is all paint—100% paint—paint to the last drop in the can. It contains no whiting, no china clay, no impurities. That's why it takes less to paint, wears longer and looks better.

USE DEVOE HOLLAND WHITE ENAMEL wherever you wish a permanent porcelain finish.

Its glistening non-porous surface closely resembles tile. It repels dust and germs and it can be scrubbed with soap and water.

It stays white longer than ordinary enamels and it will not chip, crack or peel.

The beauty of white woodwork is enhanced by handsomely varnished floors—use Marble Floor Finish.

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Send for Booklet

PAINT DEVOE PAINT

BRUNSWICK

ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE

Such is the Brunswick— Now Introduced by Its Own Name

THE House of Brunswick presents to the American people a final-type phonograph—a composite model in which are found *all* the desirable present-day features, plus.

Up to now, it has been the custom for each phonograph to have its own individual refinements. Some had two or three—maybe four valued features—but none had them all.

The Brunswick phonograph is frankly a combination of all wanted perfections. Thus new levels in the phonographic art are attained. We owe this idea to music lovers themselves, who by their preferences have shown what ideas please most. Their commands have made the Brunswick a Phonograph that plays *all* records.

Now Come New Delights

Our experts and designers made a scientific study of all the foremost phonographs of Europe and America, appraising all current improvements.

Our investigators charted the value of all different attractions among owners—what appeals to the majority—what is displeasing.

Thousands of tests have been made—some by the most delicately trained ears. At the very beginning we specified that it must never be said of the Brunswick phonograph that it merely imitates sound.

Too frequently in our investigations did we find that somewhere between production and reproduction there was lost that rare spark of inspiration of an artist—that always-desired personality and charm.

ADVANCED ACOUSTIC IDEAS

In the Brunswick, we determined, there should be ever present those full, round overtones, mellow low notes, the clear, vibrant "high C" and all the delicate nuances so difficult to attain .... the lack of which has previously distinguished the human voice and instruments from phonographic reproductions.

The advice and services of the greatest acoustic authorities were obtained. They were given free rein to experiment with the choicest, long-seasoned woods from our own forests.

These men have given to the Brunswick phonograph a scientifically correct, wooden-walled sound chamber, built like a cello.

This, the acousticians declared, was necessary to insure the Brunswick's perpetuating the mellow-toned organ, the resonant piano, the responsive violin, the bird-like flute, or the ensemble of them all. A metal sounding chamber would not do.

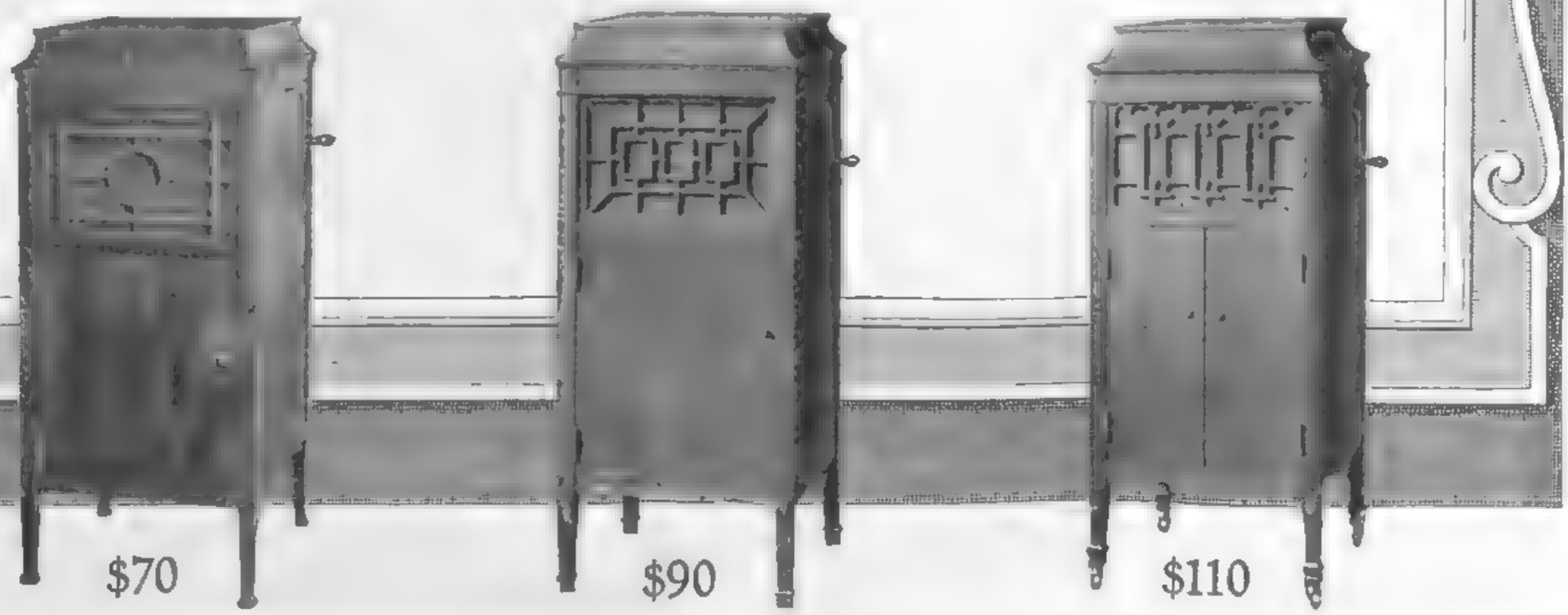
ALWAYS PLUS

Other experts, after receiving reports from phonograph owners, decided that the Brunswick must be truly adaptable to ALL records.

So in this super-phonograph may be had the sapphire ball, jewel point and steel needles. Thus is removed a limitation which has displeased many.

Another group of experts was assigned to give human control, so that one might render any selection with his own interpretation, giving high lights or shadows to the music at will.

As a result, the Brunswick phonograph has a perfected regulator which is a joy everlasting to those who wish to "play" a phonograph.



$70 $90 $110

BRUNSWICK

An International Alliance

Between the Brunswick Phonograph and Pathé Records

AFTER one committee investigated records, not only in America, but in Europe, an arrangement was made between the House of Brunswick and Pathé Frères Phonograph Company. Now Pathé Records may be had at all Brunswick studios and dealers'.

The Pathé Library is perhaps the largest musical collection the world has ever known. All Pathé Records have numbers on both sides. We now introduce many of Europe's celebrated artists never before heard in America.

A MUSICAL TREAT AWAITS YOU

Muratore, acknowledged as the world's greatest lyric tenor; Giorgini, a wonderful voice; Anna Fitziu, the beautiful young American Prima Donna, who won such a sensational success at the Metropolitan Opera House; Didur, marvelous baritone, famous in the title rôle of Boris Godunoff; Thomas Egan, singer of sweet Irish songs; Lina Cavalieri — Ancona — de Cisneros — Galvany — Journet — Ober — Titta Ruffo — Slezak — Urlus — Weil — are only a small part of the world's famous talent heard at its best from Pathé Discs.

But remember that not only Pathé Discs, but *any* record, may be played on the Brunswick.

As a result, came an improved automatic stop, an over-sized motor, a simplified oiling system, plus other unique achievements. Brunswick inventors had the world to choose from and were able to improve upon or discard all features.

Where several ideas were available the best was chosen, regardless of cost. They knew that until a masterpiece was perfected, it could not bear the name of Brunswick. They knew that when it was ready to announce it would be the last word with phonographs.

FOR YEARS THE MASTER CRAFTSMEN

The House of Brunswick has specialized in fine cabinets for over 75 years.

From grandfather to father and son has passed the art of woodworking according to Brunswick ideals. Some cherish secret finishing processes. Others have acquired from their forefathers the delicacies of wood carving.

For years American industries have graciously granted Brunswick top place as cabinet makers.

Now the House of Brunswick comes to you over its own name with its wonderful cabinets in many rare woods — gems of craftsmanship — in different sizes, finishes and prices.

HOW YOU PROFIT

With our forest-to-you plan and our $15,000,000 worth of resources, we are able to give you extra value — extra superiorities not found elsewhere. This, we believe, will attract all who want the best at no greater price, and in some cases at considerably less.

During this introductory period we want everybody to hear the Brunswick Phonograph and become acquainted with its superiorities. We invite you to the nearest Brunswick Studio, where you may ask the Director to play any numbers you please. And ask him to show you just how we have combined all phonographs in one. These studios are located in the fifty four largest cities. In other cities you may obtain the same service from Brunswick dealers.

Write today for our beautiful, illustrated catalog and the address of the nearest place where you may see and hear the Brunswick Phonograph.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

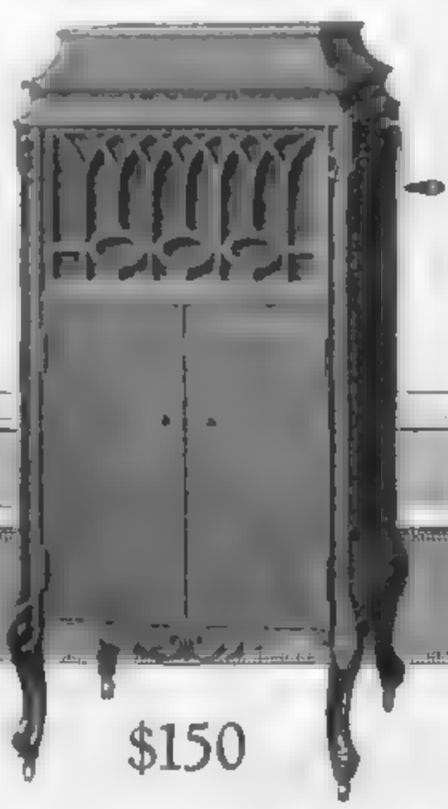
Main Office, 623–633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Branches in 54 Cities in the United States and Canada

OPPORTUNITIES FOR DEALERS

This is but the announcement of a national campaign which will popularize the Brunswick Phonograph and Pathé Records everywhere. Our plan offers progressive dealers unusual advantages. The possibilities are conspicuous and appealing. People will not be able to resist the quality and prices of the Brunswick Phonograph. Our facilities are enormous. They have been years in developing. We expect, and can meet, a tremendous demand. Write us for our dealer proposition both on the Brunswick and Pathé Records.

$125



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$175

The superiority of

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

attains its fullest expression in the knowledge of the class of men who appreciate and wear them.

The "Morley" is a typical, distinctive Stein-Bloch suit with slender, graceful lines, for *young men*. Made with three buttons, patch pockets and semi-form-fitting body.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Wholesale Tailors Rochester, N. Y.

BLUE STREAKS

GOODYEAR
Motorcycle Tires

Goodyear Blue Streak Motorcycle Tires are standard equipment on *three out of every four* new motorcycles in 1916.

Goodyear Blue Streaks are the choice of the majority of motorcycle riders.

Because Goodyear Blue Streaks always give the characteristic Goodyear result—*better service, longer mileage and lower cost.*

Get Goodyear Blue Streaks from any reliable motorcycle tire dealer.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

BE KIND TO YOUR EYES

THE lamp with the most obliging disposition you ever saw is

THE NEW
EMERALITE
OFFICE LAMP $10

—the original green glass shade standard office lamp.

Because of inferior imitations we have branded both shade and standard. Look for the name—Emeralite. On sale at electrical supply, office supply, department, and the more up-to-date hardware stores.

Booklet showing 30 different styles for home and office sent on request

Here is Emeralite, Jr.—another member of the Emeralite family. A friendly little lamp—ready to meet you more than half way every time. Move it around the room and stand it, clamp it or hang it exactly where you want

The lamp with the green glass shade $5

H. G. McFADDIN & COMPANY
37 Warren St., New York
Sole Manufacturers

Dealers! Write for our terms!

(Continued from Page 49)

will go. Henry and me are not sure yet. If you and Uncle William should go and you should come this way be sure to let Henry and me know as we would want to see you and you might know more about Henry's case by looking at him but if it is only hives they will probily be over then.

With love from both of us,
WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S. They are going to have an areship at the fare witch is something everybody ought to see and so Henry and me are going to look from the top of our barn in hopes to see it. Do you know if a boy can see ate miles if it should be a clear day?

P. S. You will find the date for the fare in all the papers if you and Uncle William should think of going.

P. S. It is only a cupple miles longer to come this way and Henry and me would make it up to you by being so glad to see you.

W. G.

II

MY DEAR AUNT: Henry Begg and me are mutch disappointed because you and Uncle William are not going to the county fare acording to your letter with the two dollar bill for carfair for me and Henry and enough for two tickets besides. We did not care for the two dollar bill as mutch as to see you and Uncle William if you should be coming this way because you are both getting older now and there is no telling what might happen any day.

But the two dollar bill is a great help to Henry and me in our disappointment and while you did not say what it was for Henry and me will spend it in a good cause.

Maybe we will get ten dollars wurth of good out of going to the fare witch would be money well spent dont you think so?

Henry was in favor of having the two dollar bill changed in two one dollar bills and each of us having one in a safe place for fear something might happen but after we talkt it over I told Henry it would be better not to start changing it for fear it might get spent too soon, so it is still hid under the carpet in my room until next week when the fare starts. It is hid where I can always find it in the dark so in case of fire or anything I will be able to save it and could probily jump out of the window afterward. It would be too bad to have anything happen to it before it gets spent after you took the trubble to send it to us, witch is always just like you. Henry said it is very strange how you always happen to think of fares and circuses when so many boys aunts never think of them till it is too late.

Henry is all over the trubble I wrote you about sevrel days ago witch was probily only hives and not love at furst site after all but the trip to the fare will probily do us both good anyway and put us in fine shape for school again.

The way Henry and me found out it was only hives was the second time Henry went up to their house with the milk and I went along to see his simptums when she would come out. Henry and me went up on her side porch very careful and both of us had on our next to Sunday suit with our shoes and stockings on.

On account of it being her house Henry and me did not drink any milk out of the pale going over as we sometimes do when we do not care so mutch for them.

Henry was a little pail on her side porch waiting for her to come out but not as mutch decomposed as he might be after all.

Henry knockt very soft and gentle so as not to scare anybody in the house with the milk in his left hand so he could take off his hat when she would come out witch is the kind of a boy Henry is, very polite when he is drest up.

Wile Henry and me were waiting for somebody to come to the dore a fearce growl came from the barn back of their house witch was followed in a few minutes by a savvidge dog coming strate for me and Henry.

His tale was not wagging and we could tell he was not a frendly dog from the way he lookt at us.

Henry put the milk down on the flore of her side porch and we both climbed a tree that was growing by the porch witch was good luck for us.

I went up furst because I was the nearest to it when we saw the dog furst but Henry was very close behind going up and we got up in the tree nearly the same time.

Just as Henry was climbing the fastest the dog jumpt and nearly caught the back of Henry's pance nearest to the ground in his teeth but by the time he jumpt the second time Henry and me were about ten feet farther up and never stopping.

Not a word was said but just climbing. You would not bleave how fast you can climb up a tree till you have to.

Henry and me would probily be climbing yet but after we got about twenty feet up and felt safe to stop we heard a sweet voice calling here Tige here Tige and it was her coming home from the grosserey store with grosseries.

She was bewtiful but Henry said she would never look the same to him again. But when we heard her calling Tige it was a welcome sound for us.

Henry's hat was off already and so was mine so we did not have to take them off. Henry's coat was on the ground where he threw it so he could climb faster after Tige just missed the back of his pance when he jumpt and Tige was tearing Henry's coat and growling and then he would shake the coat and after wile one sleave came clean out.

It was a terrible sight for Henry but he did not feel safe to go down and interfear.

When Tige heard her calling he stopt tearing Henry's coat and wagged his tale a little for the furst time since he met us and then he slowly dragged what was left of Henry's coat over to where she was standing and lade it at her feet and Henry and me were glad it was not us.

It was a great deal of difference from the way we expeckted to meat her Henry said afterward. She wanted me and Henry to come right down but we felt safer in the tree Henry said very polite so Tige was locked in the barn with a great deal of Henry's coat witch was still in his mouth and would probily be no more good to Henry.

Henry and me did not look our best after we climbed down out of the tree. Henry's stockings were partly down and the legs of his pance partly up from climbing and you would hardly know us for two boys drest in pretty good clothes on her side porch with the milk a few minutes before.

She gave Henry what was left of his coat with a sad look and finally Henry found the sleave that came out and it was all together again except for what Tige had in the barn in his mouth. Me and Henry stopt and lookt at it on the way home and we could see there was not mutch help for it even for fishing in. It was Henry's second best coat worn only one fall and part of two Summers and now he would have to wear his Sunday one for furst and second best and maybe he would never have three coats again.

Henry told me going home how his fealings changed fast climbing up the tree and when he stopt climbing he was no more the same boy he was when he started than nothing at all. He said all the love at furst site was gone when he saw it was her dog and he was not sure but he would always hate women afterward. He said he mite get over it but it would take a long time.

But the next morning it was sunshiny and it did not seem as bad as the day before. Henry and me went fishing and got a little poysen ivy coming home so we had something new to think about witch was lucky dont you think so? Maybe to-morrow we will lay in the mud all day long except for meels and soke it out witch is a sure way.

Henry said to tell you the county fare would be a great releef from all our trubbles and he would not wish his wurst enemy anything wurse than climbing a tree with a savvidge dog only about an inch from the back of his pance going up the tree.

I was not as scared as Henry because I was furst and Henry was between me and the dog. But I was only furst because I was nearest to the tree and it was no time to wait.

With love from both of us,
WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S. You will probily hear from us after the county fare. Before Christmas anyway.

W. G.

III

MY DEAR AUNT: Henry and me are back from the county fare safe and sound and we had probily the best time we ever had in all our life except for a little stummick ache and we owe it all to you. Henry said to be sure and thank you for his.

Henry and me never stopt to look at a fine pig or a big punkin or a splendud pile of veggtables but we thought of you and Uncle William and how good you are.

We were gone from home from five oclock in the morning till half past seven that night and traveled ate miles each way besides what we walked in the fare grounds witch was probily ate miles more.

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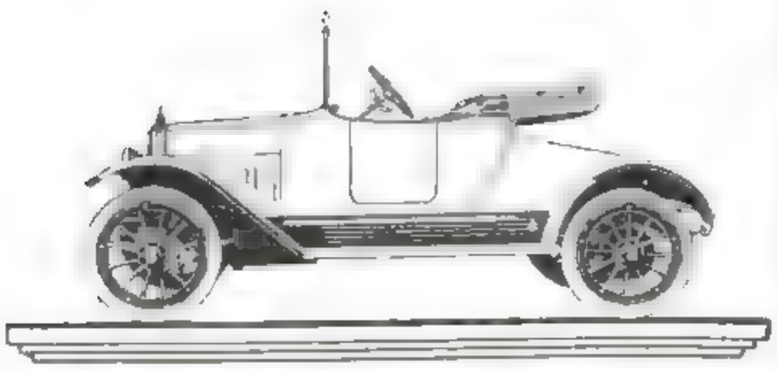
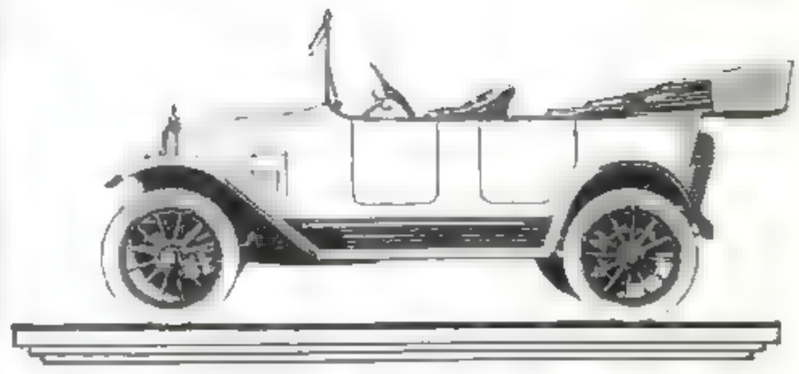


Roadster
$580
F.O.B
DETROIT



Touring Car
$595
F.O.B
DETROIT

THE SOURCE OF MAXWELL DURABILITY

ALL metals used in Maxwell Cars are subjected to careful analyses and tests in our chemical and metallurgical laboratories, immediately upon delivery from the mills to the Maxwell Factories.

Steel that fulfills our requirements is annealed and again tested to insure the accuracy of the annealing heat and the quenching process.

It is then ready to go to our forge shops. The illustration above shows one of the giant forge hammers under which plastic steel is put. When the steel is taken out it has been forged into an axle, a crankshaft or some other vital part.

Before any forgings are sent to the machine shop to be finished, they are once more tested to determine whether the forging process has caused any weaknesses or revealed any defects.

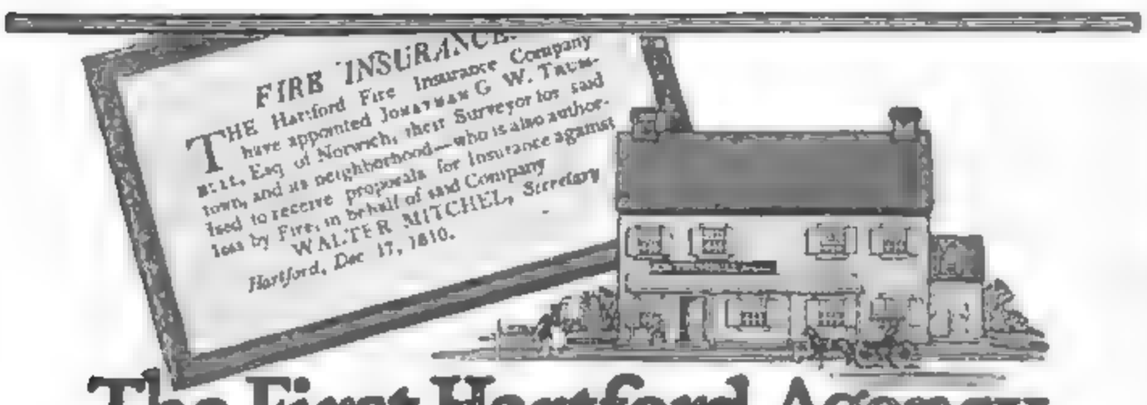
We believe that the Maxwell Car has more high grade forgings than any other motor car made.

And we are absolutely certain that human ingenuity could not devise better or more thorough measures to insure motor car service and reliability.

The Maxwell became the World's Endurance Champion (22,022 miles without a motor stop, January 1916,) chiefly because of the great care we exercise in selecting, testing, forging and assembling its parts. This care is one of the factors that makes the Maxwell the *biggest automobile value in the history of the industry.*

The picture below was taken in our forge at Newcastle, Indiana. This shop has 57 hammers of various sizes, by means of which 98 different Maxwell forgings are made.

Maxwell
Motor Company Inc.-Detroit, Mich.


FIRE INSURANCE.
THE Hartford Fire Insurance Company
have appointed Jonathan G W. Trumbull, Esq of Norwich, their Surveyor for said
town, and its neighborhood—who is also authorized to receive proposals for Insurance against
loss by Fire, in behalf of said Company
WALTER MITCHEL, Secretary
Hartford, Dec 17, 1810.

The First Hartford Agency

was established in Norwich on December 17, 1810, when J. G. W. Trumbull was authorized to underwrite insurance for the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. This agency at Norwich, through direct and continuous succession, is still writing Hartford Insurance. A few struggling states have developed into a great nation, and the Hartford has grown to an organization with agents at every important point in the United States offering to property owners the

INSURANCE *Service* OF THE TWO HARTFORDS

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life insurance. For over a century Hartford losses have been fairly and promptly paid. That is why the Hartford has maintained for many years a position of supremacy in the amount of fire insurance written in the United States. Are you fully insured? Look over the list below and check the forms of insurance which interest you.

Ask your agent or broker to get you a Hartford policy, or write to us and we will tell you the name and address of an agent who can give you rates and particulars.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
The Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co.

Hartford Fire Insurance Company, (Service Department P-10), 125 Trumbull Street, Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send information on the kind of insurance checked and name of Hartford agent to the name and address written on margin of this coupon.

- ☐ Fire
- ☐ Accident
- ☐ Health
- ☐ Auto Liability
- ☐ Auto Collision
- ☐ Auto Theft
- ☐ Auto Fire
- ☐ Baggage
- ☐ Motor Cycle
- ☐ Burglary
- ☐ Employer's Liability
- ☐ Workmen's Compensation
- ☐ Bonding
- ☐ Elevator
- ☐ Plate Glass
- ☐ Tornado
- ☐ Race Horse
- ☐ Live Stock Transit
- ☐ Live Stock Mortality
- ☐ Live Stock
- ☐ Breeders and Exhibitors
- ☐ Hail
- ☐ Cotton Policy
- ☐ Tractor
- ☐ Rent
- ☐ Marine
- ☐ Sprinkler Leakage
- ☐ Use and Occupancy
- ☐ Explosion
- ☐ Merchandise in Transit
- ☐ Parcel Post
- ☐ Salesmen's Samples
- ☐ Registered Mail

(Concluded from Page 52)

It was the longest trip we have made for a long time. Henry spoilt a shurt and my straw hat blew into the manger of one of the cows and was et up by mistake but outside of that we got home purfectly safe and it was a torn shurt and an old hat anyway.

Henry and me got up at five oclock that morning and got the two dollar bill out from under the carpet wile it was still pretty dark but it was no trubble for me to find it from looking at the place so offen. We had brekfust out of the icebox before anybody else was up. We had milk, cheese, pickles, doughnuts, honey and half a lemon pie witch seems like a great deal but afterward it turned out just as well we did.

Henry and me was at the furst train to the town where the fare is at six oclock and so we were both down at the fare grounds by a little after seven oclock. It did not open till ten oclock so Henry and me were in plenty of time. We saw all the outside of the fence round the fare grounds and when the gate opened Henry and me were the furst ones through it that day witch was a good start dont you think so?

Henry and me walked around a good deal at furst trying to see the most for the quarter we spent apeace to get in and by nearly noon we saw most all of the veggtables and a great many of the cows and pigs and some sheap witch were all for nothing and so we lookt at them quite a long time.

We had a dollar left after we bought our tickets and carfair and some small spendings and so we did not wurry at all about expenses for the rest of the day because ten cents apeace would buy us a cupple sandwitches and a glass of milk and we would be home for supper.

So Henry and me walked along by the little tents where you have to pay to see what is inside and not as free as the veggtables and pigs. A bewtiful girl was standing in one tent with a hansum dress all covered with preshus stones and alongside of her was a man hammering a tin pan to get your forchune told.

Henry never had his told but he read all about it and he was very mutch interested and so we both stopt and asked the man about it and he said come in and we will see and so Henry and me went in and the bewtiful girl smiled at both of us and lookt in a glass ball and told Henry's forchune witch was quite interesting.

She said Henry would have a great future and might be president if nothing else happened to him before then. She told Henry about a great many things like losing marbles and falling out of trees and getting a fish hook in his thumb and the poysen ivy and Henry was very mutch supprised because nobody knew about it but us.

She saw it all in the glass ball and then she gave Henry a picture of the girl he would marry sealed up in an envelope but it must not be opened till he was married or it would break the spell so it will probily be some time before Henry knows for sure.

Henry must also be very careful not to meat a girl with red hare and a glass eye on the left hand side of the street when the moon is over his left shoulder because it would have a bad effect on his whole life and might put him under a spell so if you or Uncle William know of any girls of that kind we hope you will let us know so Henry would not meat them.

Then she lookt in the glass ball for me and said I would have a fine future but to be careful about stepping on a rusty nale in a board going barefoot. She said the nale was sticking up all through my forchune. After that she said I would probily be very ritch and I was always to carry a small potato witch she would give me for a charm. I am to get out of bed on the left side furst every day but Monday. She said if I got up wrong only one day after she gave me the potato it would break the spell of my forchune and she would not be to blame.

Henry and me thanked her very mutch and started to go away again but the man in front stopt us and said it would be 75 cents for two of our forchunes and we had saved a quarter by coming in together. Henry and me thought both of them were interested in us and did not want any pay and it was a great supprise about the 75 cents witch would leave just enough out of the two dollar bill for our home carfair.

But we thought it would be all right to pay the 75 cents from the way the man lookt at us with the tin pan and so we did and then we walkt slowly away to think it over again. It was kind of serious ate miles from home and only carfair left out of the two dollar bill you sent us and nothing to eat since five oclock brekfust witch was already partly worn off by then. Henry said he was glad we would have a fine future in our life but it did not start out as well as she said it would be after wile but probily some day we would both look back and laugh but it did not seem to be so funny now.

So me and Henry passed a place where they were cooking things for people to eat outside and smelt some fine fride chicken for dinner but not ours.

Henry and me watcht it frying for quite a wile but when the smell of it got too strong we walkt away again because our apetight did not come up so mutch when we were away from the smell.

Henry and me thought of spending the quarter we had left for part of one and walking the ate miles home but we were afrade we would be week and not able to walk the ate miles on only part of a fride chicken witch would probily not leave mutch strenth in us by the time we would have to start.

Then we lade down in a shadey place to see if we could sleep our apetight off but it kept coming up very plane and strong so we got up and walkt along places where people were not eating for fear we would smell the fride chicken again.

By this time the games were started in front of the grandstand and one of them was for boys eating a pie the quickest and Henry mannidged to get in it and won fifty cents eating pie witch he said was the happiest way to make money he ever knew but it does not keep up all the time.

All you have to do is to swallow it faster than any of the other boys and your stummick will do the rest. Henry swallowed most of his whole only stopping once in a wile to chew when his throte got full and some he could push down with his finger.

The pie eating was at two oclock and Henry and me did not have anything to eat since five oclock brekfust on account of having our forchune told so Henry's apetight was a great help in winning the money and the furst half of his pie was down before the other boys hardly got theirs started. Henry said it was kind of tough crust but not bad after he got used to it.

It was six boys in the pie race one lemon one apple one pie plant one currant one custard and one blackberry. All the boys sat in a ring in front of the grandstand where everybody could see them going. Then the boys all drew papers out of a hat for the kind of pie for them to eat. Henry was blackberry but he was hoping to be lemon witch he likes the best. All the pies were in a paper plate witch every boy had to hold in his two hands but he could not break it up or take it out of the plate but only eat it out.

Being blackberry Henry was quite a sight when he was through but very proud when he was led up to the grandstand as the best boy pie eater in the United States witch was an onner he never expected when he started out in the morning at five oclock. He did not have time to wash his face yet but everybody seemed to be pleased to see him just the way he was.

I would never have known Henry except for his pance witch I knew but the rest of him from the pance up was mutch changed from the blackberry juice witch cuvered his face all over and part of his shurt where it squirted when he was going fast.

So after Henry got the fifty cents for the best boy pie eater we went over to the horse troff and Henry washt the blackberry juice off of his face and I washt him off on the neck where he could not see.

By this time I told Henry on account of not being in the pie race my apetight was coming up pretty strong again and so we bought twenty donuts and fore bottles of pop with part of the fifty cents and after we et them all we both could feal a great change in us. Henry said our forchune was beginning to come true as the girl said and he would never be discurridged again.

After we et the twenty donuts and drank the fore bottles of pop Henry and me went back and watcht the rest of the games and things with a great deal of comfurt.

Henry had a dose of castor oyle when we told about him winning the pie race and he had a little stummick ache the next day but he is all right now.

It was a grate day at the fare and you would be very proud if you could see Henry at the grandstand after the pie race. You would say it was one of the best two dollars anybody ever spent.

With love from both of us,
WILLIAM GREEN.

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Whenever Carter's underwear is tried by *one* member of the family, it becomes the chosen underwear of *all* the family, from that most important little tot, up. Notice the kind of family that wears Carter's—the kind of shops which sell it. Carter's is the finest underwear made in America.

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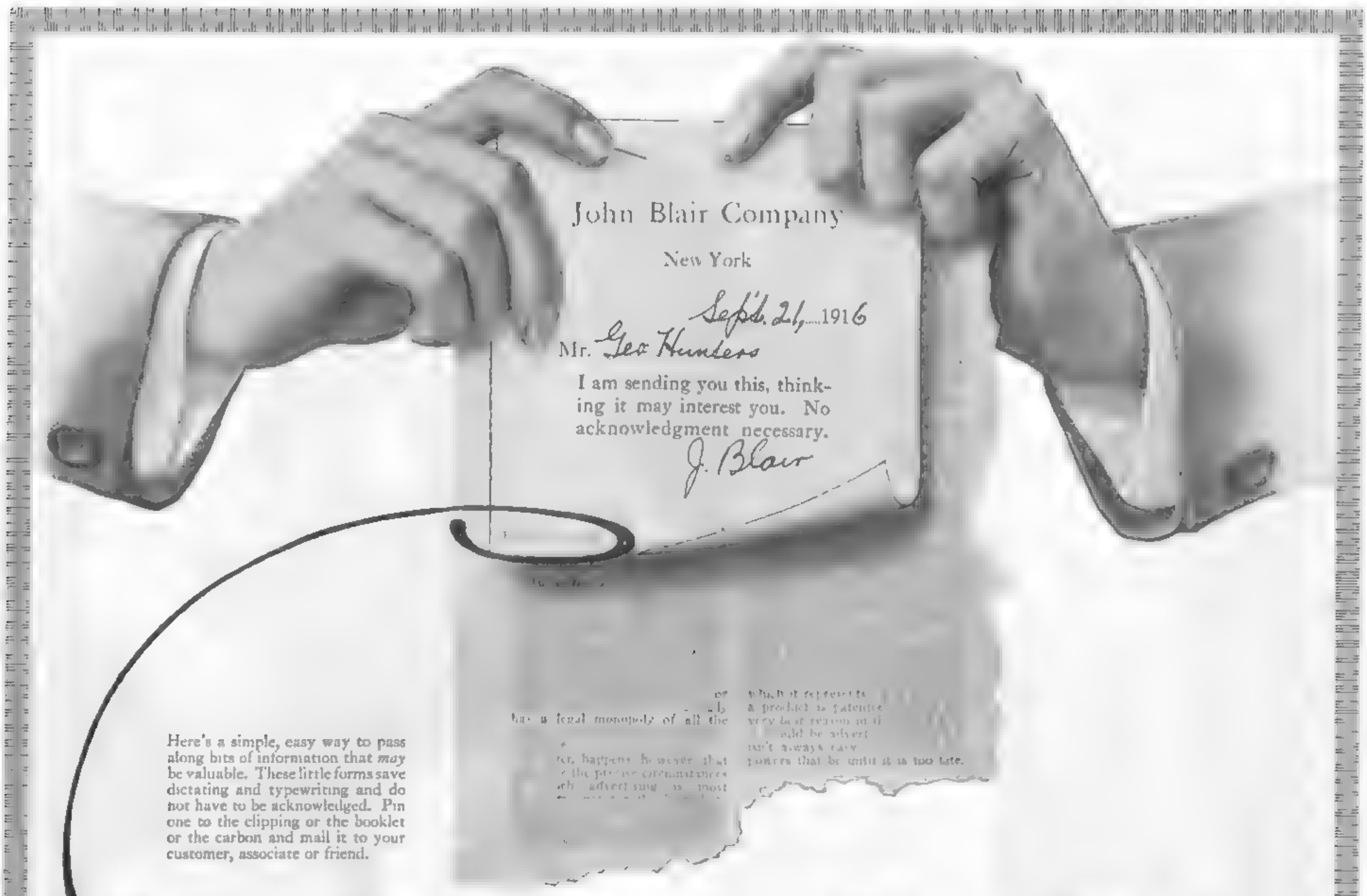
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You call in a printer and one of his first questions is, "What sort of stock?" meaning what sort of paper.

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Well, you pick out some paper or other, and the same procedure has to be gone over again every time you buy printing.

Until you standardize your office forms, you will be getting work done on paper in every grade from the poorest to the most extravagant.

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When you mention Hammermill Bond to your printer he does not assume a "Where have I heard that name before?" expression.

The name Hammermill means paper to any printer just as Harris means press or Mergenthaler means linotype.

He knows that Hammermill Bond is consistently far better in quality than its selling price.

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We can show you very accurately how you can save money on stationery. Unless your business is most unusual we have a portfolio already prepared that fits it exactly. These portfolios show the uses of Hammermill Bond as office forms and may give you a hint for installing a better system in your business. They are free. Write on your business letterhead and we will send you the portfolio that suits your business.

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HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

SWINGS, SLUMPS AND STRAWS

(Concluded from Page 7)

absurd sections, catering to this class and that class, and are fed with reports of what they want to hear, and buoyed up with what they hope for instead of what they ought to know.

All this is archaic. Here is a campaign coming to an end amid unprecedented domestic and world conditions. Here are two candidates for the office of President who are largely similar in such attributes as Americans hold fit men for the Presidency. Here is a national battle without any great outstanding issue that differentiates one party from the other. Here has been the attempt to supply that lack of issue by the promulgation of hypotheses.

There is just one concrete issue; and nothing that has been said or done, and nothing that will be said or done, will change it: Do a majority of the people of the United States think that Mr. Wilson has succeeded well enough as President to justify his retention as President for another term? Or not? Do a majority of the people of the United States feel that Mr. Hughes will be a better President than Mr. Wilson? Or not?

That is the gist and the nubbin of it. If a majority of the people do think that Mr. Hughes is preferable to Mr. Wilson, it will mean that a united Republican Party will elect Mr. Hughes, because there isn't any political reason why a Democrat who is a Democrat from conviction should not vote for Mr. Wilson. If the verdict favors Mr. Wilson, it will mean that a million and a half or two million nominal Republicans do not think there is anything in Mr. Wilson's conduct of his office to justify a change, and will vote accordingly.

All these attempts to make Republican issues or Democratic issues are piffle. There are no Democratic issues or Republican issues. There is a Wilson record and there is a Hughes assumption. That is all there is to it. Two individuals are asking for the votes of sixteen or seventeen million other individuals; and when it comes to the crux of it the decision will be made largely on those lines. To be sure, Mr. Hughes is advantaged by the predominating numbers of Republicans, by the better discipline of that party, and by the better organization; but, giving him those concessions, the determination still remains and will remain a question of discrimination between the individuals by their fellow citizens.

Wherefore, this campaign has resulted, thus far, in its Swings and its Slumps. The people have been puzzled by the theorizing that has been done, and not convinced. They have been accustomed to concrete things: the full dinner pail—the honest dollar—the Big Stick—the military hero the old flag—the material appeal. When it comes to deciding between the proposition that one interpretation of international law means national dishonor, while another interpretation of it means national honor, they are at sea, because they do not know what international law is—nor do the interpreters—and they do not get the distinctions or realize what bearing those distinctions have on their domestic affairs.

When it comes to an argument that the Adamson Law means one thing or means another thing, in its economic bearings, they have no conception of what the wranglers are driving at. And so it goes all down the long list. The President of the United States, to the average man of the United States, is the man who holds the greatest office in the world. No matter what the citizen may feel about the person who is President, there never is any mistake as to what the average citizen thinks of the Presidency itself. That is the greatest office in the world.

Now, then, with this campaign having no partisan incentives save the desire of the Republicans to get back into power and the desire of the Democrats to remain in power, which are powerful to the political class, it must be remembered that the great bulk of the people in the United States never have held an office and never expect to hold one. We get our politics largely by inheritance and by environment. Very few people begin their political affiliations because of political conviction.

With this in mind, recall the fact that four years ago more than half of the normal strength of the Republican Party split away from the Republican organization and voted for the sure defeat of the Republican candidate. Also, bear in mind that a good many Republicans went so far as to vote for a Democrat; and the further fact that not a few Democrats voted for Roosevelt.

Thus, you have the beginnings of a political situation that predicates a certain element of open-mindedness. And thus you have the condition, notwithstanding the claims that the great bulk of Republicans will vote the Republican ticket, which makes this coming election a question of decision between individuals rather than a decision by political divisions or party affiliations. Thus, also, you have the condition that makes this election so difficult of prediction and so puzzling to the men who are professionally political.

However, there is one fact on this first day of October, and that is this: The Swing to-day is for Mr. Hughes, and has been for some weeks.

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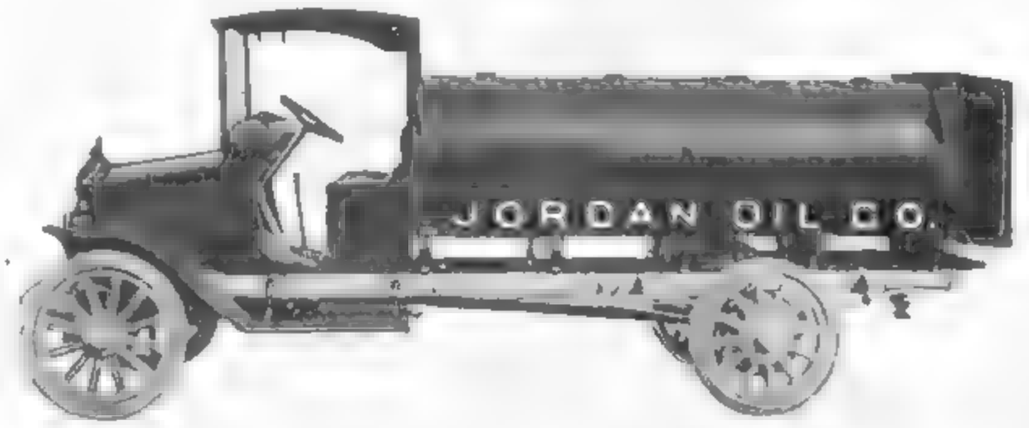

Another conclusive proof of Denby superiority

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"Los Angeles.

We have three one-and-a-half ton Denby Trucks, carrying six hundred gallons of refined oil, always on the job day and night. One car has run 15,000 miles on engine distillate without one minute's delay. Have paid for no repairs on any of the trucks. Made one run on test, 56 miles on five gallons engine distillate and reached elevation 3000 feet, at cost for fuel 45 cents. After using number of makes of trucks, we find that the Denby is the truck for our service.

Jordan Oil Company."

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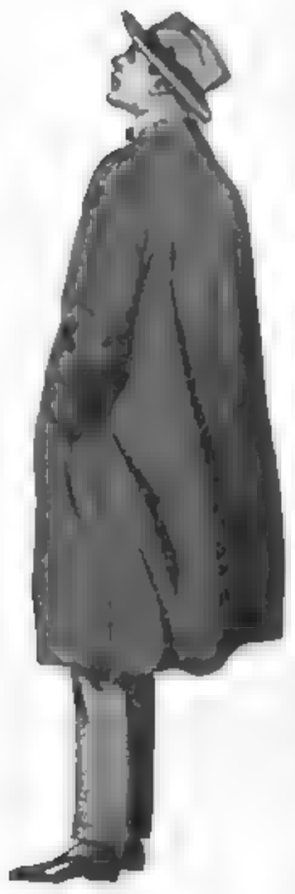

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Distinctive in its elusive perfume, it imparts a creamy rich lather that makes its use a real treat.

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This perfect soap has been the choice of refined women for many generations—both here and abroad. And you, too, will find it best. At your druggist's or dry goods store.

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PICCADILLY JIM

(Continued from Page 22)

"My nephew, Mr. William Partridge, has invented a wonderful explosive, and it is quite likely that these men are here to try to steal it."

"Sure. Men'll do anything. If y' put all the men in th' world in th' cooler, wouldn't be 'ny more crime."

She glowered at the dog Aida, which had risen from the basket and was removing the last remains of sleep from her system by a series of calisthenics of her own invention, as if suspecting her of masculinity. Mrs. Pett could not help wondering what tragedy in the dim past had caused this hatred of males on the part of her visitor. Miss Trimble had not the appearance of one who would lightly be deceived by man; still less the appearance of one whom man, unless shortsighted and extraordinarily susceptible, would go out of his way to deceive. She was still turning this mystery over in her mind when her visitor spoke.

"Well, gimme th' rest of th' dope," said Miss Trimble.

"I beg your pardon?"

"More facts. Spill 'm!"

"Oh, I understand," said Mrs. Pett hastily, and embarked on a brief narrative of the suspicious circumstances which had caused her to desire skilled assistance.

"Lor' W'sbeach?" said Miss Trimble, breaking the story. "Who's he?"

"A very great friend of ours."

"You vouch f'r him pers'n'lly? He's all right, huh? Not a crook, huh?"

"Of course he is not!" said Mrs. Pett indignantly. "He's a great friend of mine."

"S'll right. Well, I guess thass 'bout all, huh? I'll be going downstairs an' starting in."

"You can come here immediately?"

"Sure. Got parlor-maid rig round at m' boarding house round corner. Come back with it 'n ten minutes. Same dress I used when I w's working on th' Marling d'vorce case.

"D'jer know th' Marlings? Idle rich! Bound t' get 'nto trouble. I fixed 'm. Well, g'-by. Mus' be going. No time t' waste."

Mrs. Pett leaned back faintly in her chair. She felt overcome.

Downstairs, on her way out, Miss Trimble had paused in the hall to inspect a fine statue that stood at the foot of the stairs. It was a noble work of art, but it seemed to displease her. She snorted.

"Idle rich!" she muttered scornfully. "B-r-rh!"

The portly form of Mr. Crocker loomed up from the direction of the back stairs. She fixed her left eye on him piercingly. Mr. Crocker met it and quailed. He had that consciousness of guilt that philosophers tell us is the worst drawback to crime. Why this woman's gaze should disturb him so thoroughly he could not have said. She was a perfect stranger to him. She could know nothing about him. Yet he quailed.

"Say," said Miss Trimble, "I'm c'ming here's parlor maid."

"Oh, ah?" said Mr. Crocker feebly.

"G-r-r-rh!" observed Miss Trimble, and departed.

XVIII

THE library, whither Jimmy had made his way after leaving Mrs. Pett, was a large room on the ground floor, looking out on the street that ran parallel to the south side of the house. It had French windows opening on a strip of lawn that ended in a high stone wall with a small gate in it, the general effect of these things being to create a resemblance to a country house rather than to one in the center of the city. Mr. Pett's town residence was full of these surprises.

In one corner of the room a massive safe had been let into the wall, striking a note of incongruity, for the remainder of the wall space was completely covered with volumes of all sorts and sizes, which filled the shelves and overflowed into a small gallery, reached by a short flight of stairs and running along the north side of the room over the door.

Jimmy cast a glance at the safe, behind the steel doors of which he presumed the test tube of Partridgite that Willie had carried from the luncheon table lay hid; then transferred his attention to the shelves. A cursory inspection of these revealed nothing that gave promise of whiling away entertainingly the moments that must elapse before the return of Ann. Jimmy's tastes in literature lay in the direction of the lighter kind of modern fiction, and Mr. Pett did not appear to possess a single volume that had been written later than the eighteenth century—and mostly poetry at that. He turned to the writing desk near the window, on which he had caught sight of a standing shelf, full of books of a more modern aspect. He picked one up at random and opened it.

He threw it down disgustedly. It was poetry. This man Pett appeared to have a perfect obsession for poetry. One would never have suspected it, to look at him. Jimmy had just resigned himself, after another glance at the shelf, to a bookless vigil, when his eye was caught by a name—on the cover of the last in the row—so unexpected that he had to look again to verify the discovery.

He had been perfectly right. There it was—in gold letters:

THE LONELY HEART

BY

ANN CHESTER

He extracted the volume from the shelf in a sort of stupor. Even now he was inclined to give his goddess of the red hair the benefit of the doubt and to assume that someone else of the same name had written it. For it was a defect in Jimmy's character—one of his many defects—that he loathed and scorned minor poetry and considered minor poets, especially when feminine, an unnecessary affliction. He declined to believe that Ann, his Ann, a girl full of the finest traits of character, the girl who had been capable of encouraging a comparative stranger to break the law by impersonating her cousin, Jimmy Crocker, could also be capable of writing The Lonely Heart and other poems. He skimmed through the first one he came across and shuddered. It was pure slush. It was the sort of stuff they filled up pages with in the magazines when the detective story did not run long enough. It was the sort of stuff that long-haired blighters read aloud to other long-haired blighters in English suburban drawing-rooms. It was the sort of stuff that—to be brief—gave him the Willies. No, it could not be Ann who had written it.

The next moment the horrid truth was thrust upon him. There was an inscription on the title page:

To my dearest Uncle Peter, with love from the author,

Ann Chester.

The room seemed to reel before Jimmy's eyes. He felt as if a friend had wounded him in his tenderest feelings. He felt as if some loved one had smitten him over the back of the head with a sandbag. For one moment, in which time stood still, his devotion to Ann wabbled. It was as if he had found her out in some terrible crime that revealed unsuspected flaws in her hitherto ideal character.

Then his eye fell upon the date on the title page, and a strong spasm of relief shook him. The clouds rolled away, and he loved her still. This frightful volume had been published five years ago.

A wave of pity swept over Jimmy. He did not blame her now. She had been a mere child five years ago, scarcely old enough to distinguish right from wrong. You couldn't blame her for writing sentimental verse at that age. Why, at a similar stage in his own career he had wanted to be a vaudeville singer. Everything must be excused to youth. It was with a tender glow of affectionate forgiveness that he turned the pages.

As he did so a curious thing happened to him. He began to have that feeling, which everyone has experienced at some time or other, that he had done this very thing before. He was almost convinced that this was not the first time he had seen that poem on page twenty-seven entitled A Lament. Why, some of the lines seemed extraordinarily familiar. The people who understood these things explained this phenomenon, he believed, by some stuff about the cells of the brain working simultaneously or something. Something about cells anyway. He supposed that that must be it.

But that was not it. The feeling that he had read all this before grew instead of vanishing, as is generally the way on these occasions. He had read this stuff before. He was certain of it. But when? And where? And above all, why? Surely he had not done it from choice.

It was the utter impossibility of his having done it from choice that led his memory in the right direction. There had only been a year or so in his life when he had been obliged to read things that he would not have read of his own free will, and that had been when he worked on the Chronicle. Could it have been that they had given him this book of poems to review? Or ——

And then memory, in its usual eccentric way, having taken all this time to make the first part of the journey, finished the rest of it with one lightning swoop, and he knew. And with the illumination came dismay, worse than dismay—horror.

"Gosh!" said Jimmy.

He knew now why he had thought on the occasion of their first meeting in London that he had seen hair like Ann's before. The mists rolled away and he saw everything clear and stark. He knew what had happened at that meeting five years before, to which she had so mysteriously alluded. He knew what she had meant that evening on the boat when she had charged one Jimmy Crocker with having cured her of sentiment. A cold sweat sprang into being about his temples. He could remember that interview now, as clearly as if it had happened five minutes ago instead of five years.

He could recall the article for the Sunday Chronicle that he had written from the interview, and the ghoulish gusto with which he had written it. He had had a boy's undisciplined sense of humor in those days, the sense of humor that riots like a young colt, careless of what it bruises and crushes. He shuddered at the recollection of the things he had hammered out so gleefully on his typewriter down at the Chronicle office. He found himself recoiling in disgust from the man he had been, the man who could have done a wanton thing like that without compunction or ruth. He had read extracts from the article to an appreciative colleague—— A great sympathy for Ann welled up in him. No wonder she hated the memory of Jimmy Crocker.

It is probable that remorse would have tortured him even further had he not chanced to turn absently to page forty-six and read a poem entitled Love's Funeral. It was not a long poem, and he had finished it inside of two minutes; but by that time a change had come upon his mood of self-loathing. He no longer felt like a particularly mean murderer. Love's Funeral was like a tonic. It braced and invigorated him. It was so unspeakably absurd, so poor in every respect. All things, he now perceived, had worked together for good.

Ann had admitted on the boat that it was his satire that had crushed out of her the fondness for this sort of thing. If that was so then the part he had played in her life had been that of a rescuer. He thought of her as she was now and as she must have been then, to have written stuff like this, and he rejoiced at what he had done. In a manner of speaking the Ann of to-day, the glorious creature who went about the place kidnaping Ogdens, was his handiwork. It was he who had destroyed the minor poetry virus in her. The refrain of an old song came to him:

You made me what I am to-day!
I hope you're satisfied!

He was more than satisfied. He was proud of himself. He rejoiced, however, after the first flush of enthusiasm, somewhat moderately. There was no disguising the penalty of his deed of kindness. To Ann, Jimmy Crocker was no rescuer, but a sort of blend of ogre and vampire. She must never learn his real identity—or not until he had succeeded by assiduous toil, as he hoped he would, in neutralizing that prejudice of the distant past.

A footstep outside broke in on his thoughts. He thrust the book quickly back into its place. Ann came in and shut the door behind her.

"Well?" she said eagerly.

Jimmy did not reply for a moment. He was looking at her and thinking how perfect in every way she was now, as she stood there purged of sentimentality, all aglow with curiosity to know how her nefarious plans had succeeded. It was his Ann who stood there, not the author of The Lonely Heart.

"Did you ask her?"

"Yes, but ——"

Ann's face fell.

"Oh! She won't let him come back?"

(Continued on Page 61)

Detroit Electric

Greatest Enclosed Car Values

ever offered by world's largest exclusive enclosed car builders

You might ask in a sincere desire to get accurate information, "Do you actually build the finest enclosed cars?"

And we would answer your question in this way. Most motor car makers build very few **enclosed cars.** The major portion of their business is confined to other types.

But we build **only enclosed cars.** That is our sole business. And we have specialized in enclosed car construction for 10 years.

Is it not reasonable to believe that we are further advanced and better able to build enclosed cars than others who specialize on **touring car** types?

Then you might say, "Are Detroit Electrics **greater dollar-for-dollar values** than any other?"

And this is how we would reply.

1. Our factory contains 20 acres of floor space. Every square foot was designed and is used solely to promote the efficient and economical manufacture of **enclosed cars.**

2. There is $550,000 worth of manufacturing equipment. Every dollar's worth was installed with the single aim of building enclosed cars better and more economically.

3. With the growth of Detroit Electric sales we have attained a volume of manufacture so great that it has enabled us to avail ourselves of equipment (such as presses, tools and dies) for the exclusive building of enclosed cars, which is of the same modern type as the equipment employed by other big manufacturers who specialize on open type cars, and to whom the enclosed car is an odd or a special model.

4. Our engineers and designers devote their time exclusively to building an enclosed car of the utmost convenience and safety in driving. For instance, Detroit Electrics have clear-vision windows all around that make it easy and safe for you to motor even in crowded traffic. And they are constantly devising ways and means of obtaining quality with greater economy.

5. There are in our employ 1100 men. Each one of these men is a specialist in enclosed car work. And because he is doing his particular duty day after day, he has become expert and efficient in the degree that only a specialist can become expert and efficient. Should he be called upon to work on open cars 85 per cent of the time, and then turn his hand to enclosed car work—as he is in factories where enclosed cars form but a small portion of the output—his ability and efficiency would naturally be lessened greatly.

Is it not evident that the Detroit Electric organization with its specialist mechanics working exclusively on enclosed cars—can build better enclosed cars with far greater economy than an organization of open car workmen?

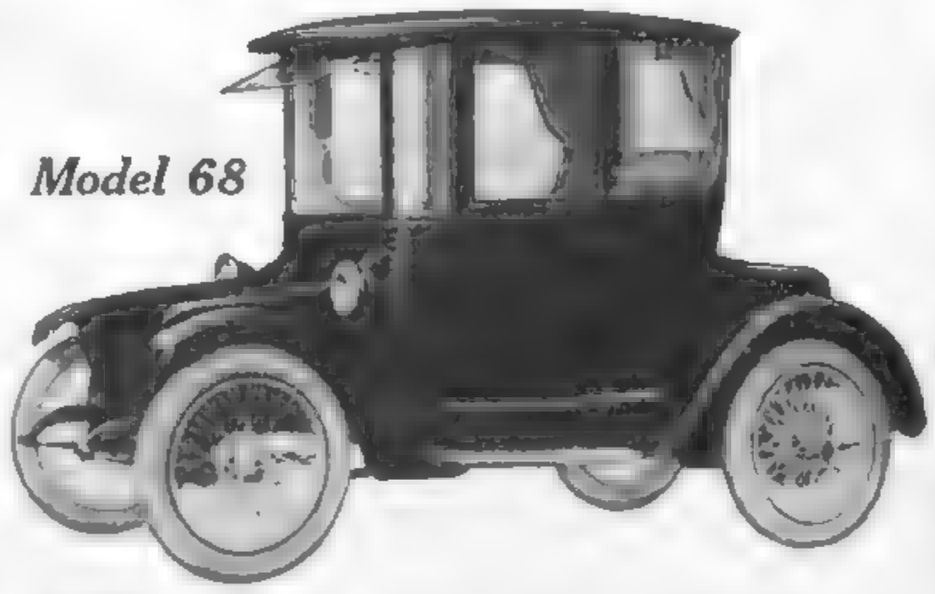
Perhaps you hesitate to make up your mind before having the higher quality and greater value of Detroit Electrics confirmed by others.

If so, we ask you to contemplate this further fact. There are cars of higher price and there are cars of lower price than Detroit Electrics, but **more** enclosed car buyers select Detroit Electrics than any other—either of higher or lower price—either of gasoline or electric power.

We urge you to visit your nearest Detroit Electric dealer and inspect these 1917 models.

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR CO.
DETROIT

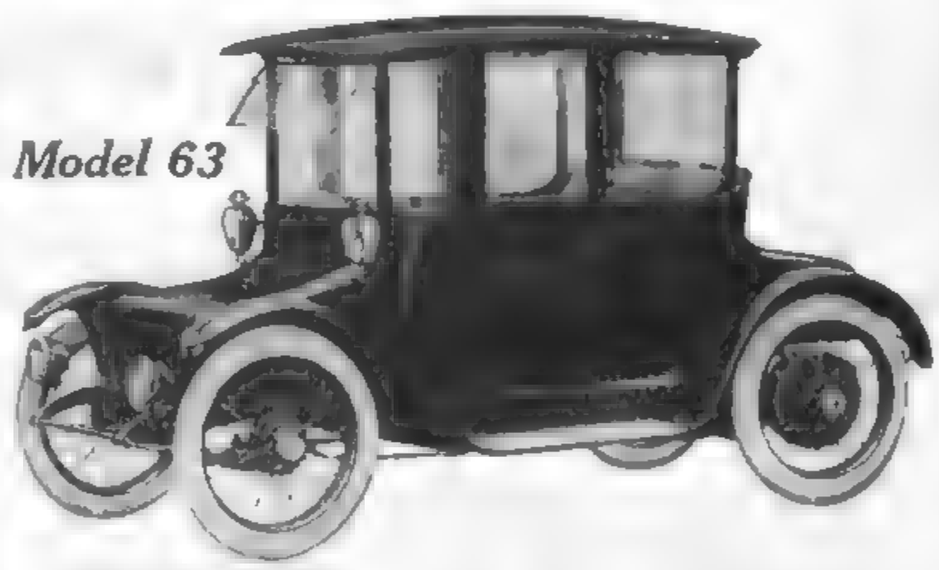
Model 68



$1775

4-passenger Brougham, 42-cell, 13-plate battery, 100-inch wheelbase, 33x4½-inch Goodrich Silvertown Cord Tires, 65 to 100 miles per charge, 6 to 25 miles per hour speed range. F. o. b. Detroit.

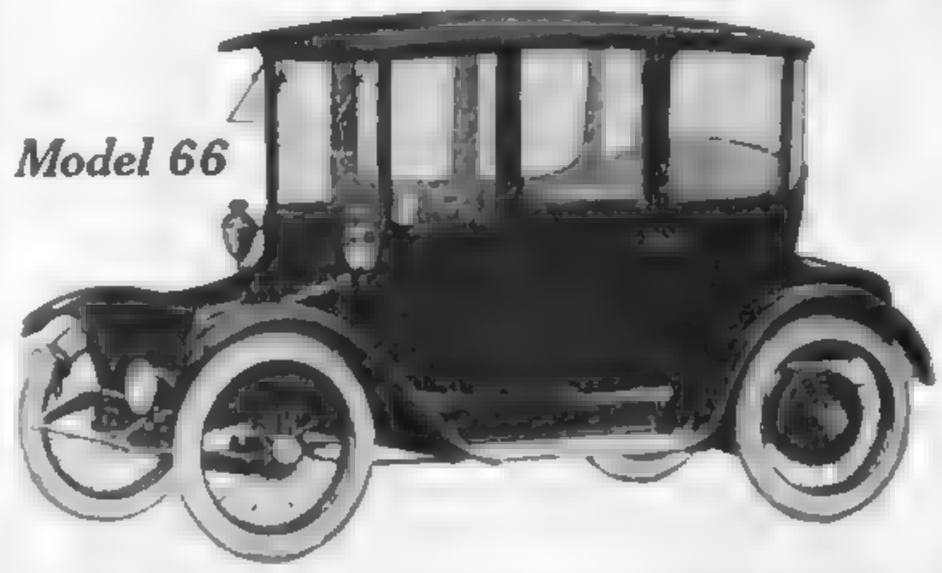
Model 63



$2275

4-passenger Brougham, full aluminum body, 42-cell, 15-plate battery, 100-inch wheelbase, 34x4½-inch Goodrich Silvertown Cord Tires, 65 to 100 miles per charge, 6 to 25 miles per hour speed range. F. o. b. Detroit.

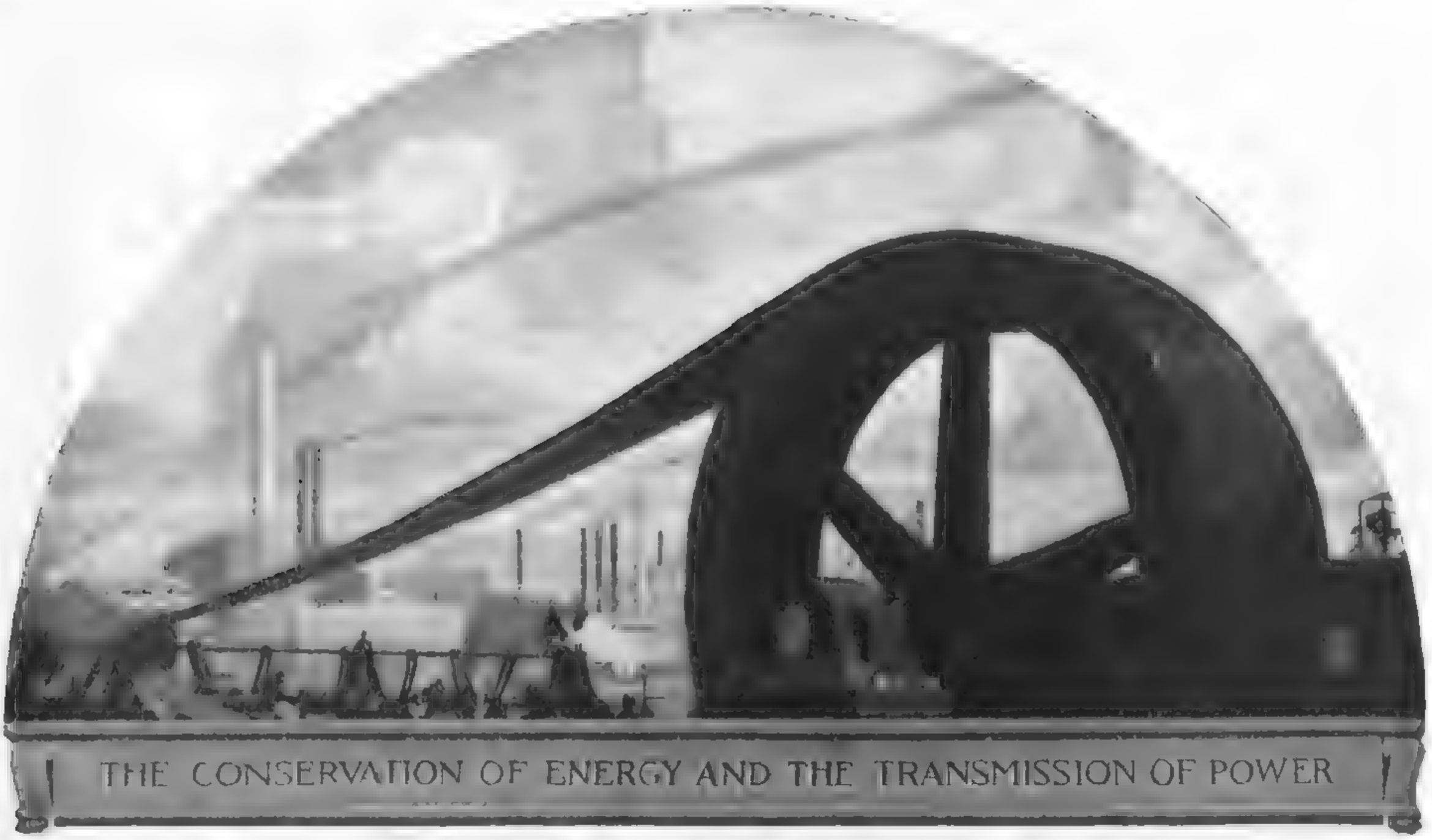
Model 66



$2375

5-passenger Brougham, interchangeable front or rear seat drive, full aluminum body, 42-cell, 15-plate battery, 100-inch wheelbase, 34x4½-inch Goodrich Silvertown Cord Tires, 65 to 100 miles per charge, 6 to 25 miles per hour speed range. F. o. b. Detroit.

195



BLUE STREAK BELTS

Keep Service-Costs at a Lower Level

Two things make for the growing use of Blue Streak Belts in every industry where rubber belting can be used.

One is the great improvement which Goodyear has made in rubber belting.

The other is the mounting price of leather belting, and its uncertain quality.

In Blue Streak, Goodyear has given rubber belting much longer life, much greater efficiency and economy.

For example, the duck is 36-oz. that tests 575 to 600 pounds tensile strength, instead of the lighter weight, of 450-pound test, once thought sufficient.

The plies are cushioned, and literally welded together, by pure rubber gum, which is forced under pressure into the very fibre of the duck.

The result is a belt tremendously strong, yet pliable; fit for the heaviest duty in power transmission without stretch or ply separation.

Today a single leather belt—the poorer quality—costs practically the same that a double leather belt did a year ago. And in some industries the price of the latter is now prohibitive.

Blue Streak quality never varies. Its first cost may be a little higher. But its last cost, its *service* cost, is always lower.

Slippage and power waste are almost unknown where Blue Streak drives the machines.

In paper mills, where the pull must not vary, Blue Streak is the premier belt. It is not affected by moisture or water.

It is making new records for long life where dust or grit or fine slag—as in cement and brick plants—necessitates frequent renewal of ordinary belting.

There are few situations in which Blue Streak will not supplant other belts and do better work at a lower cost.

In abnormal conditions, we prefer to make special investigation, to insure the greatest economy in purchase and performance.

Our recommendations are based on experience and practice; and our reputation must depend on the year-in and year-out service and economy of the belt we recommend.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

A Useful Book in Any Industry

The Goodyear Encyclopedia of Mechanical Goods makes specific recommendations covering the use of Goodyear Belts, Packing, Hose and Valves in mills, mines, factories, elevators, quarries, oil fields, etc., etc. Its compilation from practical experience makes it a valuable reference book. Write for it, naming the particular industry in which you are interested.

(Continued from Page 56)

"She absolutely refused. I did my best."

"I know you did."

There was a silence.

"Well, this settles it," said Jimmy. "Now you will have to let me help you."

Ann looked troubled.

"But it's such a risk. Something terrible might happen to you. Isn't impersonation a criminal offense?"

"What does it matter? They tell me prisons are excellent places nowadays. Concerts, picnics—all that sort of thing. I shan't mind going there. I have a nice singing voice. I think I will try to make the glee club."

"I suppose we are breaking the law," said Ann seriously. "I told Jerry that nothing could happen to us—except the loss of his place, to him, and my being sent to my grandmother, to me—but I'm bound to say I said that just to encourage him. Don't you think we ought to know what the penalty is, in case we are caught?"

"It would enable us to make our plans. If it's a life sentence I shouldn't worry about selecting my future career."

"You see," explained Ann, "I suppose they would hardly send me to prison, as I'm a relation—though I would far rather go there than to grandmother's. She lives all alone, miles away in the country, and is strong on discipline; but they might do all sorts of things to you, in spite of my pleadings. I really think you had better give up the idea. I'm afraid my enthusiasm carried me away. I didn't think of all this before."

"Never! This thing goes through or fails over my dead body. What are you looking for?"

Ann was deep in a bulky volume that stood on a lectern by the window.

"Catalogue," she said briefly, turning the pages. "Uncle Peter has heaps of law books. I'll look up kidnaping. Here we are: 'Law encyclopedia—shelf X.' Oh, that's upstairs. I shan't be a minute."

She ran to the little staircase and disappeared. Her voice came from the gallery.

"Here we are! I've got it!"

"Shoot," said Jimmy.

"There's such a lot of it," called the voice from above—"pages and pages. I'm just skimming. Wait a moment!"

A rustling followed from the gallery, then a sneeze.

"This is the dustiest place I was ever in," said the voice. "It's inches deep everywhere. It's full of cigarette ends too. I must tell uncle. Oh, here it is. Kidnaping penalties ——"

"Hush," called Jimmy. "There's someone coming."

The door opened.

"Hello," said Ogden, strolling in. "I was looking for you. Didn't think you would be here."

"Come right in, my little man, and make yourself at home," said Jimmy.

Ogden eyed him with disfavor.

"You're pretty fresh, aren't you?"

"This is praise from Sir Hubert Stanley."

"Eh? Who's he?"

"Oh, a gentleman who knew what was what."

Ogden closed the door.

"Well, I know what's what too. I know what you are for one thing." He chuckled. "I've got your number all right."

"In what respect?"

Another chuckle proceeded from the bulbous boy.

"You think you're smooth, don't you? But I'm onto you. Jimmy Crocker! A lot of Jimmy Crocker you are! You're a crook. Get me? And I know what you're after, at that. You're going to try to kidnap me."

From the corner of his eye Jimmy was aware of Ann's startled face, looking over the gallery rail and withdrawn hastily. No sound came from the heights, but he knew that she was listening intently.

"What makes you think that?"

Ogden lowered himself into the depth of his favorite easy-chair and, putting his feet restfully on the writing desk, met Jimmy's gaze with a glassy but knowing eye.

"Got a cigarette?" he said.

"I have not," said Jimmy. "I'm sorry."

"So am I."

"Returning with your permission to our original subject," said Jimmy, "what makes you think that I have come here to kidnap you?"

Ogden yawned.

"I was in the drawing-room after lunch, and that guy Lord Wisbeach came in and said he wanted to talk to mother privately. Mother sent me out of the room, so of course I listened at the door."

"Do you know where little boys go who listen to private conversations?" said Jimmy severely.

"To the witness stand generally, I guess. Well, I listened, and I heard this Lord Wisbeach tell mother that he had only pretended to recognize you as Jimmy Crocker and that really he had never seen you before in his life. He said you were a crook and that they had got to watch you. Well, I knew then why you had come here. It was pretty smooth, getting in the way you did. I've got to hand it to you."

Jimmy did not reply. His mind was occupied with the contemplation of this dashing counterstroke on the part of Gentleman Jack. He could hardly refrain from admiring the simple strategy with which the latter had circumvented him. There was an artistry about the move that compelled respect.

"Well, now, see here," said Ogden, "you and I have got to get together on this proposition. I've been kidnaped twice before, and the only guys that made anything out of it were the kidnapers. It's pretty soft for them. They couldn't have got a cent without me, and they never dreamed of giving me a rake-off. I'm getting good and tired of being kidnaped for other people's benefit, and I've made up my mind that the next guy that wants me has got to come across. See?

"My proposition is fifty-fifty. If you like it I'm game to let you go ahead. If you don't like it then the deal's off, and you'll find that you've a darned poor chance of getting me. When I was kidnaped before I was just a kid, but I can look after myself now. Well, what do you say?"

Jimmy found it hard at first to say anything. He had never properly understood the possibilities of Ogden's character before. The longer he contemplated him, the more admirable Ann's scheme appeared. It seemed to him that only a resolute keeper of a home for dogs would be adequately equipped for dealing with this remarkable youth.

"This is a commercial age," he said.

"You bet it is!" said Ogden. "My middle name is business. Say, are you working this on your own, or are you in with Buck Maginnis and his crowd?"

"I don't think I know Mr. Maginnis."

"He's the guy who kidnaped me the first time. He's a roughneck. Smooth Sam Fisher got away with me the second time. Maybe you're in with Sam?"

"No."

"No, I guess not. I heard that he had married and retired from business. I rather wish you were one of Buck's lot. I like Buck. When he kidnaped me I lived with him and he gave me a swell time. When I left him a woman came and interviewed me about it for one of the Sunday papers. Sob stuff. Called the piece 'Even Kidnapers Have Tender Hearts Beneath a Rough Exterior.' I've got it upstairs in my press-clipping album. It was pretty bad slush. Buck Maginnis hasn't got any tender heart beneath his rough exterior, but he's a good sort and I liked him. We used to shoot craps, and he taught me to chew. I'd be tickled to death to have Buck get me again. But if you're working on your own, all right. It's all the same to me, provided you meet me on the terms."

"You certainly are a fascinating child."

"Less of it, less of it. I've troubles enough to bear without having you getting fresh. Well, what about it? Talk figures. If I let you take me away, do we divvy up or don't we? That's all you've got to say."

"That's easily settled. I'll certainly give you half of whatever I get."

Ogden looked wistfully at the writing desk.

"I wish I could have that in writing. But I guess it wouldn't stand in law. I suppose I shall have to trust you."

"Honor among thieves."

"Less of the thieves. This is just a straight business proposition. I've got something valuable to sell, and I'm darned if I'm going to keep giving it away. I've been too easy. I ought to have thought of this before. All right, then, that's settled. Now it's up to you! You can think out the rest of it yourself!"

He heaved himself out of the chair and left the room. Ann, coming down from the gallery, found Jimmy meditating. He looked up at the sound of her step.

"Well, that seems to make it pretty easy for us, doesn't it?" he said. "It solves the problem of ways and means."

"But this is awful. This alters everything. It isn't safe for you to stay here. You must go away at once. They've found

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Toss a dollar on the counter of your nearest dealer for an 'Ever-Ready', and you will win everlasting pleasure and comfort. You can't lose, because you get your dollar back if you don't agree that the 'Ever-Ready' with its 12 "Radio" Blades is the smoothest shaving razor that ever touched a beard.

'Ever Ready' Safety Razor with 12 Radio Blades $1

In all the history of blade making, there never before existed such a perfect control of steel temper and blade keenness as that of the Ever-Ready "Radio" Blades. There are 12 of these blades in every dollar outfit complete with self-adjusted Ever-Ready Frame, all in a solid substantial case as illustrated.

Sold by dealers everywhere—$1.00. Look for trade-mark face.

Extra Ever-Ready Blades, 6 for 30c

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC., Brooklyn, New York

Complete Outfit with 12 blades One Dollar

B&B Double-Sure Products

Absorbent Cotton Adhesive Plaster
Gauze, Bandages Fumigators

AT ALL DRUGGISTS'

Little Accidents

Often Cause Big Troubles—Be Careful

This is to urge home protection.

Any little accident which breaks the skin may lead to germ infection. Don't apply a home-made bandage. Have on hand the B&B dressings—absorbent cotton, adhesive plaster and gauze bandages.

In a larger accident always call the doctor. But do the right thing before he arrives. Have a First Aid Book. And have sterile dressings ready.

These are things to keep on hand. If you don't have them you should get them now from your druggist. It is too late to get them when an accident happens.

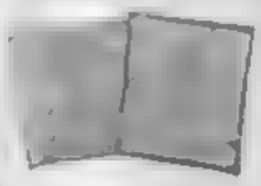
Get the right dressings—B&B double-sure dressings—and you may feel safe. They are made to meet hospital requirements. They are not only aseptic when we ship them, but the package keeps them so.

Don't take risks in these things. Don't rely on unknown dressings or on dressings wrongly packed.

Always call the doctor—remember First Aid is only first aid.

B&B Dressings

These germ-proof envelopes contain B&B Aro Absorbent Cotton and B&B Handy-Fold Gauze. From 10 to 30 come in a box. The envelope stays sealed until you want it. B&B Cotton and Gauze also come in patent packages. You never remove the roll. Cut off what is wanted, and leave the rest untouched.



These dressings are twice sterilized—once after being sealed. The package keeps them sterile. These facts are all-important.

B&B Fumigators

The B&B Formaldehyde Fumigator is of twice the usual strength. This makes it double-sure. Simply seal the room and light the wick, and the gaseous germicide permeates every crevice. Use it in fall housecleaning. Use it in any house which others have occupied. Keep the home you live in free from infectious germs.

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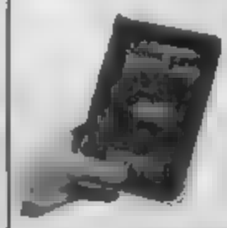
comes in rolls and on spools from 10 cents up. Made especially for surgeons' use. It covers little scratches and cuts and holds bandages in place. This rubber Adhesive sticks to anything—to rubber, glass, china, wood or cloth. So you can mend anything with it. It stops pain in sore hose, in mouthpieces, in hot water bottles, in umbrella-runner handles. It mends tears in cloth. It stays where you stick it, and is water proof. You have hundreds of daily uses for it.

B&B First Aid Book

This 128-page book is written for us by a famous surgeon. It is a complete reprint of our book long sold for 50 cents. It tells what to do in any emergency—in accident, sudden sickness, fainting, poisoning or shock. It is most complete.



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BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York

Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

you out. You may be arrested at any moment."

"That's a side issue. The main point is to put this thing through. Then we can think about what is going to happen to me."

"But can't you see the risk you're running?"

"I don't mind. I want to help you."

"I won't let you."

"You must."

"But do be sensible. What would you think of me if I allowed you to face this danger——"

"I wouldn't think any differently of you. My opinion of you is a fixed thing. Nothing can alter it. I tried to tell you on the boat, but you wouldn't let me. I think you're the most perfect, wonderful girl in all the world. I've loved you since the first moment I saw you. I knew who you were when we met for half a minute that day in London. We were utter strangers, but I knew you. You were the girl I had been looking for all my life. Good heavens, you talk of risks!

"Can't you understand that just being with you and speaking to you and knowing that we share this thing is enough to wipe out any thought of risk? I'd do anything for you; and you expect me to back out of this thing because there is a certain amount of danger!"

Ann had retreated to the door and was looking at him with wide eyes. With other young men—and there had been many—who had said much the same sort of thing to her since her *débutante* days, she had been cool and composed—a little sorry, perhaps, but in no doubt as to her own feelings and her ability to resist their pleadings. But now her heart was racing, and the conviction had begun to steal over her that the cool and composed Ann Chester was in imminent danger of making a fool of herself. Quite suddenly, without any sort of warning, she realized that there was some quality in Jimmy that called aloud to some corresponding quality in herself—a nebulous something that made her know that he and she were mates. She knew herself hard to please where men were concerned. She could not have described what it was in her that all the men she had met—the men with whom she had golfed and ridden and yachted—had failed to satisfy; but ever since she had acquired the power of self-analysis she had known that it was something that was a solid and indestructible part of her composition. She could not have put into words what quality she demanded in man, but she had always known that she would recognize it when she found it—and she recognized it now in Jimmy. It was a recklessness, an irresponsibility, a cheerful dare-devilry, the complement to her own gay lawlessness.

"Ann!" said Jimmy.

"It's too late!"

She had not meant to say that. She had meant to say that it was impossible, out of the question. But her heart was running away with her, goaded on by the irony of it all. A veil seemed to have fallen from before her eyes, and she knew now why she had been drawn to Jimmy from the very first. They were mates, and she had thrown away her happiness.

"I've promised to marry Lord Wisbeach!"

Jimmy stopped dead, as if the blow had been a physical one.

"You've promised to marry Lord Wisbeach!"

"Yes."

"But—but when?"

"Just now—only a few minutes ago, when I was driving him to his hotel. He had asked me to marry him before I left for England, and I had promised to give him his answer when I got back. But when I got back somehow I couldn't make up my mind.

"The days slipped by. Something seemed to be holding me back. He pressed me to say that I would marry him, and it seemed absurd to go on refusing to be definite, so I said I would."

"You can't love him? Surely you do not——"

Ann met his gaze frankly.

"Something seems to have happened to me in the last few minutes," she said, "and I can't think clearly. A little while ago it didn't seem to matter much. I liked him. He was good-looking and good-tempered. I felt that we should get along quite well and be as happy as most people are. That seemed as near perfection as one could expect to get nowadays, so—well, that's how it was."

"But you can't marry him! It's out of the question!"

"I've promised."

"You must break your promise!"

"I can't do that."

"You must!"

"I can't. One must play the game."

Jimmy groped for words.

"But in this case—you mustn't—it's awful—in this special case——" He broke off. He saw the trap he was in. He could not denounce that crook without exposing himself. And from that he still shrank. Ann's prejudice against Jimmy Crocker might have its root in a trivial and absurd grievance, but it had been growing through the years, and who could say how strong it was now?

Ann came a step toward him, then paused doubtfully. Then, as if making up her mind, she drew near and touched his sleeve.

"I'm sorry," she said.

There was a silence.

"I'm sorry!"

She moved away. The door closed softly behind her. Jimmy scarcely knew that she had gone. He sat down in that deep chair that was Mr. Pett's favorite and stared sightlessly at the ceiling. And then—how many minutes or hours later he did not know—the sharp click of the door handle roused him. He sprang from the chair. Was it Ann come back?

It was not Ann. Round the edge of the door came inquiringly the fair head of Lord Wisbeach.

"Oh!" said his lordship, sighting Jimmy.

The head withdrew itself.

"Come here!" shouted Jimmy.

The head appeared again.

"Talking to me?"

"Yes, I was talking to you."

Lord Wisbeach followed his superstructure into the room. He was outwardly all that was bland and unperturbed, but there was a wary look in the eye that cocked itself at Jimmy, and he did not move far from the door. His fingers rested easily on the handle behind him. He did not think it probable that Jimmy could have heard of his visit to Mrs. Pett, but there had been something menacing in Jimmy's voice, and Lord Wisbeach believed in safety first.

"They told me Miss Chester was here," he said, by way of relaxing any possible strain there might be in the situation.

"And what the devil do you want with Miss Chester, you slimy, crawling, second-story worker, you oily yegg?" inquired Jimmy.

The sunniest optimist could not have deluded himself into the belief that the words were spoken in a friendly and genial spirit. Lord Wisbeach's fingers tightened on the door handle, and he grew a little flushed about the cheek bones.

"What's all this about?" he said.

"You infernal crook!"

Lord Wisbeach looked anxious.

"Don't shout like that! Are you crazy? Do you want people to hear?"

Jimmy drew a deep breath.

"I shall have to get farther away from you," he said more quietly. "There's no knowing what may happen if I don't. I don't want to kill you. At least I do, but I had better not."

He retired slowly, until brought to a halt by the writing desk. To this he anchored himself with a firm grip. He was extremely anxious to do nothing rash, and the spectacle of Gentleman Jack invited rashness. He leaned against the desk, clutching its solidity with both hands. Lord Wisbeach held steadfastly to the door handle. And in this tense fashion the interview proceeded.

"Miss Chester," said Jimmy, forcing himself to speak calmly, "has just been telling me that she has promised to marry you."

"Quite true," said Lord Wisbeach. "It will be announced to-morrow." A remark trembled on his lips, to the effect that he relied on Jimmy for a fish slice, but prudence kept it unspoken. He was unable at present to understand Jimmy's emotion. Why Jimmy should object to his being engaged to Ann he could not imagine. But it was plain that for some reason he had taken the thing to heart and, dearly as he loved a bit of quiet fun, Lord Wisbeach decided that the other was at least six inches too tall and fifty pounds too heavy to be bantered in his present mood by one of his own physique. "Why not?"

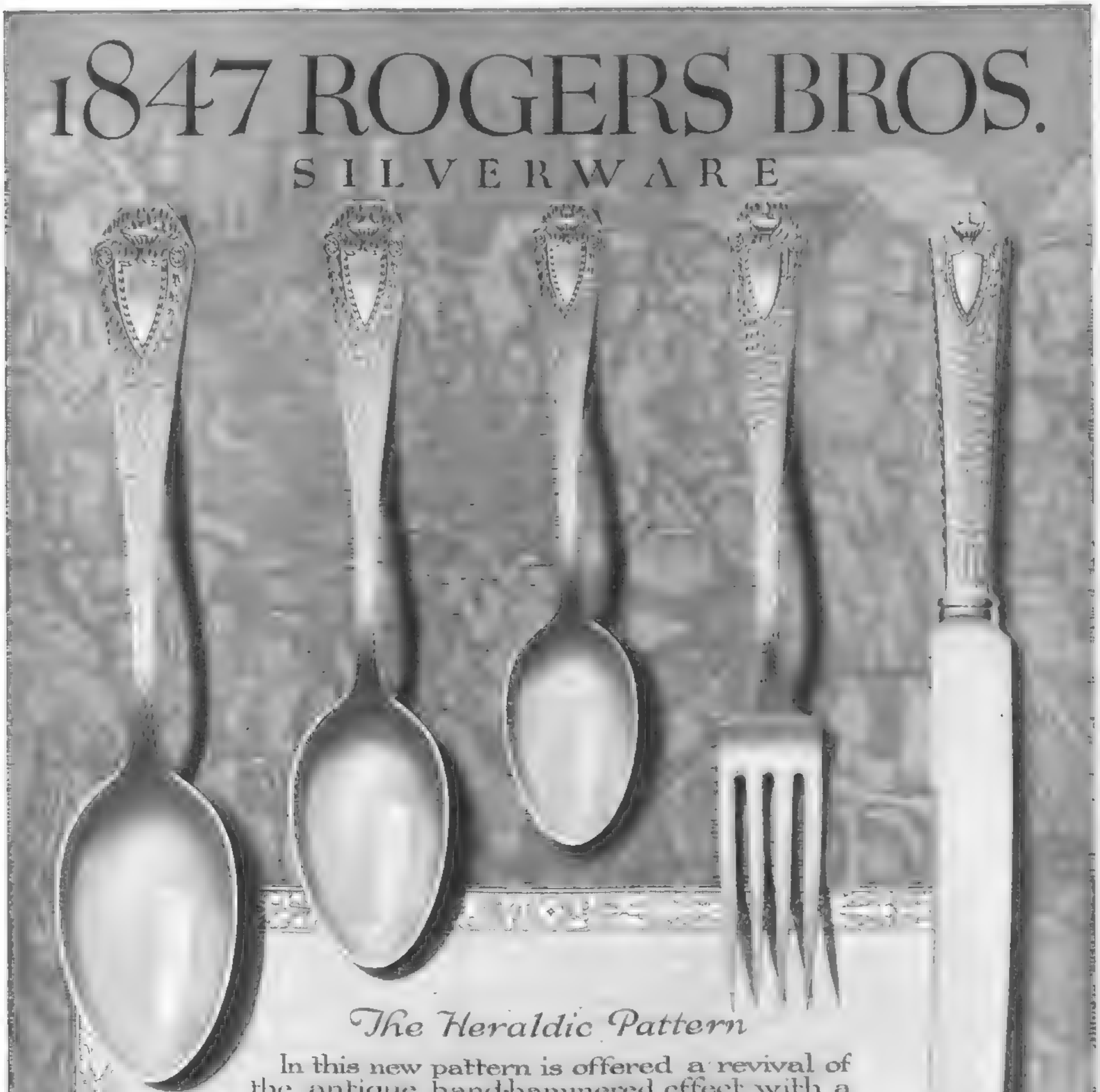
"It won't be announced to-morrow," said Jimmy. "Because by to-morrow you will be as far away from here as you can get, if you have any sense."

"What do you mean?"

(Continued on Page 65)

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE



The Heraldic Pattern

In this new pattern is offered a revival of the antique hand-hammered effect with a decorative crest to relieve severity.

It is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and is backed by an unqualified guarantee.

The Heraldic Pattern can be matched in hollow ware, such as coffee and tea sets, bowls, trays, etc.—permitting a full silver service in one harmonious design.

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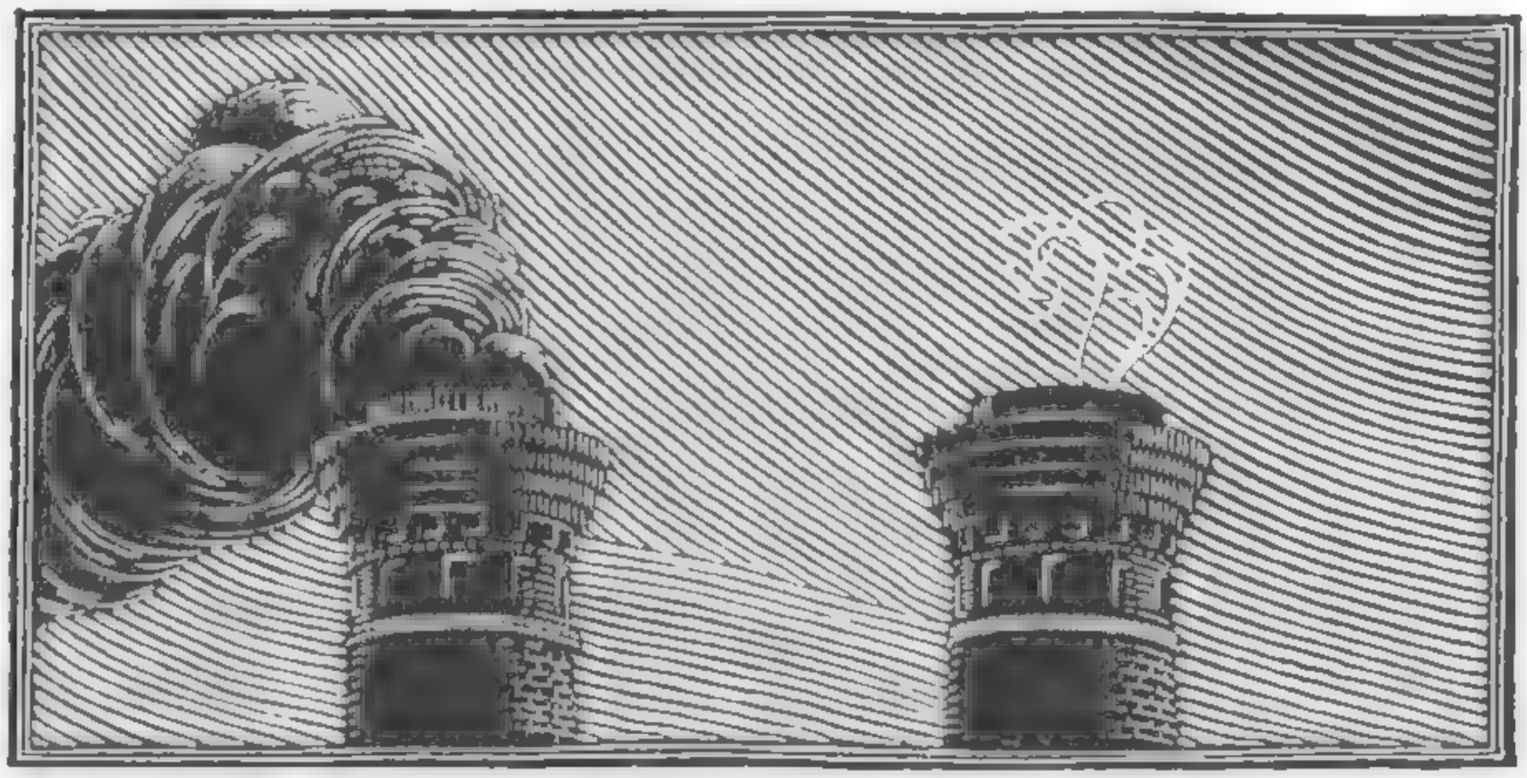

Waste! Modern *economy* demands all of the power of the fuel and all of the "drive" of the gasoline

Because of mechanical betterments, coal which yesterday went to the mine dumps is today driving the machinery of production and transportation—with little waste.

More energy is now extracted from every pound of fuel.

It's because of Twin-six motor refinements that the Packard demonstrates its unusual ability to handle low-gravity gasoline—to transform a sluggish vapor into hot, lean, lively gas and return utmost mileage in all weathers and on all roads.

More energy is now extracted from every gallon of gasoline.

Let us make clear to you all that this means in motor car economy—and in your personal economy. The time and the place are yours to name.

Prices, $2,865 and $3,265 at Detroit—for the 2-25 and 2-35.

Ask the man who owns one

Packard TWIN-6

(Continued from Page 62)

"Just this—if you haven't left this house by breakfast time to-morrow I shall expose you."

Lord Wisbeach was not feeling particularly happy, but he laughed at this.

"You!"

"That's what I said."

"Who do you think you are, to go about exposing people?"

"I happen to be Mrs. Pett's nephew, Jimmy Crocker."

Lord Wisbeach laughed again.

"Is that the line you are going to take?"

"It is."

"You are going to Mrs. Pett to tell her that you are Jimmy Crocker and that I am a crook, and that you only pretended to recognize me for reasons of your own?"

"Just that."

"Forget it!" Lord Wisbeach had forgotten to be alarmed in his amusement. He smiled broadly. "I'm not saying it's not good stuff to pull, but it's old stuff now. I'm sorry for you, but I thought of it before you did. I went to Mrs. Pett directly after lunch and sprang that line of talk myself. Do you think she'll believe you after that? I tell you I'm ace high with that dame. You can't queer me with her."

"I think I can—for the simple reason that I really am Jimmy Crocker."

"Yes, you are!"

"Exactly. Yes, I am."

Lord Wisbeach smiled tolerantly.

"It was worth trying the bluff, I guess, but it won't work. I know you'd be glad to get me out of this house, but you've got to make a better play than that to do it."

"Don't deceive yourself with the idea that I'm bluffing. Look here!" He suddenly removed his coat and threw it to Lord Wisbeach. "Read the tailor's label inside the pocket! See the name, also the address—'J. Crocker. Drexdale House. Grosvenor Square. London'!"

Lord Wisbeach picked up the garment and looked as directed. His face turned a little sallower, but he still fought against his growing conviction.

"That's no proof."

"Perhaps not. But, when you consider the reputation of the tailor whose name is on the label, it's hardly likely that he would be standing in with an impostor, is it? If you want real proof I have no doubt that there are half a dozen men working on the Chronicle who can identify me. Or are you convinced already?"

Lord Wisbeach capitulated.

"I don't know what fool game you think you're playing, but I can't see why you couldn't have told me this when we were talking after lunch."

"Never mind; I had my reasons. They don't matter. What matters is that you are going to get out of here to-morrow. Do you understand that?"

"I get you."

"Then that's about all, I think. Don't let me keep you!"

"Say, listen!" Gentleman Jack's voice was plaintive. "I think you might give a fellow a chance to get out good. Give me time to have a guy in Montreal send me a telegram, telling me to go up there right away. Otherwise you might just as well put the cops on me at once. The old lady knows I've got business in Canada. You don't need to be rough on a fellow."

Jimmy pondered this point.

"All right, I don't object to that."

"Thanks."

"Don't start anything, though!"

"I don't know what you mean."

Jimmy pointed to the safe.

"Come, come, friend of my youth. We have no secrets from each other. I know you're after what's in there, and you know that I know. I don't want to harp on it, but you'll be spending to-night in the house and I think you had better make up your mind to spend it in your room, getting a nice sleep to prepare you for your journey. Do you follow me, old friend?"

"I get you."

"That will be all then, I think. Wind a smile round your neck and recede."

The door slammed. Lord Wisbeach had restrained his feelings successfully during the interview, but he could not deny himself that slight expression of them. Jimmy crossed the room and took his coat from the chair where the other had dropped it. As he did so a voice spoke:

"Say!"

Jimmy spun round. The room was apparently empty. The thing was beginning to assume an uncanny aspect when the voice spoke again:

"You think you're darned funny, don't you!"

It came from above. Jimmy had forgotten the gallery. He directed his gaze thither and perceived the heavy face of Ogden, hanging over the rail like a gargoyle.

"What are you doing there?" he demanded.

"Listening."

"How did you get there?"

"There's a door back here that you get to from the stairs. I often come here for a quiet cigarette. Say, you think yourself some josher, don't you, telling me you were a kidnaper! You strung me like an onion. So you're really Jimmy Crocker after all? Where was the sense in pulling all that stuff about taking me away and divvying up the ransom? Aw, you make me tired!"

The head was withdrawn, and Jimmy heard heavy steps, followed by the banging of a door. Peace reigned in the library.

Jimmy sat down in the chair that was Mr. Pett's favorite, which Ogden was accustomed to occupy, to that gentleman's displeasure. The swiftness of recent events had left him a little dizzy, and he desired to think matters over and find out exactly what had happened.

The only point that appeared absolutely clear to him, in a welter of confusing occurrences, was the fact that he had lost the chance of kidnaping Ogden. Everything had arranged itself so beautifully simply and conveniently, as regarded that venture, until a moment ago; but now that the boy had discovered his identity it was impossible for him to attempt it. He was loath to accept this fact. Surely, even now, there was a way —— Quite suddenly an admirable plan occurred to him. It involved the coöperation of his father. And at that thought he realized, with a start, that life had been moving so rapidly for him, since his return to the house, that he had not paid any attention at all to what was really as amazing a mystery as any. He had been too busy to wonder why his father was there.

Jimmy debated the best method of getting in touch with him. It was out of the question to descend to the pantry, or wherever it was that his father lived in this new incarnation of his. Then the happy thought struck him that results might be obtained by the simple process of ringing the bell. It might produce some other unit of the domestic staff. However, it was worth trying. He rang the bell.

A few moments later the door opened. Jimmy looked up. It was not his father. It was a dangerous-looking female of uncertain age, dressed as a parlor maid, who eyed him with—what seemed to his conscience-stricken soul—dislike and suspicion. She had a tight-lipped mouth and beady eyes beneath heavy brows. Jimmy had seldom seen a woman who attracted him less at first sight.

"Jer ring, s'?"

Jimmy blinked and almost ducked. The words had come at him like a projectile.

"Oh, ah, yes."

"J' want anything, s'?"

With an effort, Jimmy induced his mind to resume its interrupted equilibrium.

"Oh, ah, yes. Would you mind sending Skinner, the butler, to me?"

"Y's'r."

The apparition vanished. Jimmy drew out his handkerchief and dabbed at his forehead. He felt weak and guilty. He felt as if he had just been accused of nameless crimes and had been unable to deny the charges. Such was the magic of Miss Trimble's eye—the left one, which looked directly at its object. Conjecture pauses baffled at the thought of the effect that her gaze might have created in the breasts of the sex she despised, had it been double instead of single barreled. But half of it had wasted itself on a spot some few feet to his right.

Presently the door opened again and Mr. Crocker appeared, looking like a benevolent priest.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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TO THE LAST PENNY

(Continued from Page 5)

At the luncheon he was a pleasant-faced chap, well set-up, with an air of youth rather than of juvenility, as though he were a young business man. If he had not come naturally by it this impression of business manhood might have degenerated into one of those unfortunate assumptions of superiority that so irritate in the young, because the old know that age is nothing to be proud of, age with its implied wisdom being the most exasperating of all fallacies.

With Tommy the impression of grown manhood imparted to his chatter a quality of good-fellowship deliberately put on out of admirable sympathy for young people who very properly did not desire to be bored. A nice chap, who could be trusted to be a staunch friend in comedy or tragedy! The girls even thought he was interesting!

He heard his chum Willetts gayly discuss plans for the summer, all of which necessitated Mr. Thomas Leigh's presence at certain friendly houses. But he said nothing until after the luncheon was over and the talk had begun to drag desultorily, as it does when guests feel "good-by" before they say it.

"Well," said Tommy, smiling pleasantly after the pause that followed Marion's beginning to button a glove, "you might as well hear it now as later. It will save postage. I am not going to see you after to-day!"

"What!" cried Rivington.

"That!" said Tommy. "My father told me this morning that there was nothing doing for me in finance."

"Oh, they always tell you business is rotten," said Rivington reassuringly. His own father, with hundreds of tenanted houses, always talked that way.

"Yes, but this time it's so."

"Oh!" exclaimed Marion in distress. "Did you talk back to ——"

"My child, no harsh words passed my lips or his. I received honey with quinine from old Doctor Fate. The father of your dear friend is down to cases. The stuff simply isn't there; so it's me for commerce and industry."

"What the heavens are you shooting at, Tommy?"

"In plain English, it means that I've got to go to work, earn my own cigarette money, cut my fastidious appetite in two and hustle like a squirrel in a peanut warehouse. I'm going to Dayton, Ohio."

"Oh, Tommy!" said Marion. She had ceased to fumble with her gloves, and was looking at young Mr. Leigh with deep sympathy and a subtle admiration.

Tommy was made aware of both by the relatively simple expedient of looking into her eyes. The conviction came upon him like a tidal wave that this was the finest girl in the world. He shared his great trouble with her, and that made her his as it had made him hers.

She was overpoweringly beautiful!

Then came the reaction. It could never be! Calmly stated, she knew that he was going to do a man's work. But she did not know why, nor why he must leave New York. He turned on her a pair of startled, fear-filled eyes.

She became serious as by magic. "What is it?" she whispered.

The low tones brought her very close to him. Tommy wished to have no secrets from her, but he could not tell her. She read his unwillingness with the amazing intuition of women. Their relations subtly changed with that exchange of glances.

"I—I can't tell you—all the—the reasons," he stammered, feeling himself helpless against the drive of something within him that insisted on talking. "I can't!" He paused, and then he whispered pleadingly: "And you mustn't ask me!"

If she insisted he would confess, and he mustn't!

"I wish I had the nerve," broke in Rivington, his voice dripping admiration and regret. "Tommy, you are some person, believe me!"

Tommy had forgotten that Rivington was present. He turned to his friend now. In his eyes as in the eyes of the girl Tommy saw hero worship. This unanimity made Tommy feel very like his own portrait painted by the friendship of Rivington Willetts, Esquire.

"Oh, pshaw!" he said modestly. "I've got to do it. I wouldn't if I didn't have to."

"Yes, you would," contradicted Marion positively. He in turn was too polite to contradict her. But a moment later, when they shook hands at parting, he made his trusty right convey in detail his acknowledgment that she knew everything. He was absolutely certain she would understand the speech he had not expressed in the words he had so carefully selected to speak silently with.

Rivington made him promise to dine at the College Club that evening. A lot of the fellows would surely be there. Tommy went—the more willingly because he could not bear to talk to his father about the one subject that seemed inevitable between them. And, moreover, while he did not intend to talk about it with his comrades, he had always discussed everything else with them for four years. Their presence would help to make his own silence tolerable to himself.

The most curious thing in the world happened. Instead of expressing sympathy for Mr. Thomas Leigh's financial reverses, all of the boys offered him nothing but congratulations on his pluck, his resolve and his profound philosophy. He felt himself elected by acclamation to a position as the oldest and wisest of the greatest class in history, the first of them all to become a man.

The majority of his intimates were sons of millionaires, with not a snob among them, the splendid democracy of their college having decreed that snobbery was the unpardonable crime. But it was plain that none of them ever had expected labor to fall to his lot. Now they felt certain of his success. They gravely discussed methods for winning fame and fortune, and were not only profound but even cynical at times. They had quite a store of maxims which they called the right dope. When they asked him what he was going to do he smiled mysteriously and shook his head. He did this purely in self-defense. But they said he was a deep one.

He left them immensely comforted. It was only when he was in his room an hour later, trying to go to sleep, that the grim reality of his tragedy came to him. What, he asked himself bitterly, could he do? He was almost helpless in the grasp of the terrible monster called the world. His hands were tied—almost in handcuffs.

The thought made him close his teeth tight. He would do it somehow. Fate had torn from his bleeding heart the right to have friends. He would regain the right. He fell asleep while in this fighting mood.

When Tommy walked into the dining room the next morning to have breakfast with his father, he was surprised to find himself wondering over the particular form of salutation. He desired his father to know what his plans were and what caused them. And also his loyalty must be made plain. Therefore, he said with a cheerfulness he could not help exaggerating:

"Good morning, dad!"

Mr. Leigh looked up quickly, almost apprehensively, at his only son. Then he looked away and said very quietly: "Good morning, my son."

There was an awkward pause. Mr. Leigh could not see the smile of loyalty that Tommy had forced his lips to show for his father's special benefit. So Tommy decided that he must encourage Mr. Leigh verbally. He said with a brisk sort of earnestness:

"Well, I answered several ads in the Herald. This is the one I particularly like."

He took from his pocket the Dayton call and gave it to Mr. Leigh.

Mr. Leigh took it with so pitiful an eagerness that Tommy felt very sorry for him.

When he finished reading Mr. Leigh frowned. Tommy wondered why.

Presently the old man asked almost diffidently: "Do you think you—you can meet the expected requirements?"

Tommy's entire life-to-be passed pageantlike before his mind's eye in a twinkling. The banners were proudly borne by Tommy's emotions; and Tommy's resolve to do what he must was the drum-major.

"Sure thing!" answered Tommy. He felt the false note in his reply even before he saw the change that came over his father's face. "Yes, sir," pursued Mr. Thomas Leigh in a distinctly middle-aged voice. "I don't know what he wants, but I know what I want. And if I want to be a man and he wants me to be one, I can't see what's to hinder either of us. My boy days

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

are over and I have got to pay back —— I'm going to do what I can to show I appreciate your"— here Tommy gulped—"the sacrifices you've made for me. And—oh, father!"

Tommy ceased to speak. He couldn't help it.

Mr. Leigh's face took on the grim look Tommy could never forget, and his voice was harsh.

"I have made no sacrifice for you. What your mother wished you to have I have seen to it that you had. You owe me no thanks."

There was a long pause. Tommy didn't break it because he did not know what to say. And the reason was that he couldn't say all the things he wished to say. But presently the old man said gently:

"My son, I—I should like to shake hands with you."

Tommy would have been happier if he could have thrown his arms about his mother's neck and told her his craving to comfort himself by being comforted. But he rose quickly, grasped his father's hand and shook it vehemently. He kept on shaking it, gripping it very tightly the while and gulping as he shook, until Mr. Leigh said: "I'll be going now, Thomas. I must be at the bank before the ——"

Tommy dropped his father's hand very suddenly.

III

AFTER his father left, Tommy sat in the dining room. Presently he found that he could not sit quietly. He went out of the house, that he might not think about the one thing that he could not help thinking about.

Thinking about it did not end the trouble. But on the street he found that he did not wish to see front stoops or shop windows, so he decided to walk in the park.

A girl on horseback cantered by. He looked up. Through the sparse fringe of bushes that screened off the bridle path from the nurses' favorite benches he saw Marion Willetts on a beautiful black. She also saw him and reined up suddenly, as though he had commanded her to halt. He walked toward her with outstretched hands. She urged her horse toward him with a smile.

"Why, Tommy, I thought you ——"

She had never before called him Tommy as though that were his own particular name, that differentiated him from all other Tommies.

"I am waiting for a letter," he explained at once, without going through the formality of inquiring after her health, because he knew now that he did not wish to go away.

That made his departure the one important thing in the world.

There was a silence as they shook hands. Neither knew what to say. Perhaps that is why they took so long to shake hands. He knew that she did not know the tragedy of his life, and so did she. It gave them a point of contact.

Finally she said: "I wish you had a horse so we could ——"

He shook his head and smiled. The smile made her feel the completeness of Tommy's tragedy. Details were unnecessary; in fact, it was just as well that she did not know them. It was all she could stand as it was.

He had to speak. He said: "I wish so, too, Marion," using her name for the first time, reverently. "But I—I mustn't."

"I'm so sorry, Tommy!" she murmured gently.

"I'd like to —— May I write to you, Marion?"

"Will you, Tommy? Of course you will, won't you?"

This was no time for flippancy. He said: "Yes."

There were a million things he wished to tell her. He selected the first: "Thank you, Marion."

"D-don't m-mention it," she said reassuringly.

He almost heard a voice crying: "All ashore that's goin' ashore!" It made him say hurriedly:

"Good-by, Marion. You're a brick!"

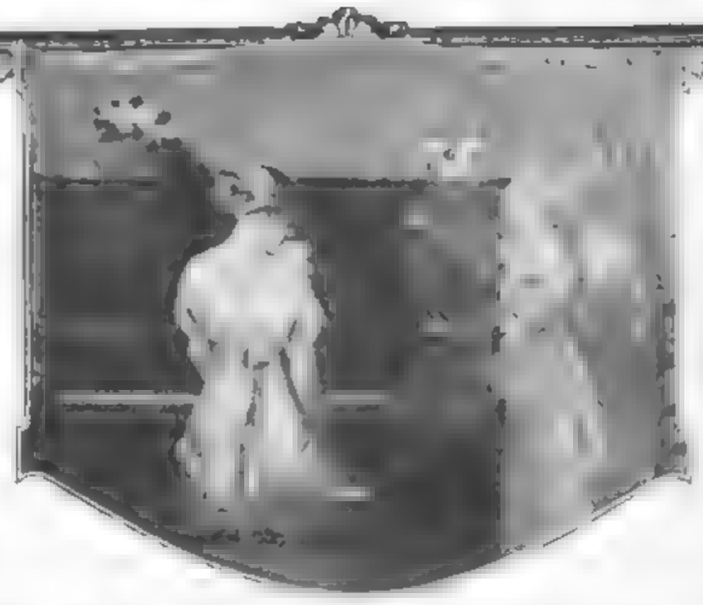
"It's you who are one," she said.

He held out his hand.

"Good-by!" he said again, and looked straight into her eyes. She looked away and said:

"G-good-by, Tommy! Good luck!"

"Thanks! I'll—I'll write!" and he turned away quickly. This compelled him to relinquish the gauntleted little hand he



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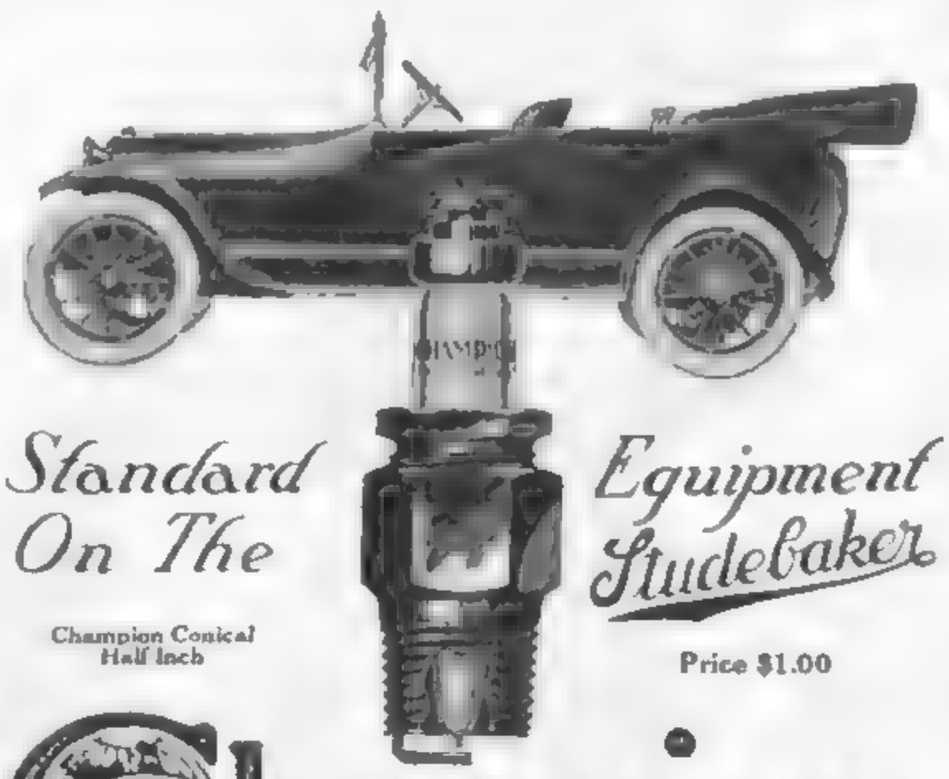

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was gripping so tightly. The steel chain thus having snapped, he walked away and did not look back.

The fight had begun.

IV

IT WAS in that mood that he decided to go home. The little house on West Twelfth Street was the abode of misery. So much the better.

He found some letters and a telegram waiting for him. He opened the telegram, certain that it was an urgent invitation to join beloved merrymakers—an invitation that he declined in advance with much self-pity. He read:

"Ask for Thompson."

It was signed:

TECUMSEH MOTOR COMPANY.

He then saw that it came from Dayton, Ohio. The other letters were from some of the other Herald advertisers. All but one were cordial requests for his immediate services—and capital. The last asked for more details about the business experience of Mr. Thomas F. Leigh.

They did not interest him. He was too full of his romantic experiences. The Dayton man was a hero—a MAN! Tommy must become one. He saw very clearly that he must add ten years to his life.

He did it.

Then it became obvious that he must transform his hitherto juvenile mind into a machine, beautifully geared, perfectly lubricated, utterly efficient. Since machines express themselves in terms of action and accomplishment, Tommy began to pack up.

His wearing apparel did not bother him, save for a passing regret that he had no old clothes to be a mechanic in. But the succeeding vision of overalls calmed him. What meant a second fight was the problem of living in Dayton in a room which he must not decorate with the treasured trophies of his college life. It was to a battlefield that he was going. He took out of his trunk many of the cherished objects and prepared to occupy a bomb-proof shelter instead of a cozy room. Second victory! And it was an amazing thing, but when Mr. Leigh came home that evening he found in his son no longer a boy of twenty-one but a young man.

The sight of the father, whose tragedy was now his son's, gave permanence to the change in the son. Tommy had passed the stage of regrets and entered into the hope of fair play. Fate must give him a sporting chance. He did not ask for the mischief to be undone suddenly and miraculously; nothing need be wiped out; he asked only that time might be given, a little time, until he could pay back that money. And if he couldn't win, that he might have one privilege—to die fighting.

Tommy shook hands with his father a trifle too warmly, but he smiled pleasantly.

"I'm leaving to-night on the nine-fourteen train, father." He had studied the time-tables, and he had solved the perplexing problem of how to raise the money to pay for the ticket. He had borrowed it from two of the friends with whom he had lunched at the club. It wasn't very much, but he wanted it to be clean money.

Mr. Leigh looked surprised. Tommy felt the alarm and he hastened to explain. "It's the Dayton man," he said, and he handed the telegram to his father.

Mr. Leigh kept his eyes on the yellow slip long enough to read the brief message two hundred times. At length he looked up and met his son's eyes. He made an obvious effort to speak calmly.

"Have you thought carefully, Thomas? You know nothing about this man or the character of the work. It may mean merely a waste of time."

"I know that I want to work."

"Yes, but it ought to be work that you are competent to do."

"I am not competent to do any work that calls for experience and training. I have to learn, no matter where I go, and so—father, I've got to pay back what you have—spent for me! I must! It will take time, but I'll do it, and the sooner I start, the better I'll feel."

Mr. Leigh looked at his son steadily, searchingly, almost hungrily. Then the old man's gaze wavered and indecision came into his eyes.

"Thomas, I ——"

"I'll write you, father." Tommy looked away, his father's face had grown haggard so suddenly.

He heard the old man say: "You must take enough money to pay for your return in case you find the work uncongenial."

"I won't find any work uncongenial," said Tommy very positively. He knew!

"One can never tell, my son. It is wise to be prepared. I will give you ——"

"No, no, father!" Then Tommy said determinedly: "I cannot take any money from you." He looked at his father full in the eye.

Mr. Leigh hesitated. Then he asked: "Do you expect to walk?"

"No," said Tommy without anger; "I borrowed fifty dollars from friends."

Mr. Leigh turned his head away. Then he walked out of the room.

They had very little to say to each other at dinner. It was after Tommy had ordered a taxi to take him and his trunk—if it had not been for the trunk he would not have dreamed of spending so much—to the station that Mr. Leigh said:

"Thomas, I wish to explain to you ——"

"No, dad, please don't!" There was such pain in the boy's voice that Mr. Leigh took a step toward him. Tommy was suffocating.

"My son, there is no need of your feeling that you ——"

"I don't! I understand perfectly!" Tommy shook his head—without looking at his father.

Mr. Leigh walked out of the room. Tommy took a step toward him and halted abruptly—something was choking him. He began to pace up and down the room, dreading the news of the arrival of the taxi and yet desiring it above all things.

Presently Mr. Leigh returned. He had in his hand a little package. He gave it to Tommy, who took it mechanically.

"My son," said Mr. Leigh in a low voice, "your Uncle Thomas gave this to your mother—one hundred dollars in gold. She kept it for you. She wrote on it: 'For Tommy's first scrape.' It is not my money. It was hers. It is yours. Take it—for your first scrape. And, my son ——"

The old man's speech seemed to fail him. Presently he went on:

"You are in no scrape. Your mother —— Well, I have done my duty as I saw it. And, Thomas ——"

"Yes, sir."

"Remember that I am your father, and that there is no wisdom in unnecessary privations. You are not called upon to expiate my—my weakness of character. If ever you find yourself suffering actual want ——"

Tommy couldn't say what his pride urged. Instead he told his father: "I'll wire for help if I really need it, dad!"

"Thank you, my son," said the old man very simply.

"A nautomobile is out there waitin'," announced Maggie.

"Tell the man to take the trunk," Tommy told her. Then to the old man:

"Well, dad, it's good-by now. I'll write—often." He held out his hand.

Mr. Leigh came toward his son, his face grim, but his outstretched hand trembled.

"Good-by, my son! Good-by." He grasped both Tommy's hands in his and gripped them tightly. Then his voice broke and he said huskily: "My son! My son!"

"Dad!" said Tommy, his eyes full of tears. "Oh, dad! It will be all right! It's all right!"

Mr. Leigh released his son's hands and walked away. Maggie came in and said:

"Good-by, Master Thomas."

"Good-by, Maggie," said Tommy. Then he threw his arms about her neck and kissed her on her cheeks. "Take care of him, Maggie. If—anything happens telegraph to me. I'll send you my address."

"What can happen? He's as strong as he ever was," said Maggie calmly.

Tommy went upstairs to the library where he was sure his father had gone. Through the open door he saw his father pacing up and down the room.

Thomas F. Leigh turned on his heels and walked down the stairs very quietly. He had entered into his new life. It was a life of bitter loneliness. He could have no friends, because his secret could not be shared. He felt the loneliness in advance. It almost overwhelmed him.

In the hall, as his hand grasped the knob of the street door, without knowing that he craved to hear the sound of a living voice to dispel the stifling silence that enveloped his soul, Tommy Leigh said aloud:

"It's up to me to make good!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Roll doors may be had if preferred

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Women so often feel that it is economy to do without labor-saving equipment that they try to save the small price of a Hoosier, when a few dollars, thus invested, will systematize kitchen work so that it can be done easily and in half the time.

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Over 1,000,000 women use Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets. Enormous output makes possible our low prices, which now range from $12.75 to $52.50, according to design, equipment and your location. Have the Hoosier delivered at once on our money-back guarantee. You may pay for it a little at a time if you wish, without extra cost or interest. And regardless of the room in your kitchen, there's a special Hoosier model to fit, at a price you can easily afford.

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BRANCH: 1067 Market Street, San Francisco, California

(347)

"ONE night while Mother and Daddy were away, Nursie went out and locked us in. I was putting my dolly to bed when Brother cried, 'O-oh, look!' I turned around quick and saw the curtain afire. We screamed, Rover barked. Pretty soon Mr. Dobbs, the man next door, broke in the window and put the fire out with his Pyrene."

It was a close call for the Kiddies. Mother and Daddy had a bad fright. That was enough. It took almost a tragedy to make them realize the danger from fire. Next morning they bought Pyrene.

Since National Fire Prevention Day, October ninth, thousands of fathers and mothers have come to realize how terrible a mistake it is to leave their homes and loved ones unguarded for one single night against fire. They have bought Pyrene. Have you? Buy it from hardware, auto supply, electrical, and department stores. $7.50 complete with bracket.

Pyrene Manufacturing Company, New York City

THE IVORY HUNTERS

(Continued from Page 19)

"Henry," said Burnell, bringing his eyes back to his man, "whatever did become of Jim Thurston finally? Did he die?"

Haig started at the questions and gave Burnell a sharp look.

"Yes, he died—in an asylum. Poor old Jim! I never heard just what happened to him. You know he went away from here went out in Kansas and started by himself. I guess he went up against the wrong crowd."

Burnell nodded reflectively.

"Yes, he went up against the wrong crowd," he said. "I heard about it at the time. Then he dropped out of sight, and I never did know what finally came of him." Burnell was tapping the floor with his cane and tracing little squares in the design of the rug. "I was sorry, of course," he began again, his voice metallic; "but he got in the way—it was his own fault. Did it ever occur to you, Henry, that there are a lot of amateurs about the country meddling in things that they haven't got the brains to handle? This country has come up pretty fast lately, not only because it had the raw stuff to do with but because it has developed a lot of men with brains enough to handle the raw stuff to the best advantage. This business of helping one's neighbor is all right; but you can't mix sentiment with business and get away with it! A little man can't stand in the road of a big man. It's the old law of the survival of the fittest the little fellows are going to be run over if they get on the track. That's what happened to Jim Thurston."

Burnell was approaching the meat of his discourse, and licking his chops in anticipation.

"Jim stumbled on a pretty good thing out West there, a light-and-power proposition. He had a little money—a couple of hundred thousand—and he tried to swing it alone. Tried to hog it all! The big crowd offered him a fair enough price for it—a good profit and all that—but he had some insane idea that he was a Messiah who was going to run his part of the world to suit himself. He stuck—wouldn't give them a look-in. Things didn't go very well with Jim after that, somehow."

Every word was rapped out with malignant emphasis. Haig made no movement to interrupt. Burnell laughed grimly as he continued:

"It's funny how hard luck can hit a man on all sides at once. Everything he touched went wrong. His electrical equipment wasn't what he had called for; his steel rails were scurrying off across the country to somebody who seemed to need them worse than he did: they sent him galvanized-iron wire by mistake for his trolley wire; and finally, when he thought he had things straightened out, he couldn't get coal. Accident? Oh, yes, of course. Some careless clerk. Jim couldn't do much steaming without coal. He raised heaven and earth to get his orders through, and then ran bang up against a car shortage! Ever noticed how a car shortage always hits the little fellow—not the big fellows?" queried Burnell ironically with a leer.

Haig made no answer.

"Everybody else had cars, and it looked to Jim as if a mile of empties were going through town every day. Well, after a while he got his coal through. Bang! The first shovelful that went into his boilers blew up. Dynamite! Then the state railroad commission came down on him like a ton of brick one day for not getting his cars running on time. He got an extension of his time limit, and went to the bank for cash. Nothing doing! They told him he didn't have enough capital to swing the proposition.

"He tried Topeka and Kansas City, but he couldn't show the bankers anything except a franchise he hadn't lived up to and a lot of machinery bought and paid for but lost in shipment.

"Well, to make a long story short," said Burnell with a shrug, "Jim finally woke up—busted. Even at the last minute he might have sold out to the big fellows on the original proposition, but he wouldn't do it—said he had promised to deliver a package of goods to his farmers, and he was going to do it. So they simply pushed him off the track. I lost trace of him after that—thought maybe he got lost in transit, like his coal and machinery." Burnell laughed mirthlessly. Suddenly he leaned over the desk with his eyes close to Haig's.

"Henry," he said, "it was odd, but when the right crowd took hold they had that tangle straightened out in three weeks—and they have been paying twelve per cent ever since. That's what happened to one philanthropist with ideas about six-cent light and three-cent power."

"Nothing like being on the inside," said Henry Haig softly. "That is one way to fill the asylum and potter's field."

He raised his eyes to the map on the wall, and his tone changed.

"We have been rather expecting all along," he said, "that some of this bunch you call the 'right crowd' might decide they wanted our Consolidated worse than we did."

Burnell, still tapping his cane on the floor, smiled.

"And sure enough," went on Haig, "one of their scouts named Jasper—an ivory hunter, he called himself—blew in on us last week and told us to get off the track. He seemed to think that we were particularly fine specimens of ivory, or boneheads, or whatever he called it."

Haig chuckled as he rubbed his chin.

"I am afraid we treated him a little rough, Sam. He got kind of peevish over it. He had the same ideas as this bunch you are telling me about that handled poor old Jim so slick. Sort of divine-right theory applied to business. No use for amateurs and pikers, and all that. But he hasn't been back. I suppose he is studying where to hit us first."

An ironical smile played about Henry Haig's lips, and the look he fixed on Burnell was so full of contemptuous significance that the great man began to scowl. His story of the fate of poor Jim Thurston seemed to have missed fire. He took a packet of papers from his pocket and began to study them, occasionally glancing at Haig, who seemed to be waiting for him to make the next move.

"Yes, I know Jasper—in fact, I called him off," Burnell said finally in a dull, listless tone, as though talking of something in which he had only a random interest. "I find here," he went on, reading from a slip, "that you have fifteen thousand shares in this Consolidated of yours, all outstanding, at a par value of one hundred dollars. As you say, they are pretty well scattered about the county—nine hundred and seventy-eight stockholders of record. That's part of your theory of Brotherly Love and the Square Deal, I suspect. However, according to my information, sixty-two per cent of the stock is trusteed in your name. They seem to have an abiding faith in you in this town of yours, Henry." And Burnell's lips curled, while the hard voice told how his old hatred for this man had suddenly flared up again at sight of him. "I have taken pains to look into the affairs of your company rather minutely," he went on, resuming his easy tone. "I should say one hundred and fifty dollars a share for the sixty-two per cent you control would be about right. If the other thirty-eight per cent want to come in on that basis, all right. If not, they will have to take what's coming to them."

He said this as if he were discussing what he was to have for dinner instead of taking by the throat the man who controlled the destinies of this town and ordering him to deliver. Burnell looked at his watch.

"It's merely a matter of attesting your signature," he said. "The other thirty-eight per cent can be handled later. I will pay cash, of course. I'd like to get out of town by three if you don't mind."

Henry Haig was leaning back in his chair, his fingers knitted behind his head, studying the ceiling.

"Well?" demanded Burnell with savage impatience. "Do you want to deal with me or do you want me to put it back in the hands of Jasper?"

"And if I refuse to sell out my neighbors," said Henry Haig softly—"what then? I suppose it will be a through ticket to the insane asylum. Or do you love your home town so much, Sam, that you are going to push it off the track to provide an outlet for 'legitimate' capital?"

"You pestilential pikers!" snarled Burnell between his teeth. "If sane men didn't curb you amateurs you would be breaking out all over the country like a rash. Six-cent light! Capital hasn't any more room for scabs than labor!" Again he looked at his watch. "Make your choice!" he ordered. "Which do you want, me or Jasper?"

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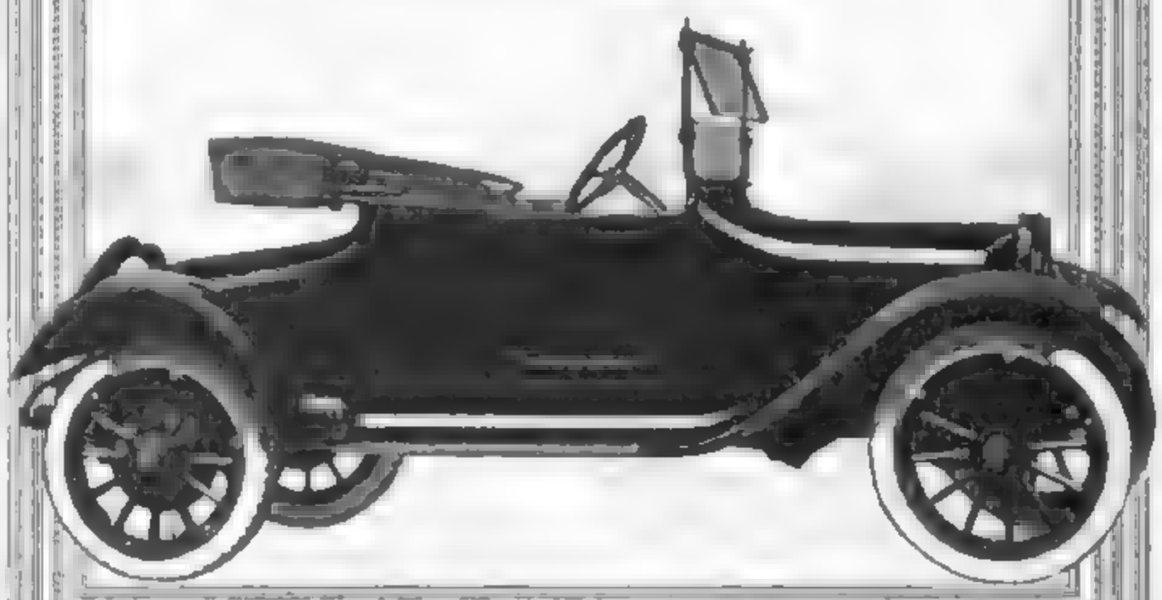

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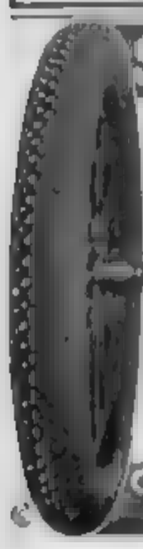

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"It is funny," said Haig, bringing his feet down to the floor, "how tough luck can hit a man in so many places at once!"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Haig rose. "Just come inside with me, Sam," said he quietly. "This office is a little public for our business."

Burnell followed Haig through a door in the rear, and found himself in a large bare room evidently used for storage. He turned on Haig in surprise. Haig locked the door and put the key in his pocket, and began methodically taking off his collar and tie. This done, he rolled up his sleeves.

"In the first place," he said, as though anticipating a pleasurable event, "I am going to give you a good licking. This licking," he went on with smiling assurance, "hasn't got anything to do with Consolidated and my turning traitor to my neighbors who have honored me with their faith and trust. It's got to do with just you and me. Better take off your coat and collar, Sam. It's going to be warm!"

Burnell was no coward. Besides, his two strong-armed men were lounging in the shade of an awning across the street with very definite instructions.

"A great many men who didn't have the brains have tried to use brawn on me," he said with a sneer; "but take my word for it, they never got away with it."

"In this case, Sam," persisted Haig with irritating condescension, "you lose! I know you have a pair of roughnecks outside; but we have taken care of them. You are up against the wrong crowd, Sam. Here is a pair of sneaks. Better put them on, so you can keep your feet. Do you recollect, Sam," he said as he sat down and began to take off his shoes, "how something always happened when you and I got together in the old days to settle it once and for all? If they had only let us fight it out to a finish once, it would have done both of us good. But no, there was always your sister, or my mother, or some interfering outsider to separate us. Now there is nobody in sight, Sam. I have seen to that. Your man Jasper talked too much. I have been expecting you for a week!"

"Very well," said Burnell. His tone was smooth, but his hard eyes glowed like coals. "I warn you, I am as hard as nails. I am going to kill you."

"I am ready," said Haig, rising and stamping his feet firmly into his rubber shoes. He laughed. "Lord, Sam, what do you suppose my minister would say if he could see Deacon Haig finishing a job left over from boyhood? Are you set? Remember, no rounds—no rules—and no bell till one or the other says 'Enough!'"

At last Sam Burnell was in the grip of the old home-town feeling. His seething jealousy and hatred of Haig, which he had nursed through a surly boyhood, had complete possession of him now. Haig always had had something that he wanted; had always, as a boy, denied him his share in the spoils of boyhood with the same easy, irritating assurance as that with which he faced him now. For weeks, confident in his long arm, the great man had gloated over the revenge he was to take for those petty insults of long-ago childhood. He had old scores to wipe out, not only against this man, but against this town, which had cheated him. He had been beaten in everything he fought for in those old days, just as he had won in everything he fought for outside in the great world. Now there was to be a reckoning. After all, hatred such as this demanded savage violence to appease it, the fierce joy of blows, the bruising and tearing and blood of physical combat.

Sam Burnell was hard and fit. A man cannot manage "legitimate" capital without keeping his body in condition. He paid brutes of men to hammer him with their fists, to knock him down. He remembered his science now, and he began to spar cautiously. For with the first exchange he realized that the man standing foot to foot with him was hard and fit too.

III

AT THREE o'clock four men, all coatless, one without a collar, and one fat man vigorously waving a palmleaf fan, headed by Ben Marshall, state's attorney of the county, entered the office of the Consolidated. A clerk hurried out to meet them, and told them that Henry Haig had left instructions that he was not to be disturbed under any condition for half an hour.

"When is the half hour up?" inquired Marshall. The clerk looked at the clock.

"It's up now," he said.

"Where are they?" demanded Marshall sharply. "Have they gone?"

"No; they must be inside," said the clerk with a puzzled look; and he pointed toward the inner door. "Say, someone said that man was Sam Burnell—the Sam Burnell! Was it?"

"Reckon it might have been," said Marshall with a grin; and he led the way to the closed door. They gathered about it, listening. Silence. Marshall raised a hand and rapped sharply. Still silence. He rapped again, this time more insistently. After an instant they heard footsteps. The door opened on a crack and Henry Haig looked out.

"Gosh! What hit you, Henry? Been walking in your sleep?" exclaimed the fat man from the rear.

"Come in," said Henry Haig sharply, and when the group filed in he shut the door on them. Sam Burnell, the great Sam Burnell, was struggling to his feet. His face was covered with blood and his clothing was torn and besmeared with dirt and grime. He looked like a madman.

"Had enough?" cried Haig, advancing, his guard down.

For answer the disheveled Burnell staggered forward, snarling with rage and striking wildly with his clenched fists. But his strength was gone; his skill, which he had counted on so exultantly, was gone too. Nothing was left but his seething hate, which burned in his eyes in an unquenchable fire.

The men, who had stood silent for a moment, rushed between the two. Haig shook off Marshall's detaining hand.

"It's all right, boys," he said quietly with a one-sided smile. "I can't finish him unless I kill him. The idiot doesn't know when he is licked."

The others had forced Burnell back into a chair. He was cursing incoherently.

"So! So!" said the fat man with the palmleaf fan. "You've got fight left in you yet, eh, Sam? Sam," he said in a low tone, as though imparting a confidence, "ease off a bit with your mouth. There's nothing meaner on earth than a small-town bunch that pulls together. It's a bad bunch to go up against!" Then raising his voice, he continued happily: "Get a bucket of water and a sponge, you swipes, and we'll clean up the muss!"

Fifteen minutes later a limousine was backed into the alley, and they helped Burnell, whose leer was uglier than usual from the lack of two teeth, to a seat inside.

"We'll be hospitable and take him home," said the fat man, who was the self-appointed master of ceremonies. He got in, followed by the others. Shortly they reached the yards, where the elegant car Primrose was in waiting. The mop-headed young secretary, aghast at the sight of his master, sprang forward to proffer aid, but he was rudely thrust out of the way, the fat man eying him balefully.

"Put them out! Call the police!" growled Burnell as he fell limply into his magnificent office chair by the table. "I suppose there is such a thing as law and order even in this town."

"Yes, indeed," agreed the fat man, fanning himself vigorously. "In fact, it is represented in my person." He dug down into a pocket and drew out a gold star bearing the word "Chief"; this he pinned to his ample shirt front. He reached to a hip pocket and produced a folded paper and tossed it over to Sam Burnell. As Burnell opened it his face became apoplectic. He sprang to his feet with a savage snarl and tore the paper to bits, tossing them into the air.

The happy-faced chief arose and gently but firmly thrust the big man back into his seat. With a jerk of his thumb he indicated the curious throng outside.

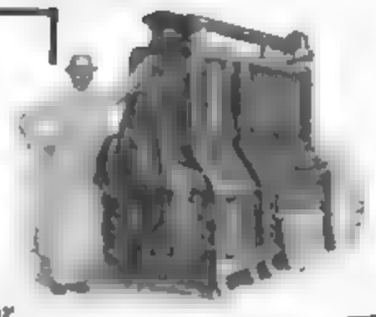
"There are only five of us in on this at present," said the fat man. "This is Ben Marshall, the state's attorney. You surely remember him. But if you want me to call in the crowd it can be done without much inconvenience to anybody except you. Take my advice and listen quietly to what we have to say. You tore up the copy, but if you will take the trouble to read the original document, which I have here, you will find it contains the minutes of the Grand Jury concerning a certain case of forgery thirty years old."

Sam Burnell swallowed painfully, but he held his peace.

"You probably know what became of the old indictment," Marshall put in. "I am sure I don't. All I know is that it was

(Concluded on Page 77)

Here is a Big Money-Maker for Farmers or Sons, or Any Man



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LIVEST kinds of men, all ages, have started in hundreds of communities. Thousands writing. Many disappointed because our Service Department won't advise buying. We investigate your community first. So your success is practically certain.

$150 to $1000 a Month

in this wonderful, new, better-grade community flour business. Greatest opportunity any man could get today. Start at once. Takes very little money. Earns, with little attention or power, from 50 per cent to 100 per cent on moderate investment.

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FLOUR MILL (Self-Contained)

One man can run it. Can start at once. Different from any [illegible]. Postal brings Free Book, "How to Start a Wonderful Flour Mill," which tells the experiences of other men who have become successful [illegible] "Midget" MARVEL Old Time Nature-Flavored Flour, enjoying splendid steady, independent incomes in their communities.

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The Nation-wide movement toward community-made flour has become startling. No matter where you live in town or country, you should write us and find out whether you can get this opportunity.

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30 Days' Trial Offer

You can [illegible] days' trial, [illegible] if you like it, pay for it on easy terms. Write [illegible] and find out whether you or someone else is certain to. Address

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Please [illegible] this out [illegible] for [illegible] and [illegible] more information. Free.

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A few cents a day will soon make you the owner of a handsome

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Billiard and Pool Table

Play while you pay. No special room is needed—can be [illegible] dining or library table. [illegible] Rubber Cushions are the best. Burrowes Tables are now on sale in many cities and towns. You may inspect them before ordering, if you wish.

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SUSPENDERS

They adjust to every movement of the wearer. They do not strain, nor pull off buttons. They make the trousers hang just right. Buy a pair—wear a week—take them back if not satisfied.

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THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO.
Mansfield, Ohio

Let It Work a Week Free For Your Wife—Then Decide

An All-'Round Home Electric Motor

Send This Motor Home No Cost—No Obligation

This is a proposition to which you cannot say no. It costs you nothing at all.

It means to your wife a week's relief from burdens greater than you know.

It will be a revelation to her. It will be a big lesson in household efficiency.

At the end of a week if she says, "I can do without that electric motor," your dealer will call and get it. If she decides that she needs it, as you know that she needs it, the price will be $15.

All that we urge you is this:

Telephone your dealer. Say, "Send to my home a Sew-E-Z motor for one week. The use is to cost me nothing. At the end of a week send and get it, unless we decide to buy it."

Isn't that a fair proposition?

Why We Appeal to Men

Women don't spare themselves.

They are not trained, like you men, in efficiency.

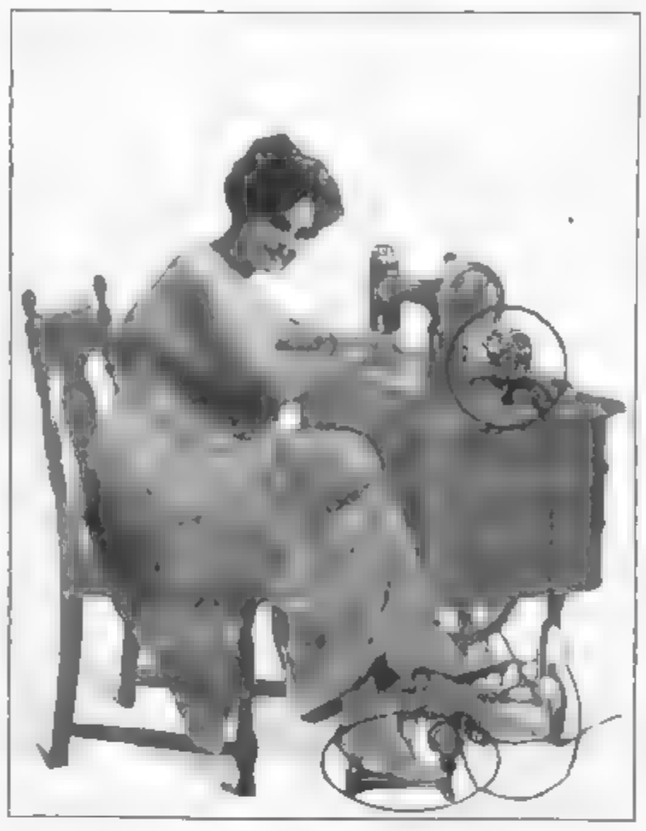
What man would run a sewing machine, day after day, with his feet? Or grind and polish by hand? Or do without an electric fan, when a $15 electric motor would do all these things for a lifetime?

But women go without these things. Women for ages have done it. It is for men, who must study efficiency, to introduce these helps in the home. That's why we appeal to men.

One Motor Does All

We are making a Household Electric Motor—making it by tens of thousands—and for this reason we can make them at the low cost of $15.

We call it the Sew-E-Z, because we first made it just to run the sewing machine. That's about the hardest work women do.



It is work which every doctor knows a woman shouldn't do.

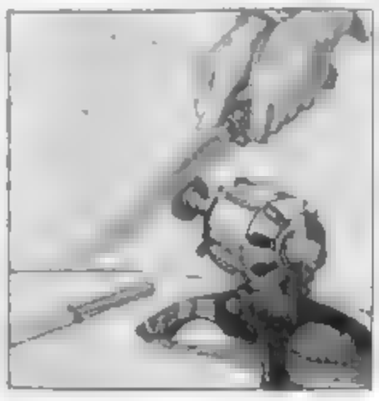
This Sew-E-Z motor can be attached to any sewing machine, old or new, in a jiffy, and it instantly converts your old sewing machine into a self-operating electric. Not a screw or bolt is needed. Simply place it on your sewing machine against the hand wheel. A little pressure on the little self-starter starts and stops it, and you can sew fast or slow, and no more broken threads.

It makes sewing as easy as reading. And the electricity cost is one cent per day.

But that same motor does other drudgery, and runs a fan as well.

Grinds and Polishes

We have a Carborundum grinder which attaches to this motor. Price, $1. That will do all the household grinding. No more dull carving knives, or kitchen knives, or pocket knives. And no fees to a grinder.



Then we have a silver polisher attachment. That also costs $1. Then your silver is polished by power. Have you any idea how much time it takes—and how much labor—to keep your silver polished?

This single motor does all these things. It is changed in a moment from one to another. And this $15 motor will give any woman lots of comfort and pleasure. It will preserve her health and strength.

An Electric Fan—$2.50

When you have this motor, an electric fan attachment costs only $2.50. That means an eight-inch fan. Slip it from the sewing machine and slip on the fan. Put it anywhere you wish.

That's a new idea. Heretofore an electric fan—costing $18 or over—had a motor good for nothing else. Now you use one motor for several services.

Send It Home Now

Telephone your dealer—now before you forget it. Every sewing machine dealer handles the Sew-E-Z motor. Most hardware dealers, and all electric dealers.

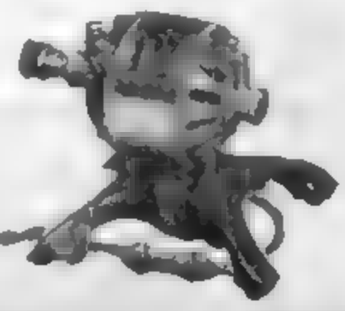
Specify the Sew-E-Z, made by Hamilton-Beach Mfg. Co. That's the only motor which offers these advantages.

Tell your dealer to send this motor on a week's free trial. We have made all arrangements. Tell him you don't intend to keep it unless it sells itself. Tell him you'll pay nothing if it doesn't.

Then leave it to your wife. Let her judge the saving in labor, time and health. Do just as she advises after that week's test. Buy it or send it back.

The Sew-E-Z motor will cost $15 if you keep it. The fan attachment costs $2.50, the grinder $1, the polisher $1. Get what attachments you wish. The motor is guaranteed forever.

Your wife will have this motor tomorrow if you realize a tenth of what it means to her.



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Worm and Chain Drive

GMC Trucks Get There and Back In Shortest Time—At Lowest Cost

This explains the preference for GMC Trucks among those who know trucks best and have operated them longest.

GMC reliability and operating economy have shown that there is no saving in buying trucks too low in price, and GMC performance has forcefully demonstrated that it *does* pay to invest an amount sufficient to assure quality and stability.

Likewise the satisfaction of GMC owners would seem to prove that it is no longer necessary to pay in excess of GMC prices, for higher prices in many cases result from abnormal overhead or limited production.

In no instance do they secure higher quality or greater truck service. In fact no truck, even at a higher price, can better a GMC in pulling power—low upkeep—operating cost per ton mile, or reliability.

GMC Trucks are built by experienced truck builders who have studied truck requirements from every angle and built trucks that are practical—trucks which make good under all road and load conditions.

GMC Trucks are built in both chain and worm drive, in sizes ranging from 3-4 ton to 5 ton carrying capacity. They are sold at prices which are reasonable and consistent with their high value. There's a GMC Truck of the right size and type to meet the particular requirements of *your* business. See the nearest GMC dealer or communicate with TRUCK HEADQUARTERS direct.

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(Concluded from Page 74)

never quashed, even if your poor old daddy did strip himself of his last cent to square you. But," said the lawyer knowingly, "I think I can lay hands on the man who did the dirty work of stealing that indictment for you. There was one thing he overlooked, Sam—that was the Grand Jury minutes. I don't believe you could have paid him enough for that."

Marshall paused for dramatic effect. Sam Burnell was staring at him with the eyes of a hypnotized bird.

"There isn't any statute of limitations on felony, Sam Burnell," the fat police chief reminded him. "And, by gad, you are a felon, Sam; and you always have been, since the night you ducked out of this town and left your old man to face the music for you."

"Sam," said the lawyer, smoothing his tones a little, "Marvin Nichols, the man you bilked out of fifteen hundred dollars all those years ago, is mighty proud of his home town, and he would not like to see anything bad happen to it. Now we want you to go back home without any grudge against us—just because you were born here—and tell your bunch that this town of ours is getting along all right by itself, and doesn't need any divine-right advice. You know how to handle those people better than we do, and we're going to leave it to you. We don't want any coal held up, or any car shortages, or any blackball at the bank. We just want to be let alone. And, Sam, I guess you do, too—eh?"

Just then the long-drawn whistle of a far-away train broke on their ears.

"There's the four-fifteen," said the chief, rising. "It's due here in ten minutes. If you don't like our proposition, Sam, I can arrange board and lodging for you in my little hotel over on the island; and the chances are you would stay long enough to get acquainted. Ah, you think you will take the four-fifteen East, do you?"

Sam Burnell knew when he was beaten. And it had been his luck to taste bitter defeat this day.

"I have been thinking, wouldn't it be a good idea, a fine thing," put in Henry Haig, whose face was rapidly swelling, "if Sam would chip in with a little donation for our new athletic park—say about ten thousand.

"It's a place where we are going to teach our boys to box without using their feet, Sam," said he as he rubbed his stomach reflectively. "Now unless we hear from you to the contrary," he went on, "we will announce that gift of yours in the paper to-morrow—we will dress it up fine, just to let the folks know what you think of your home town."

As the four-fifteen drew out, with the gaudy entourage of Sam Burnell hitched on behind, the home-town delegation drew up at the side of the track and gave the great man the home-town yell.

"Any time things ain't going right, we won't hesitate to call on you, Sam," yelled the fat chief in his high tenor. "So long, Sam!"

THE HIRED MAN—HIS KICK

(Continued from Page 16)

to beat the maximum-fee law. The evasion is simple: The legal fee goes down on the books and the tip is slipped into the pocket of the agent. The art of extracting tips or premiums reached a high state of development among the private agencies before certain natural influences operated to protect the seekers for jobs.

The basis of the art of "shaking down" the candidates was the ability of the agent to pick out the men, in each day's bunch of applicants, having the most money in their clothes. This selection was made either on a "size-up" or on the information of stool pigeons circulating among the laborers. The candidate for a job who was selected as the object of this form of graft was taken aside privately and told: "I've got a good job that is just the thing for you; but there are a lot of other men after it. Of course it's up to me who gets it. If you want to slip me a ten you'll be the one to go."

A further refinement of the shakedown was achieved when some shifty and unprincipled labor agent formed the first frame-up with a large employer of rough labor to discharge men after they had been on the job only a few days and take on a new gang. Of course the fruits of such collusion were "split" between the agency and the man doing the firing. Some three years ago a hand went to a certain Federal officer located in a large Western city and told the following story:

Work was rather scarce and he had little money left from his former job. He must get another place immediately or suffer the hardships of the unemployed who have neither money nor home. Consequently when the "boss man" at the labor agency took him aside and told him that twelve dollars would get him the job he handed out the money and took a receipt.

Along with others he went to his job in the country. Nine days later he and all the men who went with him were discharged, on the ground that they were no longer needed. While they were waiting at the station another gang of men, sent by the same agency, arrived. It was soon found that every man in both gangs had paid twelve dollars for his job.

This story started an investigation by the Federal labor official, who found that in the course of a few days this agent and one accomplice on the firing line had shaken down one hundred and six hands for twelve hundred and seventy-two dollars. The agency was forced to make a refund to every man who had been mulcted.

Naturally this kind of collusion was most general between the labor agents and the large farmers or their superintendents. The small farmer, using only one or two hands, was hardly big enough to make such a game highly profitable. However, a shakedown of twenty or thirty dollars in a season was not to be despised by either the farmer or the labor agent—and the smaller the farmer the greater his appreciation of this "velvet," skinned from the purses of his transient hired men. It is not to be understood that farmers generally were parties to this kind of graft. They were not. But the fact remains that this practice extended to farms, and even to those not in the bonanza class.

A representative of the United States Department of Labor, located in Chicago, says:

"In the last two years we have had little trouble with the private labor agencies. Before that time gangs would be sent out on phony calls and almost every other crooked device employed for extracting money from the candidates for jobs. Foreigners were the easiest victims of this kind of thing, for the reason that they were as helpless as children when it came to getting redress for their injuries. Naturally this information has gone back to the old countries, and every foreigner who comes here is suspicious of anything in the form of a labor agency.

"But, oddly enough, he is especially suspicious of state and Federal agencies that give their services free. Such a transaction seems to be utterly incomprehensible to the foreigner. It would almost seem that he figures out the situation this way: When he gives the private labor agent five dollars, for example, he knows to a cent how much is to be taken from him; but when he is told that a job will be found for him without charge he becomes afraid of the indefinite sum that will ultimately be subtracted from his little pile. Of course this fear has been industriously fostered by the private agencies. As a result, we now get almost no immigrants at all. They are not coming across to this country, and those already here keep away from Uncle Sam's employment bureaus that offer them something for nothing.

"Labor is so scarce now that I could place a thousand men this minute if I had them. Last month we placed two thousand seven hundred and fifty workers in this zone of four states alone. In the same month of last year we found jobs for thirty-seven hundred. Farmers are offering all the way from thirty dollars to forty-five dollars a month, with board and washing, and can't get the men they require. A wage of forty dollars is not unusual for the unmarried farm hand now—and that wage is often paid through the entire year."

With these conditions of supply and demand, it is easy to see why the private agencies are no longer able to mulct the candidates for farm jobs out of tips. Consequently many of these agencies have gone out of business, and those left are finding

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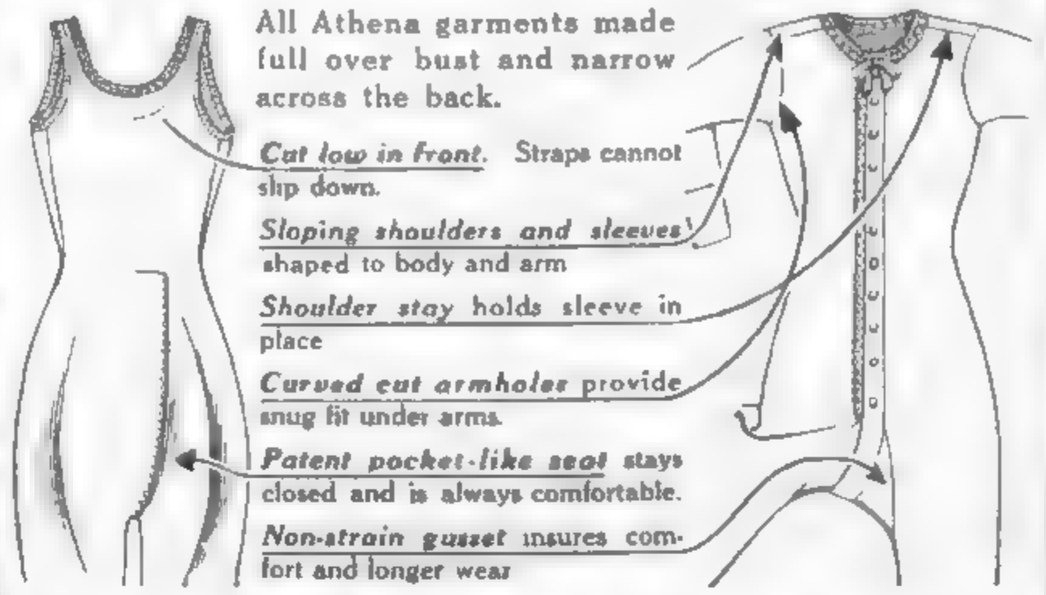
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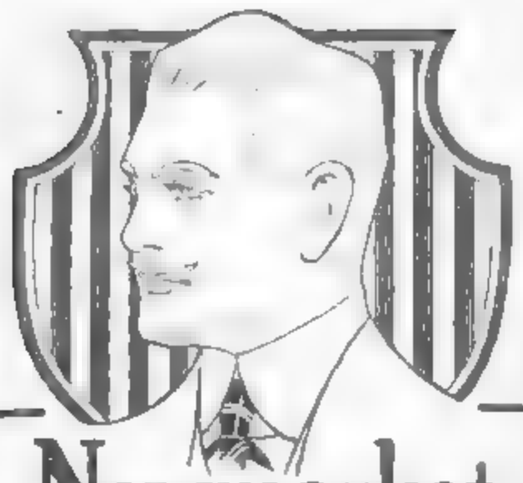

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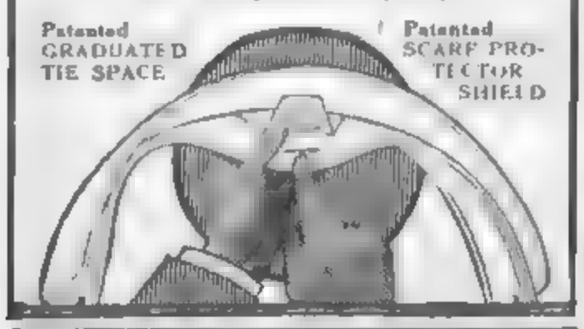

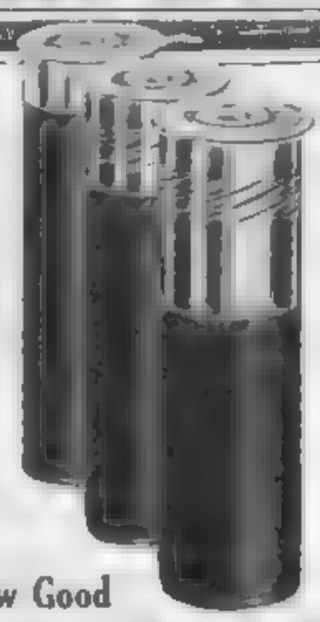

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the picking so lean that they are well satisfied to get the legal fee and no more. Their harvest comes when thousands are hungry for work and jobs are few. With the tide running that way once more, they will be back in the old game again with sharpened trimmers.

It is far easier to find a dozen farm hands who are ready to relate a choice line of experiences with farmers who have tried to take advantage of them than to locate one who has no kick to register along this line. When it was suggested to a hired man of this kind that such an attitude seemed unreasonable and out of the line of human probabilities, he replied:

I've worked on farms ever since I was in my teens and hard experience has taught me two things: first, never to take any feature of fair treatment for granted, but to have everything nailed down tight in a definite agreement; second, to fight the devil with fire.

I hadn't been a hired man very long before I was onto the trick of keeping back a good share of the hired man's wages in order to hold the whip hand over him. That's a mighty useful advantage and one that many farmers of my acquaintance strive for as they do for the king row in a game of checkers. Then I decided that the next time I faced this holdback trick I would match my wits against those of the farmer and go as far as he'd go. My chance came with the next man for whom I worked. On one excuse or another he withheld my wages for something like two months. We were right up against harvest. I dropped in at the implement dealer's place one day and found out, in an incidental sort of way, what part of a reaper was not carried in stock.

Later the farmer told me to overhaul the reaper, and I did so. When the day to start cutting came, that part of the machine not carried in stock was missing; and the old man was furious at me for losing it. He telephoned the implement dealer and found that it could not be replaced for at least a week. Of course he was wild. I told him I was sorry, but I couldn't seem to recall where I'd dropped that part; that I didn't believe I'd be able to remember it without having a drink; and that I couldn't get a drink until I had my pay.

As an answer to that remark the old man gave me the most respectful look I had ever received from him, went into the house without another word, and came back with all the wages that were due me—had my money stowed away right there in the house all the time! I took a fork, went to the manure pile and uncovered the missing reaper part. Later I learned that he said I was the smartest and the meanest hand he ever had on the place.

Ever since that experience I have always had a definite pay day agreed upon, and the money was shelled out according to schedule, or else I found a way to coax it out of hiding in short order.

The kick of the hired man, however, carries most conviction where it is concerned with the facts that are admittedly universal—the long hours; the severity of the work itself; the lack of opportunity for diversion, at least for the greater part of the year; the fact that he is almost continuously under the eye of his employer, even in his rare moments of rest; the fact that his presence means additional toil to the overworked farmer's wife, who cannot, in most cases, lose sight of this consideration. It must also be admitted that, as a rule, the farm hand finds an atmosphere of decided unfriendliness to an ambition to marry. The average farmer does not want children about the farm, other than his own.

I have given years to the study of the rural-labor question—says a Government bureau official—and have placed thousands of farm hands in jobs. Frankly my sympathies are with the hired man, in the main. I can think of no job that I would take more trouble to dodge than his. The man in town or in the city works fewer hours, and when he is through he is done for that day and out from under the eye of the master. He's his own man and can live in a sense of freedom from surveillance that a farm hand seldom has a chance to feel.

As an ambition killer I know of nothing more effective than the life of a farm hand. It's the old story of "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." In taking this pessimistic view of the hired man's life I am not overlooking the fact that there are literally thousands of farm homes in which the hand not only receives fair treatment but the highest consideration; that there are thousands of cases in which hired men have become farmowners—men of wealth and influence in their communities. And it is equally aside from the fact that many hired men are little above the order of hobos and are not suitable inmates for any decent home. My contention is that the conditions of farm labor are necessarily hard in the very nature of things, but that they are, in most cases, unnecessarily severe and irksome.

On the large farms there has been decided improvement in late years. For example, field men are often required to work only ten or twelve hours a day instead of from sunrise till dark. This is made possible by having chore hands who do barn work only. Again, some large farms furnish recreation rooms and means of entertainment for their men.

All this is outside the scope of the small farmer, who must add barn chores to the full day in the field, and who himself hardly knows the meaning of recreation.

As a broad proposition, the farm hand's job has few allurements at its best.

Sense and Nonsense

Dictating to Nature

A SYNDICATE of town-bred capitalists in London financed a sheep ranch in Western Canada and hired a native expert to run the property. At the end of the first year of the new venture, when they were expecting a dividend of augmented size on their investment, they received, instead, a letter from their manager saying that the profits had been cut almost to nothing at all by a stroke of misfortune.

Owing, he said, to the fact that the spring had been unusually late and unusually severe, the result of the lambing had been a pronounced failure. All the newborn lambs had succumbed to the rigors of the climate and only the old stock remained.

When they had in measure recovered from their disappointment the stockholders sat down and composed a joint letter to their manager:

"Hereafter," they said, "kindly arrange to have the lambing take place later in the season!"

A Useless Utensil

ONE morning in Kansas City two down-and-outers stood on opposite sides of a street where cheap restaurants scent the sidewalk.

It was long past breakfast time, and the hungry ones eyed each other, speculating on the possibility of a dime.

At last one of them crossed the street toward the other, fumbling in his vest pocket.

"Here is my toothpick," he said, holding out his hand. "Keep it. I'll never need it again!"

Brotherly Devotion

IT SEEMS there were two Irishmen, not named Pat and Mike, as is customary in such instances, but really named Tim and John. They were brothers. One of them lived in San Francisco and concerned himself with politics. The other was by way of being a saloon keeper in a small town up the state.

Tim was running for a minor office. In the midst of the heated campaign, Brother John came down to the city to visit him.

"Jawnny," said Tim, "you're not known here, and so you're the very man to find out for me how the race is goin'. You bein' a stranger, the voters'll speak out frank before you. I want you to start out this evenin' and go to all the saloons in the district and see how I stand with the boys."

The next morning when John came to report the result of his inquiries he wore a wearied look and a vast number of fresh contusions upon his face.

"Well, Jawnny," said the candidate, "how do I stand?"

"Timmy," said John, "you'll understand better how you stand when I tell you that in one evenin' I wore out two pairs of brass knucks!"

No. 34 of a series

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HARMONY
A PIPE BLEND

EAST LYNCH

(Continued from Page 14)

and wishin' I had listened to that insurance agent in New York. We come to the top of a hill and as we start down the other side the prize boob of the county is waterin' the grass round his real estate. When he hears the commotion he drops the hose, which makes it all wet in front of us.

"Hold tight!" screams the Kid to me. "We're gonna do a piece of skiddin'. I forgot to get chains!"

Just about then we hit the damp spot and the Kid puts on the brakes. Oh, boy! You should have seen that car. It must have got sore at the man with the hose and went crazy, because it made eight complete turns tryin' to get at him, and the poor simp was too scared to run. Finally the thing gives it up and shoots down to the bottom of the hill. We hit a log and I hit the one-man top. The motor calls it a day and stops dead. The Kid hops out and walks round to the crank. He gives it a couple of turns, and it turns right back at him. He grabs it again, and it was short with a left hook to the jaw; and then the Kid shakes his head and takes off one side of the hood. He sticks his hand down inside and pulls out a little brown thing that looks like a cup with a cover on it.

"No wonder she stopped," he says, holdin' it up. "Look what I just found!"

I give it the once-over.

"What d'ye think of that—eh?" he says. "It's a wonder she run at all. I'll bet that boob mechanic left that in there when he started us off at the garage." He throws the thing in a ditch and puts the hood on. "Now," he says, "we're off for Film City!"

He grabs hold of the crank and gives it about eleven whirls, but there ain't a thing doin'; and while we're stuck there like that along comes a guy in another car.

"Can I help you fellers out?" he hollers.

"Yes," I yells back. "Have you got a rope?"

He comes over and looks at the thing.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he asks the Kid.

"Nothin' in particular," the Kid tells him. "She's a great little car—only we can't get her goin'."

"Have you got gas?" asks the stranger.

"Plenty," says the Kid. "D'ye think I would try to run a car without gasoline?"

"I don't know," says the other guy. "I never seen you before. Is your spark all right?"

"A Number One," pipes the Kid.

"And she won't run?" he asks.

"She won't run," we both says together.

"Humph!" he snorts, scratchin' his head.

He opens the hood and fusses round on both sides for a minute and then he rubs the side of his nose with his finger. He looks like he was up against a tough proposition.

"How far have you run this car?" he asks the Kid finally.

"All the way from Frisco," answers the Kid.

"Like this?" he says, pointin' to the motor.

"No," I cuts in. "It was movin'."

"Why, you couldn't have gone three feet with this car," he busts out suddenly. "I never seen nothin' like this before in my life!"

"Why don't you go out at nights, then?" growls the Kid, gettin' sore. "Stop knockin', and tell us what's the matter with it."

"There ain't nothin' the matter with it," says the other guy with an odd little grin. "Not a thing—only it ain't got no carburetor in it; that's all!"

If he figured on creatin' a sensation by that remark—and from the way he said it he did—he lost the bet. The Kid just gives him the baby stare and shrugs his shoulders, like it's past him.

"No which?" he says.

"Carburetor," explains the native—"the little cup where your gasoline mixes with the air to start the motor."

The Kid slaps his hands together and yells:

"That little crook back in Frisco must have held out on me!"

But I had been doin' some thinkin' and I looks the Kid in the eye.

"What does this carburetor thing look like?" I asks the other guy.

He describes it to me, and when he got all through I gives the Kid another meanin' look and walks over to the ditch. After pawin' round in the mud for a while I found the little cup the Kid had throwed away.

"Is this it?" I asks the native.

"It is," he says. "What was it doin' over there?"

"It must have fell off," answers the Kid quickly, kickin' at me to keep quiet.

Well, this guy finally fixes us up; and about an hour later we hit the little road that leads into Film City, without havin' no further mishaps except the noise from that motor. About half a mile from the gates I seen a familiar-lookin' guy standin' in the middle of the road and wavin' his hands at us.

"Slow up," I says to the Kid. "Here's Genaro."

Genaro was the head director; and, next to Potts, the owner, he was the big noise at Film City.

The Kid reaches down to the side of his seat and yanks a handle that was stickin' up. It come right off in his hand and we kept right on goin'.

"That's funny," says the Kid, holdin' up the handle and lookin' at it like it's the first one he ever seen. "We should have stopped right away—that's the emergency brake!"

He stamps on the floor with his foot a couple of times and shuts off the gas. We drift right on, and if Genaro had had rheumatism he would have been killed outright. As it was, he jumped aside just in time and the car comes to a stop of its own free will about twenty feet past him, down the road.

"What's a mat?" yells Genaro, rushin' up to us. "Why you no stoppa the car when you see me?"

"Why don't they stop the war?" I hollers back at him. "We must have lost the stopper off this one. We ——."

But he runs round the other side to where the Kid is sittin' examinin' all these handles and buttons.

"*Sapristi!*" he yells at the Kid. "Where you go, Meester Kid Scanlan? Everybody she's look for you—Meester Potts, he's a want you right away. We starta firsta reel of your picture to-day. Everybody she's got to wait for you."

"Keep your shirt on," growls the Kid. "You told me this mornin' I had lots of time—didn't you?"

Genaro grabs hold of a tree and does a little dance.

"Aha!" he remarks to the sky. "He's a make me crazee! What you care what I tole you thisa morning? Joosta now I want you queek! You maka mucha talk with me, while Meester Potts and everybody she's a wait for you."

"Well," said the Kid, "get in here and we'll go there right away."

Genaro climbs into the back of the car.

"Hurry up!" he says, holdin' his ears. "Anything so she stop that terrible noise. Hurry up!"

"I'll do that little thing," pipes the Kid—and we was off.

I climbed over the seat and in the back with Genaro, so's he wouldn't feel lonesome, and so's if the Kid hit anything I'd have a little more percentage in my favor. Genaro seems to be sore about somethin', and to make conversation I ask him what's the matter.

"Everything she's the matter!" he tells me, while the Kid keeps his foot on the gas and we bump and clatter along the road. "Everything she's the matter! I work all morning on last reel of The Escapes of Eva. Got two hundred extra people stand round and do nothin'. De Vronde, the bigga bunk, he's a play lead with Miss Vincent."

He stops and kisses his hand at a tree we passin'.

"Ah!" he goes on. "She's a fina girl. Sometime maybe I ask her—pardone! I talka too fast. Lasta reel, De Vronde, he's get what you call lynched. They puta rope round hees a neck and he's a stand under bigga tree. Joosta as they pulla rope to keel heem, Miss Vincent"—he throws another kiss at a tree—"Ah! Sucha fina girl," he whispers at me, rollin' his eyes. "Sometime I—pardone! Every time I forget! Miss Vincent, she's a come along on horse and sava hees a life—you see?"

"I got you," I tells him. "Then what happens?"

"*Sapristi!*" he says. "That's all! What you want for five reels? But thisa morning, Meester Potts, he's a come up and watch. He's a president of company and knows much about money; but acting—bah!—he's a know nothing. Gotta three-year-old boy, he's a know more. He stands there and smile and rub hees a hands together

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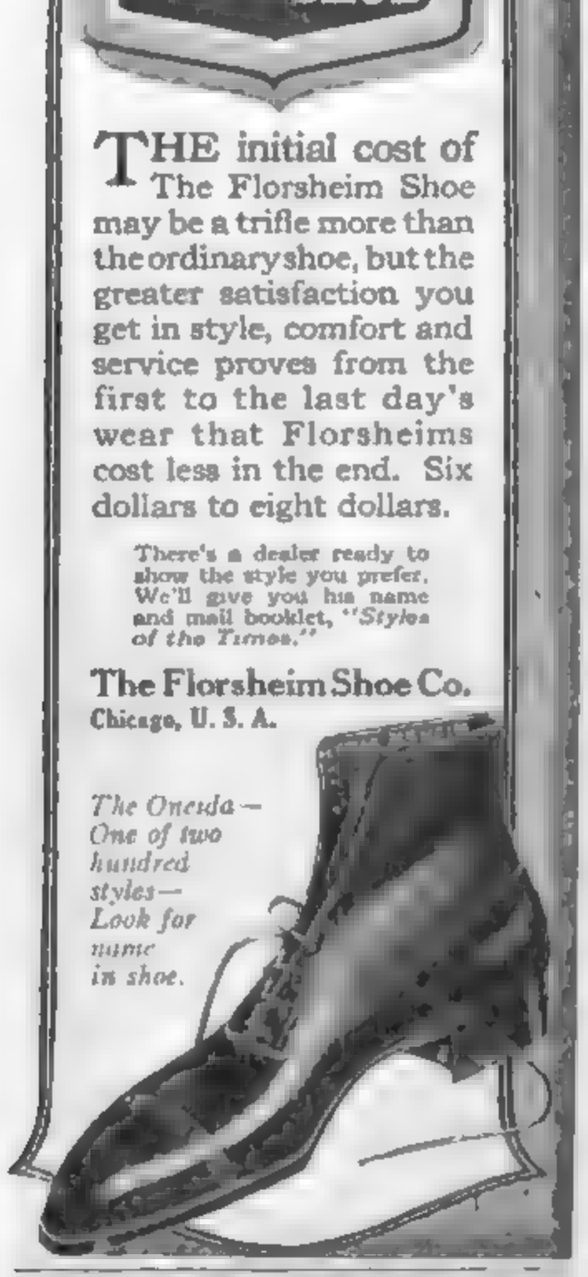

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lika barber while we taka lasta reel. Everything she's a fine till we come to place where De Vronde he's a get lynch; and Miss Vincent—ah!—she's a come up on horse and sava heem. Then Meester Potts he's a rush over and stop cameras. 'No!' he's a yell. 'No; by heaven, I won't stand for that! That's a rotten! You got to get difference ending froma that.'"

"What was the matter?" I asks him. "Didn't he want De Vronde saved?"

His shoulders does one of them muscle dances.

"Ask me!" he says. "I couldn't tella you. He's a know nothing about art. Joosta money—that's all. He's a tella me girl saving leading man from lynch lika that is as old as hees a frien' Methuselah. He's a want something new for finish that picture—bran'-new, he's a holler, or no picture! All morning I worka, worka, worka; he's a maka faces at everything I do."

"Well," I says, "if you ——"

I happened to look up just then and I seen the well-known gates of Film City about a hundred yards away; and if we was makin' a mile an hour we was makin' fifty. I leaned over and tapped the Kid on the shoulder.

"Don't you think you better slow up a trifle?" I asks him.

"I don't think nothin' about it," he throws over his shoulder; "I know it! I been tryin' to stop this thing for the last fifteen minutes, and there's nothin' doin'!"

"Throw her in reverse!" I screams as them great big iron gates looms up over the front mudguards.

"I can't!" he shouts. "The darned thing's stuck in high and I can't budge it!"

One of them gates was open and the Kid steers for it, while I closed my eyes and give myself over to prayer. We shot through, leavin' one lamp, both mudguards and a runnin' board behind.

"Hey!" yells Genaro. "What's a mat? This too fast for me! Stoppa the car before somethin' she's a happen."

"Somethin' she's a gonna happen right now," I says. "Be seated!"

The Kid swings round a corner and everybody in Film City is either lookin', runnin' or yellin' after us. I often wondered what a wide berth meant and I found out that afternoon. That's what everybody in the place give us when we come through there—"hittin' on six," as I. Markowitz would remark.

A guy made up like an Indian chief jumps behind a tree and we only missed him by dumb luck.

"Hey!" he yells after us. "Are you fellows crazy? Look out for the Moorish Castle!"

I yelled back that we wouldn't miss nothin' of interest if we could help it and the gas held out; and just then I got a flash at the Moorish Castle. It had been built the day before for a big five-reel thriller that Genaro was gonna produce, and I understand he was very partial to it. As soon as he seen it he jumps up in the back of the car and slaps the Kid on the shoulder.

"Hey, crazee man!" he hollers. "Stoppa the car! I, Genaro, command it! Don't touch my castle!" His voice goes off in a wild shriek. "*Soprati!* I ——"

That was all he said just then, because we went through the Moorish Castle like a cyclone through Kansas; and as we come out on the other side the whole thing tumbled down, bringin' with it a couple of Chinese pagodas that had just come from the paint shop. All we lost was half of the radiator and the wind shield. The Kid pulls a kind of sick grin and licks his lips.

"Some car—eh?" he says, takin' a fresh grip on the steerin' wheel.

I missed Genaro; and, lookin' back through the dust, I seen him draped over a fence, with his head touchin' the ground and his feet up in the air. A lot of daredevils was runnin' toward us and yellin' murder.

"Where's Genaro?" asks the Kid as we miss a tree by half an inch.

I shivered and told him.

"The big quitter!" snarls the Kid. "Left us flat the minute somethin' happened, eh? I always knew that guy was yellah."

We shot across the African Desert; and, comin' round another turn, we bust right into The Escapes of Eva. There's about two hundred supers dressed like cowboys, and Duke, Genaro's assistant, is up on a little platform with the Big Boss, Potts, directin' the thing. De Vronde is under a tree, with a rope round his neck; and another one, that don't show in the picture, is under his arms, so's he can be pulled up and it will look like he was bein' lynched. A little ways up the road is Miss Vincent, on a horse, ready to make her dash to save De Vronde's life.

As all this comes into view the Kid swings round on me and shoves somethin' big and round in my face.

"Now," he hollers, "we're up against it for real! The steerin' wheel come off!"

I pushed open the door on the side and stood on the runnin' board.

"Let me know how you make out," I yells. "I got enough!"

With that, I jumps. Just as I hit the ground I hear Duke yellin' through a megaphone:

"C'm on, now! Gimme action! Hey! Get two of those cameras at an angle. When I say 'Shoot!' you—Nelson and Hardy—pull that rope so De Vronde swings about five feet clear of the ground. Be sure the rope is under his arms too. Hey, you extra people—a little ginger there! This is a lynching, not a spelling bee. Dance round some—yell! That's it. Now—all ready?" he blows a whistle. "Shoot!" he yells. "And gimme all you got!"

Well, the Kid did what he could—he blowed the little trick horn on the side of the car about a second before he shot into the mob. Them bloodthirsty outlaws just melted away before him, and them that was slow-witted was picked up and tossed to one side before they knowed what hit 'em.

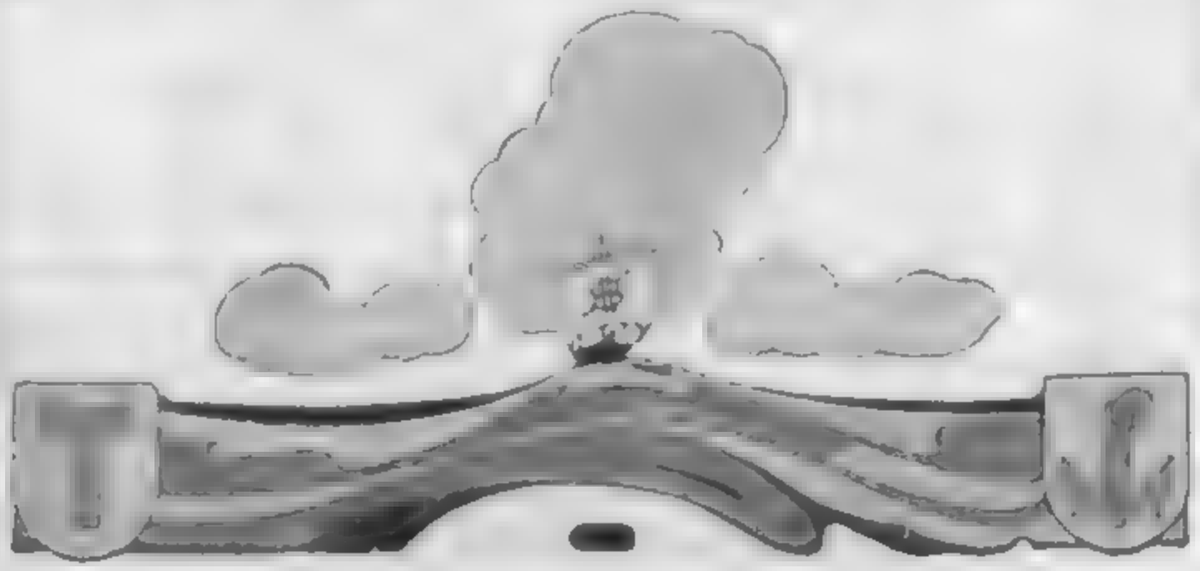
There's a big stone wall at the other side of the tree, and that's where the Kid was headed for. Just as he sails under De Vronde, who's hangin' from the rope over his head, the Kid sees the wall, grabs De Vronde by the legs and hangs there, lettin' that crazy six-cylinder A. G. F. proceed without him. De Vronde and the Kid crashes to the ground, and the car dashed its brains out against the wall.

While great excitement is bein' had by all, Duke jumps from the platform and yells to the camera men to cease firin', and a handful of actors runs over to jimmy the Kid and De Vronde apart. I thought this Duke guy was gonna explode; on the level, it was two minutes before he could speak.

"What d'ye mean, you ivory-headed simp?" he screams at the Kid finally. "What d'ye mean by that? You've ruined a hundred feet of film, you ——"

I hear somebody puffin' along beside me as I come runnin' up, and I see it's Potts. He's red in the face and mumblin' somethin' to himself as he waddles along. I felt sorry for the Kid—car and job both gone! Potts rushes up and grabs Duke by the shoulder.

"There!" he yells, pointin' to the Kid. "There stands a man that knows more about the picture game than the whole infernal lot of you! That's the kind of finish I've been trying to get for this picture all morning!"



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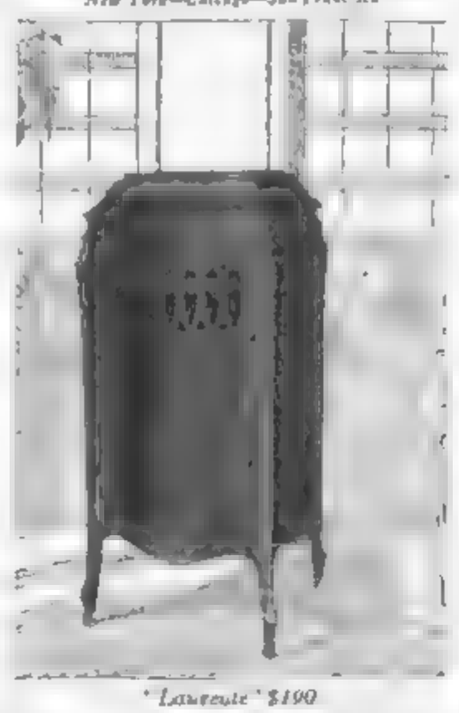

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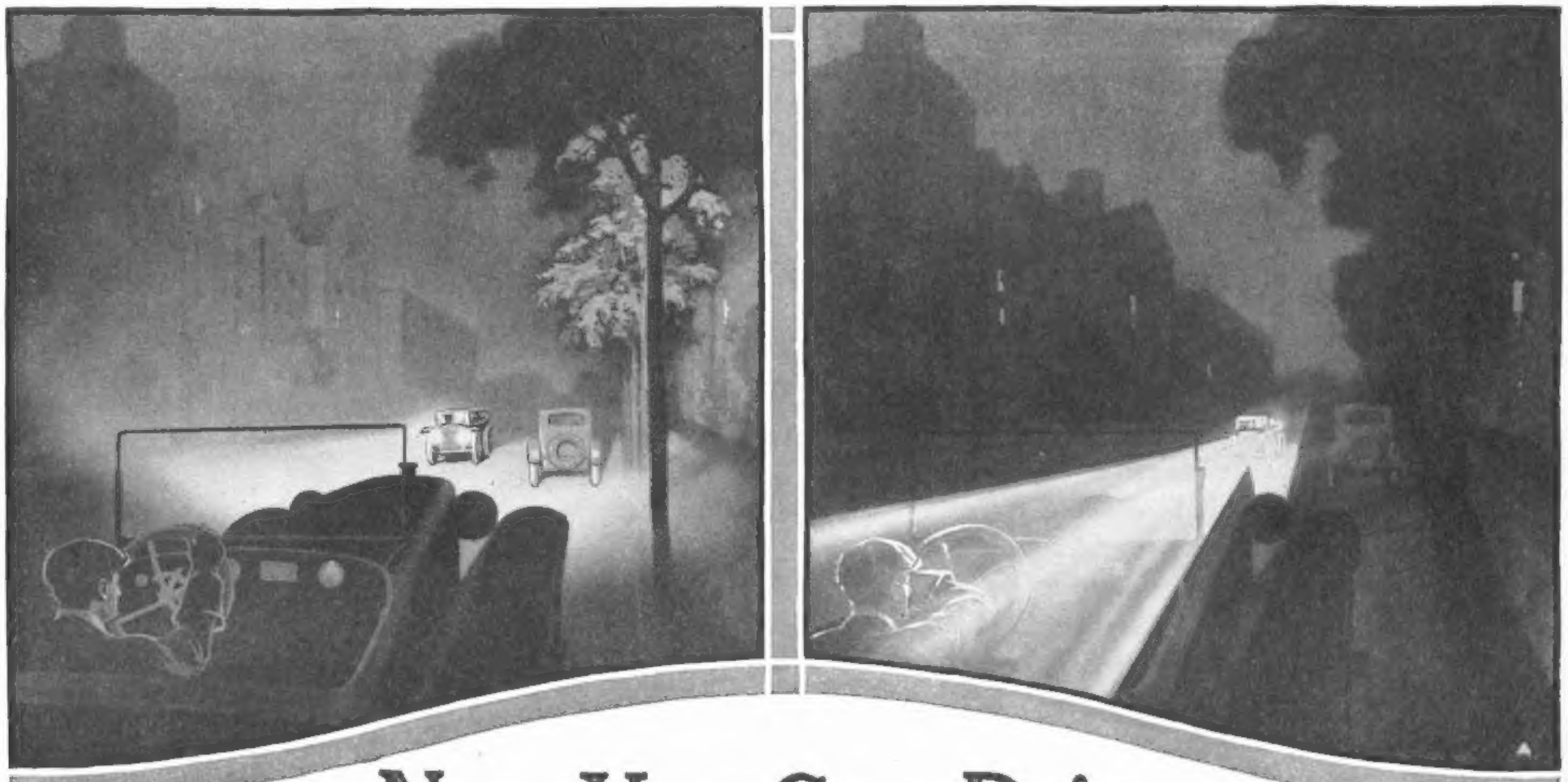

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In driving at night Warner-Lenz removes the danger to yourself and fellow-motorists. You protect pedestrians. Street cars, other traffic, and people afoot no longer keep your nerves keyed up. Night driving becomes a real pleasure—a comfort you've never known before.

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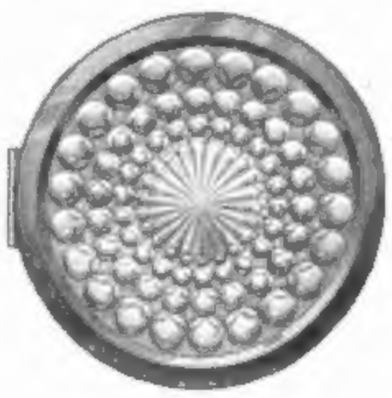
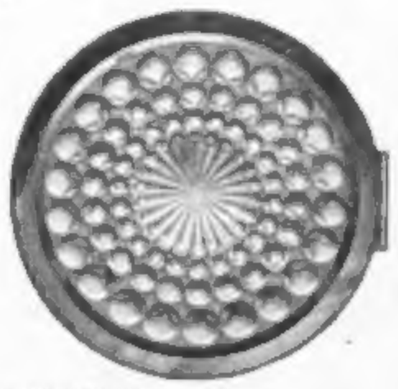


WARNER-LENZ



Every police department which has passed upon Warner-Lenz has ruled that it is O. K. anywhere without dimming. Traffic experts and automobile engineers all agree that Warner-Lenz is scientifically perfect.

Now that automobile lighting is solved—and so simply—wait no longer. Equip your car with Warner-Lenz at once. Over 200,000 pairs have been sold in two months.

Safety, courtesy and motoring etiquette all demand Warner-Lenz in your car.

Remember, Warner-Lenz is not a lamp. It is a lens, and is easily attached to any automobile lamp of any size.

Simply take out the old piece of glass and insert your new Warner-Lenz. For automobiles and motorcycles (either gas or electric-lighted).

ORDER A PAIR NOW

Our money-back plan—as outlined in the coupon below—gives you an opportunity to try out Warner-Lenz.

This great invention carries the personal guarantee of Mr. A. P. Warner, father of the Warner Auto-Meter.

Don't risk waiting any longer. Order a pair of Warner-Lenz now from your dealer—you will know a new comfort. If he can't supply you, use the coupon below.

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY, 918 S. Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO

Prices of Warner-Lenz
Per Pair

Diameter in inches	East of Rockies
5 to 9, inclusive	$3.50
9¼ to 10, inclusive	4.00
10¼ to 12, inclusive	5.00

West of Rockies 25c per pair extra

Please Read These Directions Carefully

Merely send us the name and model of your car with the diameter of your present lens.

OWNERS:
Order a pair from your nearest dealer today.

BUYERS:
Insist that your new car is equipped with Warner-Lenz.

DEALERS:
If you haven't already written to us, do so at once.

Money-Back Coupon (S.E.P.)

THE WARNER-LENZ CO., 918 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Inclosed find (check, money order or cash), for which please send me prepaid one pair of Warner-Lenz, with a guarantee that if not satisfactory money will be refunded upon return of the lenses within ten days.

Name _____

City _____ *State* _____

Name and model of car _____

Dealer's name _____

Address _____ (41)

The Ring Styles of Today

-and how to find ring value in the jeweler's store

YOU who have the feeling for Style, need only to look at the exquisite O-B Rings to realize why these are the *accepted Rings of the day.*

And these celebrated Rings are doubly acceptable because of their assured *Value.*

Whatever uncertainty there may be about the quality marks of rings and jewelry in general—every O-B Solid Gold Ring *assays full to the quality stamped inside* ("O-B 14 K."—or "O-B 10 K."): and a generous karat *better* than the Federal Stamping Law demands.

For Style, for assured Value, for the widest choice of Rings finely designed for every woman's every style-need—see that the *O-B Mark is stamped inside each Ring.*

We have just published a most interesting and valuable little book—*Good Styles in Rings*—illustrating several hundred O-B Rings in their natural colors. Your request on a post-card will bring a copy without charge.

Not every jeweler, perhaps, will be able to show you the O-B Rings. He may not be serving that type of customer—or getting his stock from a wholesaler who deals in this class of jewelry.

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The O-B Noblesse Ring is the finest Wedding Ring you can get. The one ring made worthy to carry the sentiment of the occasion. Sold only by jewelers of the highest class.

That Clean, Pure Smell Will Always Tell- Peet's Crystal White

Peet's Crystal White
Laundry Soap

is a favorite not only because it is sweet and white and pure; but it is also economical; there's no waste material in it. Less soap to do more work.

Peet gave the world pure white laundry soap—what every woman wanted.

Ask your grocer; he has it or can get it easily.

Just pure vegetable oils. No rosin—no tallow—no animal fats to become rancid.

Peet Bros. Mfg. Co.

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